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THE AMERICAN MERCURY

A MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY H · L · MENCKEN

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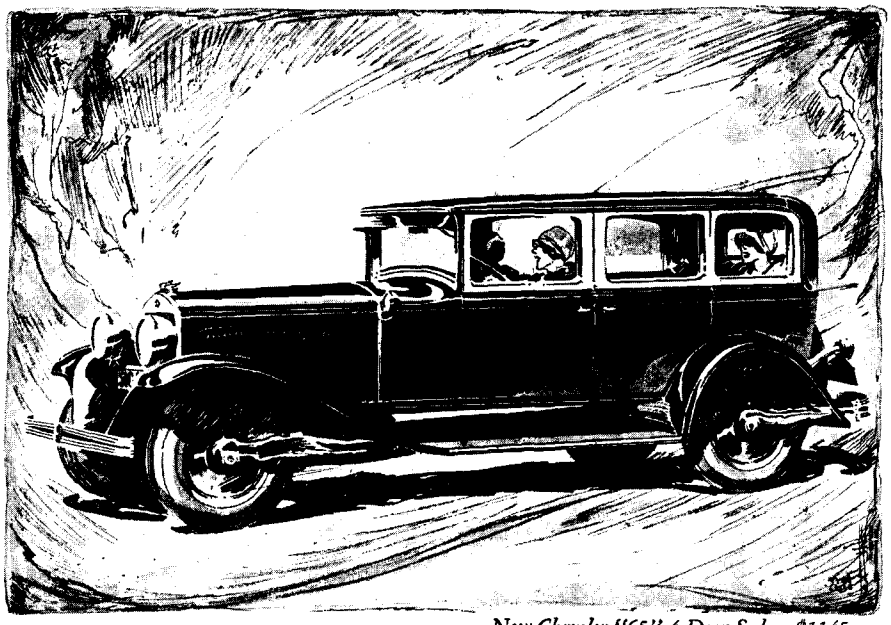

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Chrysler

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The AMERICAN MERCURY

VOLUME XV September 1928 NUMBER 57

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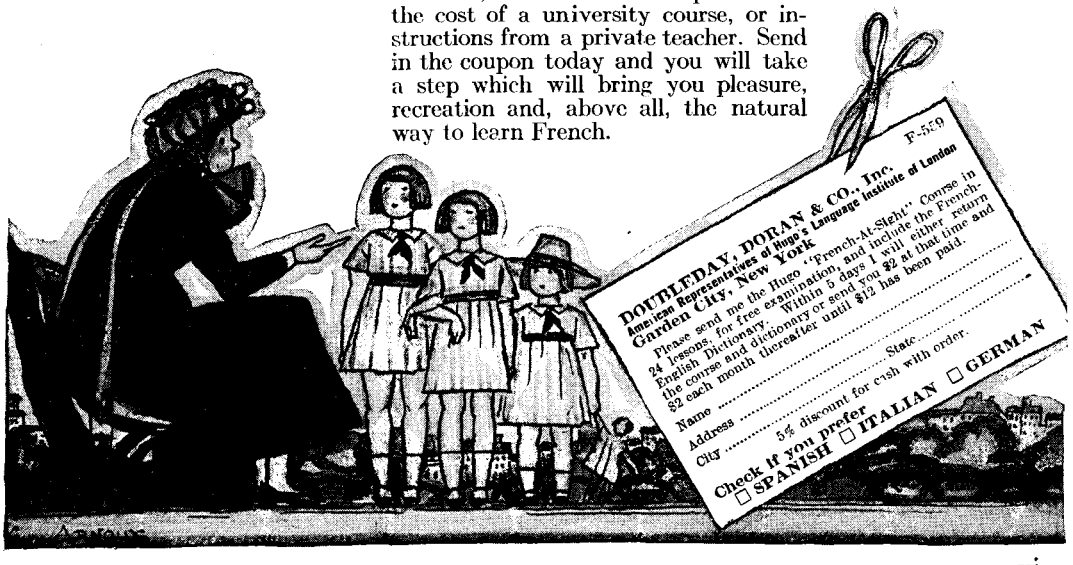

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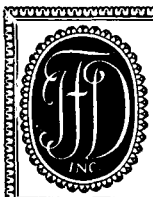

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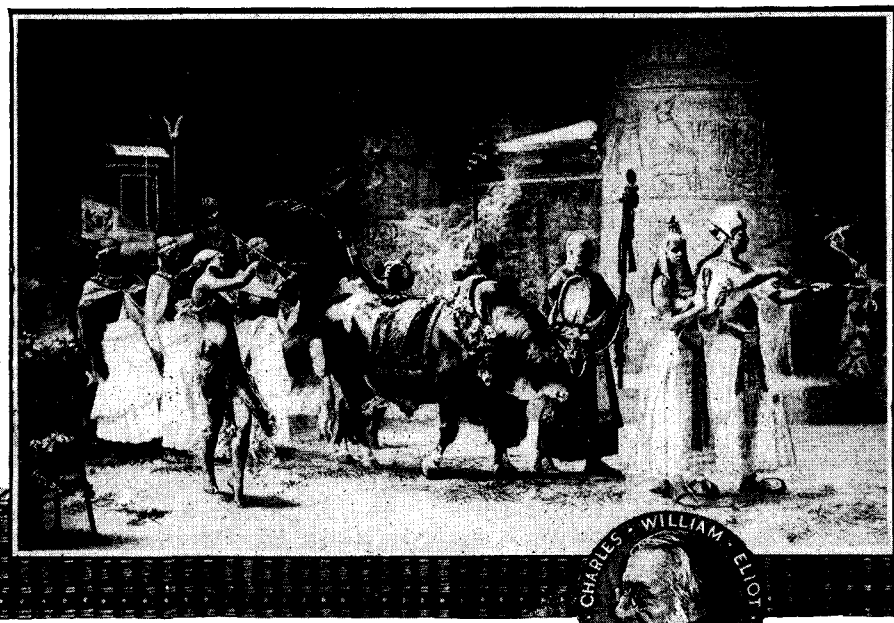

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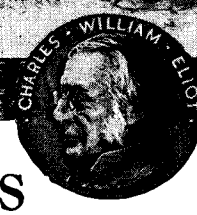

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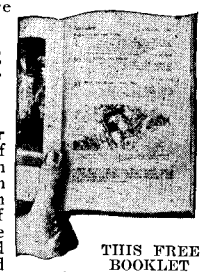

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CHECK LIST *of* NEW BOOKS

THE SCIENCES

THE BUILDERS OF AMERICA.
By Ellsworth Huntington & Leon F. Whitney.
William Morrow & Company
$3.50 8⅝ x 5½; 368 pp. *New York*

"The leaders of America evidently come in far larger proportions from homes where high moral and cultural standards prevail than from those of laborers, artisans and farmers," say the authors. "They come from the homes of the builders, especially the builders who are strong morally as well as mentally. No matter whether the strength of these homes is due to inheritance or training, . . . it needs no proof to show that the greater the proportion of children in such homes, the greater will be the number of valuable leaders. . . . Positive eugenics will increase the rarer, lovelier blossoms in the Queen's garden, and improve the commoner ones. . . . Thereby the world shall obtain rest from some of its weariness, and find joy in simple, happy, beautiful things that leave no sting behind them." A somewhat platitudinous book. It contains the usual tables, charts and graphs, a bibliography and an index.

THE MISBEHAVIORISTS.
By Harvey Wickham. *Lincoln MacVeagh*
$3.50 8 x 5½; 294 pp. *New York*

A series of portraits of the leading current psychologists, together with an analysis of their gospels. Mr. Wickham writes in an amusing manner. His mottoes, chosen from the works of the "misbehaviorists" and printed under their portraits, are highly suggestive: Dr. John B. Watson—Give me the baby; Professor William McDougall—Are we trying to say something?; Dr. Sigmund Freud—He tells us his dreams; Albert Edward Wiggam—The Devil take the hindmost!; Dr. George A. Dorsey—We do not use the brains we have; Lewis Browne—Stranger than fiction; Will Durant—Almost an institution. A diverting book, with not too much fairness in it.

OLD MOTHER EARTH.
By Kirtley F. Mather. *The Harvard University Press*
$2.50 8 x 5½; 171 pp. *Cambridge*

The fifteen chapters in this book, originally prepared for broadcasting from one of the Boston radio stations, have been revised, extended and copiously illustrated with maps, diagrams and photographs. Dr. Mather, who is professor of geology at Harvard, explains in a popular and engaging manner the theories of the origin of the earth and of life on the earth; discusses evolution and its philosophy; compares the story of geology with the story of Genesis; describes the Pleistocene Age and the making of mountains at great length; and discusses earthquakes and the earthquake hazard in New England. The book is attractively printed, and has an index.

BIOGRAPHY

IRA ALLEN. *Founder of Vermont. 1751–1814.*
By James Benjamin Wilbur.
The Houghton Mifflin Company
$12.50 9½ x 6; 2 vols; 544+570 pp. *Boston*

It was the Green Mountain Boys, under the leadership of Ethan Allen from 1770 to 1775, who laid the foundation of Vermont, but the Republic of Vermont, which in 1791 became the fourteenth State, owed its existence to the statesmanship of Ira Allen and a few compatriots. His remarkable career as frontiersman, surveyor, soldier, statesman and business man is here recorded. Allen, it appears from the documents Mr. Wilbur presents, was a man of exceptional ability: in London, in 1797, part of the time confined in a debtors' prison for a small debt, he wrote from memory the best political history of Vermont ever written; and again, when confined in the worst prison in Paris during the Revolution, his letters to Tallyrand—published for the first time in these volumes—prove conclusively that it was he who wrote the documents upon which Vermont stood as a free republic for nearly fourteen years. The book is a first-rate piece of work. It contains many illustrations, an appendix of supplementary sources, a bibliography and an index.

JOHN STEVENS. *An American Record.*
By Archibald Douglas Turnbull. *The Century Company*
$5 9 x 6; 545 pp. *New York*

Colonel John Stevens of Hoboken lived in the years 1749–1838. He was an amazing man, and of the most varied interests. He built the first sea-going steamer, was the first to have a "steam carriage" run on rails in America, and inaugurated the first steam-ferry service in the world, from New York City to Hoboken. But what is more important, "he made the first-known successful application of steam to . . . twin-screw propellers." He was also among the first, if not the first, advocates of elevated railways, public schools, and the modern water supply system. Toward the end of his life he also wrote a great deal on political economy and philosophy. Personally, he was somewhat odd. It was not impossible for him to

Continued on page xvi

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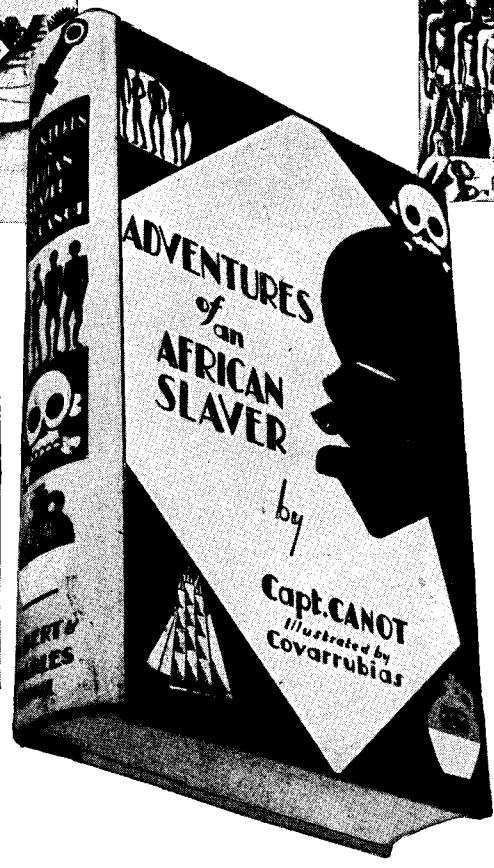

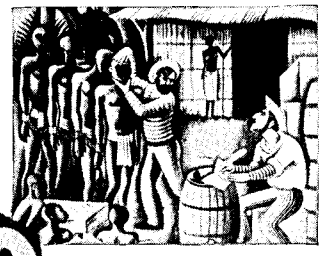

"As thrilling as a Pirate Narrative." Harry Hansen in the New York World

"It's the greatest thing between covers come to these aging eyes since Trader Horn first had them popping." Philadelphia Public Ledger

CANOT met shipwreck, piracy, mutinies of slaves, rebellious crews; he fought, pitched naval battles with British cruisers; he was captured; he had hair-breadth escapes. On the slave coast, where he landed penniless from a slaver to seek employment, he became a petty king, his "Barracoons" stuffed with Negroes, with ivory, gold and grain.

"His life in Africa is invested with an almost fantastic quality. Women stole from their harems to visit him; he saw the witch doctors at their work and witnessed cannibal orgies; he palavered for hours and days in royal villages where his visits ended in a reign of terror, and men for rum or tobacco betrayed to him their children, wives, neighbors; he was constantly fighting.

"From any angle Theodore Canot and his book is worth your prayerful attention. It stands head and shoulders above a great deal of the literature of adventure with which we have long been familiar."

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Men Atwhiles are Sober
By Stephen Raushenbush
"A stinging, brilliant novel about the tortuous futility of uncontrollable desire."—N. Y. Times.
$2.50

The Life & Private History of Emily Jane Bronte
By Romer Wilson
"Quivering Shadows against Eternal Mystery—This is the way we see Emily Jane Bronte in this biography"—N. Y. Times . . . . $4.00.

The Cardinal's Mistress
By Benito Mussolini
An intensely thrilling book by Italy's Premier which promises to top the best seller list . . $2.00.

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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xiv

wake up early in the morning, all atremble with ideas and, finding no paper and pencil at hand, to sketch them out roughly between the shoulders of his sleeping wife. He was very fond of people, and once brought home twenty for dinner after he had notified his wife to make ready for not more than six or seven. This biography of him is the first full-length one, and is based on many hitherto inaccessible documents. Mr. Turnbull has done his work with high competence. There are many illustrations and a good index.

CROMWELL.
By G. R. Stirling Taylor. *Little, Brown & Company*
$4 9 x 5⅞; 333 pp. *Boston*

There is no new material in this biography, and neither are its opinions novel, but it is ably written, and is probably as good an introduction to that curious combination of saint and murderer as there is. Mr. Taylor's attitude is that "Cromwell, perchance, might have succeeded in giving England a government of saints. . . . [But] it seems likely that they would have crushed out all freedom of thought, all intellectual progress, all real civilization. . . . [Cromwell's] only permanent legacy to the nation was a standing army."

THE LIFE OF LORD CURZON.
By the Earl of Ronaldshay. *Boni & Liveright*
$5 9¼ x 5¾; 318 pp. *New York*

This volume, the first of a three-volume work, covers the first forty years of Lord Curzon's life, down to 1898, during which time he was laying the foundations of his public career: it includes his early days at Kedleston and his discipline under Miss Paranan; his school successes at Eton; his life at Balliol, where he was an acknowledged leader; the early journeys to Italy, Greece, Egypt, Palestine and Central Europe, in 1882–83; his entry into the House of Commons, and his brilliant maiden speech; his first journey round the world; his appointment to the Under Secretaryship of State for India; his second journey round the world; his courtship and marriage to the beautiful and opulent Mary Leiter, of Chicago; his doings as Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, in 1895–98; and his appointment as Viceroy of India, 1898. The noble author has written a vivid and interesting account of the young Curzon in the early years of his life-long good fortune. The book has many illustrations and notes; an index and bibliography will be included, no doubt, in the third volume.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.
By Milton Waldman. *Harper & Brothers*
$4 8½ x 5¾; 255 pp. *New York*

Mr. Waldman has had access to materials unavailable to his predecessors, and so he has been able to present a remarkably vivid portrait of Raleigh as free lance soldier, New World planter, poet and politician. His discussion of Raleigh's political career in the chapters "The Triumvirate," "The Trial for Treason," and "Thirteen Years in Prison" makes fascinating reading. An admirable book. It has a lengthy bibliography, an index, numerous illustrations, and maps of Raleigh's first Guiana voyage and the Azores.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE.
By Hugh Walpole. *The Macmillan Company*
$1.25 7 x 4⅞; 199 pp. *New York*

A workmanlike short biography. Mr. Walpole leans heavily upon the familiar sources and makes no attempt to work new material, but his book is well arranged and gives a plausible account of Trollope. It belongs to the English Men of Letters New Series, edited by J. C. Squire.

HOUDINI.
By Harold Kellock. *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
$3.75 8¾ x 5⅞; 384 pp. *New York*

The writing here is in the manner of an admiring and somewhat inarticulate newspaper reporter; nevertheless, the book makes very interesting reading. Houdini was the son of a rabbi, but did not inherit his father's love of learning. Beside books on magic, he apparently never read anything. Politics, economics, literature, the fine arts, were of no interest to him. Occasionally, however, he would work up a mysterious enthusiasm for certain political figures. He seems to have been very fond of the elder Roosevelt, William Randolph Hearst, Harding and Al Smith. He was an extremely sentimental man. He married his wife ten days after he met her, when only nineteen, and continued writing her love letters almost daily till his death. In matters of dress and money he was quite helpless, and were it not for her vigilance he would have worn the same suit and shirt until they fell off his back. There are many reproductions of photographs.

THE LIFE AND PRIVATE HISTORY OF EMILY JANE BRONTË.
By Romer Wilson. *Albert & Charles Boni*
$4 9 x 6; 291 pp. *New York*

Miss Wilson was brought up in the moor country where Emily Brontë lived and her biography is more

Continued on page xviii

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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xvi

than usually sympathetic. It is based chiefly upon the internal evidence of Emily's poems and the letters of Charlotte Brontë which, because of their inaccuracy, have been supplemented with caution by the records of the rest of the family. Miss Wilson points particularly to Emily's loneliness and the tragic conflict of her nature. She wanted love, human or mystical, but except for rare visits and her nine months' stay in Brussels she went on sweeping out the vicarage at Haworth and dreaming her bitter dreams. And she died as lonely and unattended as she had lived. A vivid and moving book. It has a bibliography and appendices of additional biographical material, but an index is lacking.

BIANCO CAPPELLO.
By Clifford Bax. *The Viking Press*
$2 7½ x 5; 168 pp. *New York*

Bianco Cappello was born in 1548, the daughter of a patrician of Venice. Before she was sixteen, inexpressibly bored, she had eloped to Florence with Piero, a worthless young rake, and was well started on a career that ended brilliantly in her marriage with Francesco, one of the Medici nobles, her proclamation as Grand Duchess and her coronation as Daughter of the Republic by Venice, the city which had originally cast her forth as an outlaw. A fascinating and often brilliantly written story. The book is third in the Representative Women Series, edited by Francis Birrell; it contains a bibliography, but an index is missing.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE CIVIL WAR.
By John Gibbon. *G. P. Putnam's Sons*
$5 9¼ x 6⅜; 426 pp. *New York*

General Gibbon was a graduate of West Point, and during the Civil War was one of the leading figures on the staff of the Union Army. He was held in high esteem by Grant, who appointed him senior officer to receive the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia. He died in 1896. His present book of memoirs is of small historical value, but full of rather amusing anecdotes.

LADY HESTER STANHOPE.
By Martin Armstrong. *The Viking Press*
$2 7½ x 5; 180 pp. *New York*

Lady Hester Stanhope was the great-great granddaughter of Thomas Pitt—Diamond Pitt, as he was nick-named,—the British East India merchant who from his headquarters at Balasore made trading expeditions into Persia and was the first formidable rival of the East India Company; her grandfather was the great Earl of Chatham, and William Pitt the younger was her uncle. This account of her erratic adventures in Arabia, Syria, Turkey, Greece and the Druse country, her love-affair with young Bruce and her final retirement into the hermit life of Djoun, is charmingly written.

RELIGION

THE CONVERSATIONS AT MALINES, 1921–1925.
Edited by Lord Halifax and Others.
The Oxford University Press
$1.50 8½ x 5¼; 95 pp. *New York*

The text here is not a stenographic report of the celebrated Malines conversations, but simply a series of summaries of them, prepared by the Anglican delegates. These summaries appear in both French and English, and with them, in appendices, are various other relevant documents. It does not appear that the conversations came to anything properly describable as agreement on any essential point. They show a great deal of politeness, but not much else.

THE SON OF MAN. *The Story of Jesus.*
By Emil Ludwig. *Boni & Liveright*
$3 8½ x 5¾; 315 pp. *New York*

In this facile interpretation of the character of Jesus, Ludwig divides what he calls the "inner life of the prophet" into two parts: the first, the earlier and inspirational period, when Jesus was moved by his tender love of men and his unswerving devotion to a merciful Father; and the second period, when he descended from His inspired ministry to personal ambition, and from the teaching of universal love to the denunciation of the scribes and Pharisees. The author holds that, by His hostility to the religious leaders of the Jews, Jesus provoked His own crucifixion. A superficial and negligible book.

THE POET OF GALILEE.
By William Ellery Leonard. *The Viking Press*
$2 7½ x 5; 159 pp. *New York*

This book, first published in 1909, has long been out of print; it was written before Mr. Leonard became known as a poet himself and the author of "Two Lives." In contrast to other current popular works on the subject, it presents a dignified and sympathetic treatment of the character and personality of Jesus.

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THRILLING wrecks, sudden death, storms, hungry months on a deserted island, cannibals, savage chiefs, heathen rites, drunken traders, Spanish dons, rogues, murderous fights—all crowd the pages of this true tale of the adventures of Captain John Cameron, a salty sailor of the old clipper era. Exotic scenes give the book a colorful background. Crisis piled on crisis imparts a sort of breathless interest which few imaginative works achieve. *Illustrated* $4.00

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By William Allen White

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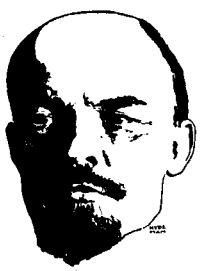

LENIN

Thirty Years of Russia

By Valeriu Marcu

LENIN was one of the giants of this generation. Out of nameless depths he made his way into the Kremlin as absolute ruler. His amazing life is recounted here in a new-style biography which literary connoisseurs declare reads like a novel. This is the first full-length study of the man and his work since death closed his remarkable career. *Illustrated* $5.00

Schumann-Heink

The Last of the Titans

By Mary Lawton

THE life of Mme. Schumann-Heink is like a romance from an old story book—another Cinderella who rose through early struggles to fame and success on the concert and operatic stage. *Illustrated* $5.00

JUBILEE JIM

The Life of Col. James Fisk, Jr.

By Robert H. Fuller

NO more gaudy figure than Jim Fisk ever swaggered across the American scene. As country peddler, circus man, Civil War profiteer, speculator, manipulator of railways, co-conspirator with Jay Gould in the famous "Black Friday" scandal, corruptor of judges, friend of Boss Tweed, impresario, and debonair man-about-town, "Jubilee Jim" spun out the flashy melodrama of his life. The tale is told by Robert Fuller with the great gusto which always marked Jim Fisk's manner of living. *Illustrated* $5.00

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By Joseph Redlich

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PUBLIC AFFAIRS

PROPHETS TRUE AND FALSE.
By Oswald Garrison Villard. *Alfred A. Knopf*
$3.50 8⅛ x 5½; 355 pp. *New York*

Studies of Smith, Hoover, Hughes, Borah, Reed, Dawes, Lowden, Norris, Ritchie, Donahey, Curtis, Walsh, Wilson, House, La Follette, Bryan, Lansing, Lodge, Hearst and other public figures, by the editor of the *Nation*. A great deal of first-hand information is in them, and much shrewd observation. Mr. Villard's verdicts, on the whole, are unfavorable: he is dealing with frauds far more often than with honest men. But he is quick to see sincerity, even in politicians, and hails it with relief and enthusiasm. Perhaps the best of his portraits is that of Hearst—unquestionably the most realistic and illuminating treatise upon that heroic mountebank ever written. He is devastating, too, when he comes to Charlie Curtis, Henry Cabot Lodge and Colonel E. M. House. The book is very well written, and packed with interesting and important matter.

HARVEY BAUM: *A Study of the Agricultural Revolution.*
By Edward S. Mead & Bernhard Ostrolenk.
The University of Pennsylvania Press
$2 8 x 5¼; 149 pp. *Philadelphia*

The authors believe that all the schemes of farm relief currently discussed are economically unsound, and would fail if put into effect. They say that most of the troubles of the farmer are due to his own gross incompetence. Thousands of farmers' sons, unable to make livings on the land, are being forced into the cities, where industry absorbs them. Eventually the land will be left to the minority of really intelligent farmers, and they will produce food-stuffs on a large scale and at reduced prices. Meanwhile, the farmers' boys are insufficiently trained for industry, and must be content with poor jobs. The authors believe that it would be a good plan to give them better training, and so make better workmen of them. Dr. Mead is professor of finance at the University of Pennsylvania, and has had practical experience as a farmer. Dr. Ostrolenk is a former director of the National Farm School at Doylestown, Pa.

LENINISM.
By Joseph Stalin. *The International Publishers*
$2.50 8⅝ x 5½; 472 pp. *New York*

THE TROTSKY OPPOSITION.
By Bertram D. Wolfe. *The Workers' Library*
35 cents 7⅜ x 5; 96 pp. *New York*

From the beginning Trotsky was opposed to the

Continued on page xxii

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The HAPPY MOUNTAIN

Carl Van Doren:

"A first novel which for several reasons deserves to be put at once into the hands of many readers. Those reasons are the skill with which it is written, the charm which it exhibits, and the significance which it conveys. . . . It is a skilful and charming story of events which are perfectly universal."

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"A fine piece of work. The people and the places are real. The idiom is perfect."

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Joining the pioneers who are making literature out of native American material, Maristan Chapman tells the story of a mountain boy who went outland for adventure—and she tells it in a prose that has no counterpart in fiction. "It left me practically delirious with pleasure," one reader said; "it seemed dredged up out of wells of language as fresh as Malory's." $2.50

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PAX

THE ADVENTUROUS HORSE

By MURIEL HODDER

Only an eleven-year-old genius could have concocted this delicious yarn. LAWRENCE OF ARABIA says: "It is extraordinary. I've never read anything before with quite that quintessence of childishness distilled into it. *Pax* is a great document." *Foreword by* EDWARD GARNETT. *Illustrated.* $2.00

JEROME, young, French, and an authority on life and love, meets UNI, daughter of cold Norway, and his theory of the love latitude is rudely upset. "It's the pure ether of comedy."—CHRISTOPHER MORLEY. "Gayest novel of the season."—BRUCE GOULD.

JEROME

OR THE LATITUDE OF LOVE

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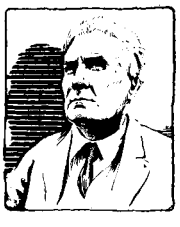

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Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xx

philosophy and tactics of the Lenin wing of the Bolshevik party. He was always of the opinion that it was impossible to found a Socialist state so long as the rest of the world was capitalistic, and because of this he urged upon the soviets more intimate relations with outside capital. Moreover, he argued that the only sensible thing for Russia to do was to concentrate on the development of agriculture, and not on industry, since it was primarily an agricultural country. These views were in direct opposition to the doctrines of the Communist party, but during the lifetime of Lenin, who was fond of Trotsky despite their differences, it did not dare to punish him. But no sooner was Lenin dead than it began to harass him, and finally it exiled him. His leading prosecutor was Stalin, the general secretary of the Communist party, and in the present book, ably translated by Eden and Cedar Paul, he defends the actions of the party against Trotsky, Zinoviev and the others of the Opposition. It is full of quotations from the writings of Lenin, and traces in great detail the life-long theoretical differences between him and Trotsky. The Wolfe book is little more than a summary of the Stalin-Trotsky controversy and a call upon the American Communists to extirpate all the Trotskys from their midst.

GREAT BRITAIN AND THE DOMINIONS.

The University of Chicago Press

$3 7¾ x 5¼; 511 pp. *Chicago*

From June 21 to July 8, 1927, there was held at the University of Chicago, under the Harris Foundation, a conference dealing with the problems of the British Empire. As a matter of fact, only the problems of Great Britain and those of the Dominions were discussed; those of India and the Crown Colonies were only touched upon indirectly. Among the men who participated were Sir Cecil J. B. Hurst, legal adviser to the British Foreign Office; Timothy A. Smiddy, minister of the Irish Free State to the United States; John W. Dafoe, editor of the *Manitoba Free Press;* and Sir William Harrison Moore, dean of the faculty of Law at the University of Melbourne. Their lectures are reproduced in this book. Strangely enough, there is little in them save politeness and what one can find in any good encyclopedia. Mr. Dafoe, in his discussion of the relations between the United States and Canada, spends tens of pages repeating familiar historical matter, and then says, "The American and Canadian peoples have come now to the era of good feeling, mutual respect and thorough understanding. . . . We are, with you, the fashioners and practitioners of . . . American civilization."

Continued on page xxiv

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Lest Ye Die
by Cicely Hamilton

Will science ever wreck a world that "knows too much"? One answer to this question is found in this thrilling and thought-provoking novel of life in the ruins of civilization. $2.00

Seven Days Whipping
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"Its force and subtlety derive from a deeper source than the events it chronicles, from the hidden hates and loves of ordinary people, here brought out with the elements of great drama, fear, and pity."—MARY ROSS in the *New York Herald Tribune.* $2.00

Shadow of the Long Knives
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"One of the finest Revolutionary romances since 'Cardigan,' and the best portrayal of middle western frontier character since 'The Hoosier Schoolmaster.' . . . One of the most entertaining stories of the frontier ever written."—*Chicago Evening Post.*
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Strange Fugitive
by Morley Callaghan

This is a new novel by a brilliant young writer who has already made his mark in the difficult field of the short story. It is thoroughly modern in theme and treatment, a crisply written, swiftly moving tale of "racketeers" in a great city. Beneath the turbulent surface run the deep currents of human loves, hates, and longings, completely realized in the lives of a group of vividly delineated people. $2.50

The Confessions of a Puzzled Parson:
And Other Pleas for Reality
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Witty, tolerant, and sensible discussions of the social questions of the day as they relate to the church. Such topics as "The New Home and the New Woman" and "The Church's Loss of Prestige" suggest the timely nature of the book. $2.00

The Central Americans
by Arthur Ruhl

These "Adventures and Impressions between Mexico and Panama" by a skillful reporter and interpreter of national character convey a vast amount of engaging information about the republics of Central America as well as revealing in absorbing fashion the generally misunderstood character and psychology of their people.
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The Stream of History
by Geoffrey Parsons

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—*New York Herald Tribune.*

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Continued from page xxii

LUCULLUS, *or, The Food of the Future.*
By Olga Hartley & Mrs. C. F. Leyel. *E. P. Dutton & Company*
$1 6 x 4¼; 77 pp. *New York*

"The problem of Lucullus in our present state of civilization," say the authors, "is 'What shall we have for dinner?' but if our civilization progresses much further . . . the problem facing the Lucullus of the future will be more primitive; in fact, the problem of whether there will be any dinner at all. Our food supply [in England] depends upon the balance being kept between the urban and agricultural populations of the world, and we are doing our utmost to disturb that balance, not only by sowing the seeds of direct democratic propaganda but . . . by the psychological effect of what we make to offer in exchange for food." The volume belongs to the To-day and To-morrow Series.

BUSINESS THE CIVILIZER.
By Earnest Elmo Calkins. *Little, Brown & Company*
$3 8¾ x 6; 309 pp. *Boston*

It is Mr. Calkins' thesis that business is the great civilizer. "That eternal job of administering this planet," he concludes, "must be turned over to the despised business man. The work that religion, government, and war have failed in must be done by business. There is no country in the world so efficiently governed as the American Telephone & Telegraph Company or the General Electric Company. Business has become the world's greatest benefactor." There are illustrations by René Clark, a brief introduction by John Cotton Dana, and an index.

EMBATTLED BORDERS. *Eastern Europe from the Balkans to the Baltic.*
By E. Alexander Powell. *The Century Company*
$3.50 8 x 5¼; 374 pp. *New York*

Colonel Powell, who formerly held the post of consul-general at Beirut and Alexandria, spent the Summer of 1927 traveling by motor over the broad belt of Europe which lies between Germany and Russia. He called on the local politicians and diplomatic authorities everywhere and picked up a good deal of statistical and historical information. He writes with the purpose of making clear "those extremely complicated political issues which are retarding the recovery and threatening the peace of Eastern Europe." In the main, his book is interesting reading, but his political judgments, especially on post-war Italy, are somewhat superficial. There are an index and sixty-four illustrations from photographs, but a bibliography is lacking.

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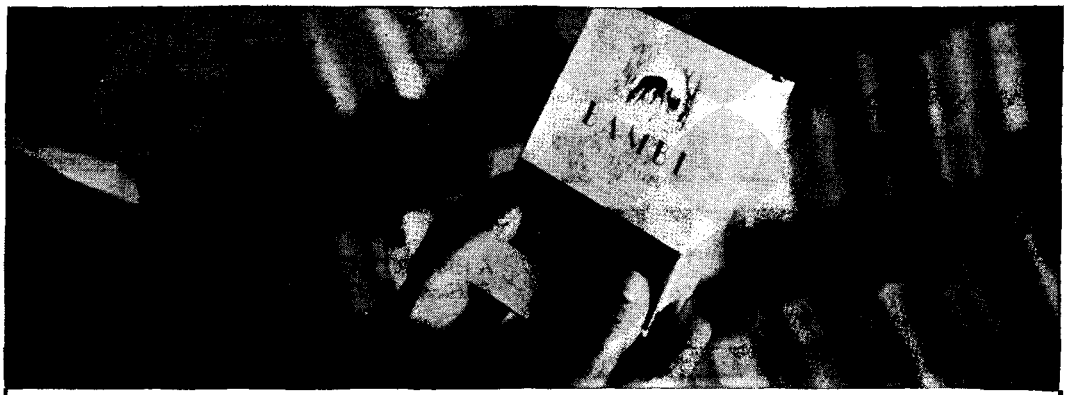

Shall I Buy "BAMBI"?

This actual photograph was taken in The Beacon Book Shop, situated in the Roosevelt Hotel, New York. It was posed especially for an ad. But the scene has taken place countless times in this particular shop, as well as in bookstores all over America. Since it is impossible to photograph the questions and thoughts that arise in the mind of this man, let us imagine what some of them are, and answer briefly:

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2 *I never have enjoyed an animal story—how can I possibly find enjoyment in reading this one?* It is our belief that nine out of ten people feel exactly the same way before reading *Bambi*. In fact, the book was almost not published because the publishers' readers had no desire to wade through an animal story. Those who read *Bambi* will experience the same surprised delight that occurs upon meeting some congenial companion who had been dreaded in anticipation.

3 *What do the critics think of Bambi?* Although the space in this page does not permit the reproduction of even a few of the tributes, in our career as publishers we have never brought out a book that has met with a more universally favorable response. (A booklet containing some of the reviews has been prepared which will be sent post-free upon application to ESSANDESS, Dept. E., 37 W. 57th St.) Meanwhile, the man in the photograph is referred to John Galsworthy's foreword in the book.

4 *Why not wait and borrow a copy from a friend?* There is no reason why—in the advertising vernacular—"you must read this book tonight." It will be as enjoyable next week, or next year. By all means borrow a copy. If after reading it you feel that you want a copy of your own, you will find it a carefully and beautifully made book, printed in large type, and made to be enjoyed ten years hence as well as now. *Bambi* by Felix Salten is available at all bookstores, price $2.50. Simon and Schuster, Inc., Publishers, 37 West 57th Street, New York, N. Y.

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Editorial NOTES

Continued from page xxiv

PHILOSOPHY

A HISTORY OF MODERN PHILOSOPHY.
By Horatio W. Dresser. *The Thomas Y. Crowell Company*
$3 7⅞ x 5¼; 471 pp. *New York*

A survey of philosophical thought from the Middle Ages to the present day, beginning with Bacon and continuing through Hobbes, Descartes, Spinoza, Leibnitz, Locke, Berkeley, and Hume in the first part, and comprising summaries of Kant, Fichte, Schelling, Schleiermacher, Hegel, Schopenhauer, Mill, Nietzsche, Croce, Bradley, James and other moderns in the second part. A fairly clear and inclusive text. There are numerous notes, bibliographies at the ends of the sections, and an index.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF JOHN DEWEY.
Edited by Joseph Ratner. *Henry Holt & Company*
$4 8¾ x 5⅝; 560 pp. *New York*

A collection of representative excerpts from the complete writings of the Columbia philosopher. Dr. Ratner has done his editorial work competently, but a general introductory summary of Dewey's ideas would have made the book more useful to the beginning student.

HISTORY

LINCOLN OR LEE.
By William E. Dodd. *The Century Company*
$2 7¾ x 5; 177 pp. *New York*

A comparison of the two great leaders of the Civil War, with the emphasis upon the external events which bore so dramatically upon their careers. Professor Dodd's analysis, for all its impartiality, does not contribute anything new to the understanding of either man. Moreover, he writes in a didactic, somewhat heavy style. The book lacks both a bibliography and an index.

ENGLAND'S HOLY WAR. *A Study of English Liberal Idealism During the Great War.*
By Irene Cooper Willis. *Alfred A. Knopf*
$4 8 x 5⅜; 398 pp. *New York*

Up to the last minute before the World War, the Liberal Party and press were rigidly pacifist. They were not even convinced by Sir Edward Grey's statement on August 3. But when they did capitulate, "they had to go the whole spiritual hog." Miss Willis here presents, in document and with succinct interpretation, the passages which not only demonstrate their acceptance but their glorification of the war which was to end war and liberate the oppressed

Continued on page xxviii

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peoples. An illuminating book. It contains a brief foreword by J. A. Hobson, a bibliography and an index.

LORD GREY AND THE WORLD WAR.
By Hermann Lutz. *Alfred A. Knopf*
$5 8⅝ x 5½; 346 pp. *New York*

"The account given so far of Grey's Memoirs," says Herr Lutz, "and the reply to them, so far as a reply was necessary, reveal at the same time the strong predilection for France and Russia and the appalling prejudice against Germany with which in December, 1905, Sir Edward Grey entered on his eleven years' control of Great Britain's foreign policy. . . . It is plain that the new Foreign Office material now made available confirms the evidence of the non-existence of Sir Edward Grey's 'free hand.' Further, Sir Eyre Crowe's Memorandum had indelibly fixed a British official seal to the fact of the actual commitment of Britain to France." A scholarly monograph, containing a great mass of documentary evidence, both in notes and bibliographies.

BLACK DEMOCRACY. *The Story of Haiti.*
By H. P. Davis. *The Dial Press*
$5 9½ x 6½; 370 pp. *New York*

This is perhaps the first comprehensive history of Haiti to appear in the English language. All previous books on the island have dealt with some particular problem or with the affairs of a single nationality. Mr. Davis has lived in the land for twelve years, and has maintained a close friendship with all the leaders of opinion there; the factual sections of his book are thus more or less authoritative. But when it comes to expressing an opinion, he either has none or is in mortal fear of offending anyone. For example, he devotes over a hundred pages to the activities of the United States in the unfortunate republic, but it is extremely difficult to ascertain what he himself thinks about them. About all he has to say about the matter is that "there are difficulties which will require investigation and thought by the best procurable American brains."

CRITICISM

ÆSTHETICS OF THE NOVEL.
By Van Meter Ames. *The University of Chicago Press*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 221 pp. *Chicago*

"Novels help people to see what they are groping and yearning for," says Mr. Ames, who is instructor in philosophy at the University of Cincinnati. "The main thing in the novel, as in life which it represents, is the point of view, the attitude. . . . The novel is most important, not as an avenue to romance or ad-

Continued on page xxx

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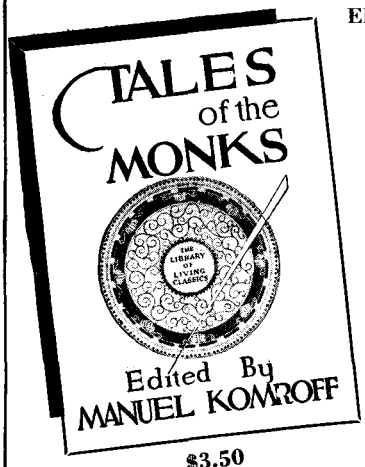

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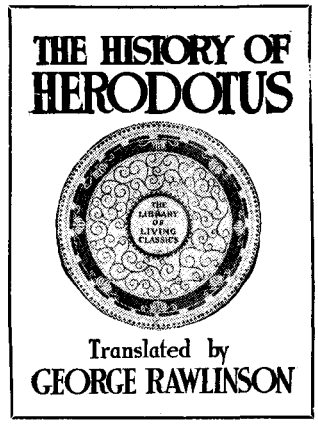

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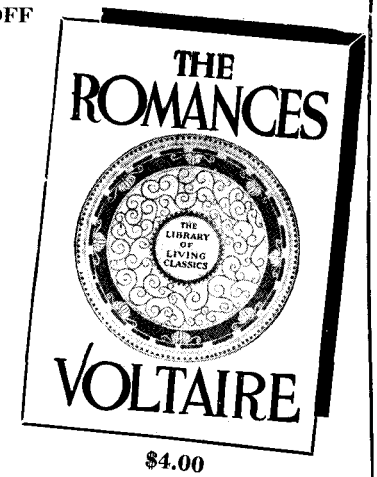

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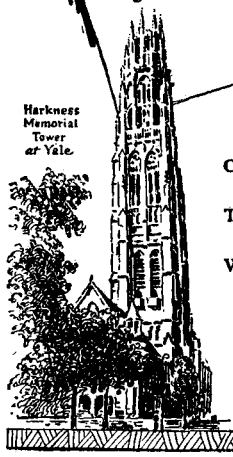

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venture, but as an approach to reality, which alone is ultimately interesting to a mature mind, which absorbs into itself every other interest. . . . The novel is of transcendent importance at present, because by portraying the development of character it shows how the individual absorbs the society about him, reacts to it, and reshapes it." A rather feeble book.

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Continued in back advertising section, page xxxviii

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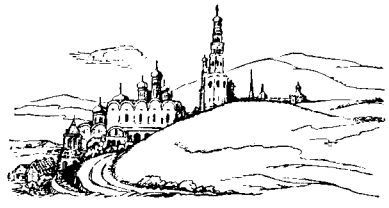

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THE NEW TAMMANY

BY JOSEPH McGOLDRICK

NEW YORK CITY has an area of 316 square miles, more than the combined areas of Baltimore, Boston, Cincinnati, Denver, Detroit, Minneapolis and St. Louis. Within these limits it houses six million people, but actually it is the center of an urban community of nine millions. A million people daily enter the city from the suburbs and return at night to their homes.

It has a governmental establishment second in size only to that of the United States itself. It is one of the hugest employers in the country. Its army of 120,000 permanent employés exceeds the peace-time footing of the national army. Its annual budget is $550,000,000, in addition to which it borrows $100,000,000 or more. Its net funded debt is almost $2,000,000,000, yet at the last election the citizens voted $300,000,000 for a new subway, the full cost of which is likely to reach twice that figure.

One's brain whirls with the figures: a million school-children, forty thousand school-teachers, seventeen thousand policemen, a five-hundred-and-eighty-mile water front, five thousand miles of streets! In short, an imperial city—and a paradise for the spoilsman! A $250,000,000 payroll and $375,000,000 worth of contracts to be let every year! Such is the land of the Tammany tiger. At his last election its citizens gave Al Smith 839,000 votes.

Now the White House is in sight. Al has been nominated for the Presidency. Naturally, the nation's interest is focused on his political parentage. Is his dam truly regenerate, as report hath it? Or has she her tongue in her velvety cheek? Has New York been bewitched by the Tiger? Is it or is it not the same old carnivorous and prehensile beast?

The Tammany Society, or Columbian Order, is a fraternal society, or, as Judge Olvany would say, a patriotic society. It is not limited to Democrats, and many persons prominent in Democratic politics are not members. It is hardly more (or less) secret than the Elks or the Masons. Its ritual and rigmarole are of Indian analogy. Its governors are called sachems, of whom there are thirteen, and there is among them a grand sachem, now the patriarchal Commissioner of Elections, Voorhis, 99 years old and still in office. Murphy, Olvany and Croker never held a higher office than that of sachem. Al Smith has been one since 1911. The other offices, wiskinkie, scribe, sagamore and secretary, are, except for the last, not positions of power or influence. As a society Tammany limits itself to patriotic rallies.

The Democratic organization is the real Tammany. Its membership comprises the members of all the district clubs, perhaps 50,000 or more. Voters enrolled for the

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party primaries participate in the selection of the County Committee, which has over 5,000 members. More important is the County Executive Committee, consisting of some thirty district leaders. But even this meets infrequently. Its functioning is extremely flexible. Two subsidiary standing committees figure largely in its work. They are the Steering Committee and the Tammany Law Committee. The former deals with general public policies, improvement programmes, and the like. The latter deals with matters of a more particularly legal character, or with the legal phases of general problems. Both of these committees have such influence that at times it amounts to a usurpation of the functions of elected officials. The Board of Aldermen has almost completely abdicated in their favor. Their existence is not known to the populace generally, but those in active contact with the city government are familiar with them, and many civic organizations—of the commercial, not the reform type—maintain direct contact with them.

In so far as the Tammany idea is developed as a theory, it involves carrying party responsibility to its logical conclusion. It cuts through the elaborate system of governmental checks and balances, it obliterates executive and legislative distinctions, and it supplants elective discretion. Every Tammany official operates under orders from the organization. Administrative hierarchies are sometimes turned completely topsy-turvy. A department head may have as many as four district leaders as his deputies and assistants. Under this system of high-ranking subordinates it is difficult for the organization to evade responsibility for the acts of any official, great or small. It has not always been frank in accepting that responsibility. There have been and still are occasional protests of *non possumus*, such as Murphy's famous "The convention will decide." But perhaps the most significant and genuine contribution of Murphy and Olvany to the new leadership of the Hall has been their willingness to make some acknowledgement that the power which Tammany wields brings with it a responsibility which the organization is willing to accept.

II

Like all human organizations, Tammany is run by a small inside group. This has been notably true of recent years. Nobody ever doubted that Murphy was the sole boss, but there has been so much gossip about Olvany that he has had to issue statements to the press reasserting his authority. (Surely Croker would have chuckled at that!) One thinks he doth protest too much. It is difficult to regard him as other than a personnel or patronage superintendent, a high-grade room-clerk, assigning members to their berths. Many have insisted that Al Smith is the real boss. He unquestionably has much influence in the Hall, and for the last four years he has been a sort of back-seat driver.

When, last year, the sachems conceived the bright idea of chartering Tammany clubs in other States, Olvany, after a conference with the Governor, declared he was opposed to the project and it was dropped. When the General Committee refused a renomination to Judge Knott of General Sessions, after many satisfactory years on the bench, there was an instant uproar from the press. After the lapse of a week the new nominee withdrew and Knott was named. It is significant that Smith's closest advisors on policy, both as Governor and as Presidential nominee, have not been closely identified with the organization. His kitchen cabinet has been composed, curiously enough, of Jews such as the Moskowitzes, Judges Shientag and Proskauer, Col. Lehman the banker, Clarence Lewis, and Secretary of State Moses—none of them closely connected with Fourteenth street. His chief backers and also his closest companions, W. F. Kenny, millionaire contractor and former street railway magnate, and James J. Riordan, the banker, are, however, Tammany men.

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The new Tammany is just as natural a development as the new Ford. As with the latter, perhaps the principal objection to the old model was its external appearance. The Tammany of today is the product of changing social forces. The sons of the men who were leaders in the nineties have had opportunities denied to their immigrant fathers. Many have been to college. Their children are even better off. All this has not been an unmixed blessing to the organization. Some of its followers are deserting into the suburbs. Others have drifted into business and have little time for or interest in politics. Sons brought up in homes remote from their fathers' district clubs are not drawn into the current. Many have attained to an intellectual and moral understanding that unfits them for old-fashioned practical politics. Thuggery at the polls, bribery, contract jobbery and the older alliance with vice and crime are giving way to methods more refined, if not inherently more honest.

The Tammany politician today is making his money in business, law or real estate, and his standards are neither higher nor lower than those of other business men. There are old-time chieftains with leathery necks and even tougher consciences who hanker for the rough-and-tumble and occasionally get off the reservation on a brief rampage, but the newer leaders are as much at home in dinner coats and plus-fours as their grandfathers were in red undershirts or *yamilkes*.

But not all of the new Tammany is young. Some of its sturdiest supporters are men well on in years, and some of the younger leaders are as unprincipled as Croker ever was. There can be little doubt that ultimately the new Tammany will win, but its present ascendancy is due as much to the prosperity and prospects of Al Smith as to any thorough-going acceptance of new leadership. The collapse of his presidential hopes would almost certainly produce a reaction.

A word of qualification is, perhaps, in point regarding the actual extent of Tammany's authority in New York City. The city, since the consolidation of 1898, has consisted of five entire counties, each of them also a borough. Manhattan (New York county) is the old city of New York. This was and continues to be the Tiger's stronghold. The borough of Brooklyn (until 1898 a separate municipality) has a separate Democratic organization, headed for many years by McCooey. McCooey was not made a member of Tammany until after the unsuccessful Hylan primary in 1925. His connections with the society, while distinctly cordial today, are scarcely intimate. He is not a sachem.

Queens, for more than fifteen years, has acknowledged the leadership of Borough President Connolly. His recent collapse brought great joy to Tammany, but the failure of Mayor Walker to prevent the selection of a Connollyite to the vacant presidency shows how far from complete is Tammany's power in that borough. In the Bronx, part of which was attached to the old city of New York, there has been a much closer articulation between Tammany and the county democracy. Sachem Haffen of the Bronx has been a power in the society for many years. He was one of the triumvirs in the interregnum between Croker and Murphy in 1901.

The Tammany strongholds have been on the East and West Sides of Manhattan, from the Battery to the gas-houses on the East Side, and from Chelsea and Greenwich Village to Hell's Kitchen on the West. These are the districts in which Tammany has polled (and still does) 85 to 90% of the vote cast. The populations of both regions have declined 20% since 1920. As the organization and its adherents have prospered, the families of the latter have put strong pressure on them to move away from Division street or Third avenue or Ninth avenue to some more congenial quarter. Manhattan offers no in-between. One must choose between Hester street and Park avenue. So they have gone to the Bronx. A small number have gone to Brooklyn, but Brooklyn, already thickly

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settled, has had few attractive new developments to offer. More recently the trend has been to Queens. A son of Battery Dan Finn is president of a Democratic club in Woodhaven.

Wherever Tammany men have gone they have tried to retain their former connections. In Brooklyn, their small numbers discouraged this desire, but even there many have shunned McCooey and journeyed nightly to their old haunts in Manhattan. To the Bronx they took Tammany with them. In Queens—particularly since 1925, when Connolly espoused the lost cause of Hylan—Tammany clubs have sprung up everywhere. In Queens and in Brooklyn there are Tammany leaders owing no allegiance to the borough organizations and ready, perhaps, to rally the braves should war break out. There is ample prospect of a raid this Fall upon the disordered Connolly ranks in the election of his successor.

The result of this rather circumscribed sphere of Tammany influence has been to make the organization's control of the city government never quite complete. Hylan, of course, was not a Tammany man, though he and Murphy had a comprehensive and satisfactory understanding regarding patronage and other essentials. The mayor's departments under Hylan were so generally headed or controlled by Tammany district leaders that very few changes were made by Walker. A McCooey leader was continued as fire commissioner. Though the administration (except of highways, public buildings and sewers, which is entrusted to the borough presidents) is completely centralized in the mayor's departments, there is a good deal of decentralization in reality. Many of the departments are given over to deputies in the various boroughs, in practice named by the local organizations and largely run under the direction of the latter. On the other hand, the existence of a dominant machine and of interdependent interests has had a centralizing influence on the borough and county governments, though the charter contemplates decentralization. The city contains five vestigal counties, coextensive boroughs, each with a sheriff, a county clerk and other elective officers. All county expenses are met from the city treasury. The county and borough governments are manned by the borough organization.

III

The management of most of the city's affairs, including the adoption of the budget for city, county and borough purposes, is subject to the control and supervision of the Board of Estimate, on which all the boroughs have substantial representation. On one recent occasion a borough president who strongly objected to a proposed bus franchise was brought into line, after several weeks of wrangling, by a threat (in executive session) to cut off public improvements for his borough. One of the chief and most reasonable objections Tammany has had to the borough system has been the power which these officers have to vote money for public improvements, of which they themselves have the spending. Tammany also has the endorsement of civic bodies for its proposal to abolish the anachronous counties.

Until the rise of Al Smith, the Tiger had few opportunities to run the State government, though its organization was sufficiently flexible to permit taking on the job when occasion offered. That job includes jurisdiction over such concerns as the income tax, workmen's compensation, automobile licensing, the movie censorship and a wide variety of smaller matters. In the State Legislature, the Democrats have very seldom controlled both houses, but their frequent control in the State Senate has given them some influence.

The Federal province, while *terra clausa*, has not been *terra incognita*. The long periods of Republican supremacy in the nation have brought it to pass that most of the Federal employés are Republicans, so that a radical change in personnel could be made on the few occasions when there was

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a Democratic President on cordial terms with Tammany. This Republican domain embraces the customs-house, the naturalization bureau, the Federal income-tax office, the post-office, Prohibition enforcement and the judicial system, including *inter alia* the lucrative bankrupt business. All these delicacies must normally be regarded as Republican perquisites, but they will be Tammany's dower if Al Smith's dream comes true. It is hard to imagine his refusing to give them to the organization, for he is avowedly an organization man. On the other hand, his thorough practical acquaintance with politics and government would ensure the maintenance of standards fully as high as those he has insisted upon where Tammany has been permitted to enter the State departments. He would probably require that the Hall remain discreetly at home, and leave Washington, as it has left Albany, to him.

The district leader is at once the anode and the cathode of Tammany's political battery. He brings to it its money and its votes; he carries its power into the remotest corner of the city and to the humblest of its citizens. The organization has little contact with the citizenry. To the vast masses of the common people and most of the rest, the district leader is the chief point of contact with the organization, even with the government itself. Every night in the week, every week in the year, they can find him in his clubhouse during the entire evening, sometimes late into the night. In a little black book he enters his commissions—"contracts" he calls them. The next day he is busy about the courts, seeing clerks, district attorneys and judges, or, better still, the leaders responsible for them. He sees Commissioner this or Chief Clerk that and arranges for peddlers' and plumbers' licenses, excuses from jury duty, transfers, reinstatements, the promotion of subordinates, vault permits, sewer connections, revision of assessments, and passports.

The city licenses 196 different occupations. Permits are required for every one, from child actors to scavengers.

Promptly each October, the names of 70,000 prospects are placed upon the personal property rolls, of which 40,000 are as promptly removed. The owners of $16,000,000,000 worth of real estate are vitally interested in their assessments. The variety and vagaries of the city's laws and ordinances may be left to the imagination. There are 17,000 policemen to enforce them. Three score night-clubs could be shut at 3 A.M. if Mayor Walker's curfew law were enforced, which it is not. In short, the "contracts" with New York's millions are almost infinite. Sociologists have often pointed out that governmental functions expand with the volume and density of population. It is scarcely surprising to find, in this empire city, a government of imperial proportions, reaching out in myriad ways into the lives of its multitudinous citizenry.

The district leaders' services are rendered for two considerations: votes and money. Those for whom favors are done cannot do less than assign their franchises to their benefactors. This is the principal, almost the sole means of winning and retaining votes. A still large, but steadily declining number belong, as the expressive phrase puts it, to the party. Some ancestor deeded their votes to the party in fee tail. The number won by a realistic discussion of issues is too small to mention. The great bulk of votes is now on a fairly tangible *quid pro quo* basis.

IV

The political unit in New York City is the assembly district, of which there are sixty-five. The aldermanic districts, equal in number, roughly coincide. The political life of the district centers about the club. Most Tammany clubs have Indian names, such as Huron, Owaso, and Umqua; a few bear the names of leaders, past or present, —for example, the McManus, Ahearn and Curry Associations. The nucleus of these clubs is the group of public job-holders,

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whose destiny is so intimately related to that of the leader. There are about 600 to a district. They, with their immediate families, about equal the normal primary vote. They belong to the club. They alone are likely to receive direct orders on ticket-splitting and the like. They constitute the sounding board of every whispering campaign. They are the carefully attuned receiving and broadcasting antennæ.

It is true that all but some 3,000 of the 121,000 persons on the city payroll are under civil service protection, but those 3,000 of the chosen, exempt from the merit system because of the confidential, or otherwise valuable character of their services, receive salaries averaging $5000, and control the promotions, transfers, ratings, rises and retirements of all the rest. All but two or three district leaders in the city hold such jobs.

The party's attitude toward these responsible positions may be judged from the following typical news item:

> Mayor Walker yesterday afternoon appointed John J. Dietz Commissioner of the Department of Water Supply, Gas and Electricity, to succeed the late Nicholas J. Hayes.
>
> The new Commissioner has been Deputy Commissioner in the same department for many years at a salary of $7,500 a year. His new post carries with it a salary of $10,000. His promotion is regarded as an advancement in line, and as a recognition of long and faithful service.
>
> Commissioner Dietz is a veteran Tammany leader and heads the Eighteenth Assembly organization in upper Manhattan.
>
> William L. Kavanagh, chief clerk in District Attorney Joab H. Banton's office at $7000 a year, is to get the position vacated by Mr. Dietz' promotion at $7,500 a year. The place thus vacated in the District Attorney's staff will go to Terrence F. McKeever, now an examiner for the Board of Aldermen at $5,500 a year. Mr. Kavanagh is a Tammany leader in the Third Assembly District, and Mr. McKeever is Tammany leader of the Ninth Assembly District.

Twenty or more members of every district club hold important elective or appointive positions paying good salaries and involving important discretion in connection with some governmental activity. The post of assemblyman is perhaps the least of these because of the small salary, the brief term and the costly absences from the city which it necessitates. Most districts award it to some young briefless lawyer. The aldermanic districts correspond closely to the assembly districts. Though the post of alderman is much more important than that of assemblyman because of its $5000 salary for an hour's work a week, its two-year term, and its incidental opportunities, it lacks authority over and contact with government and business and is generally bestowed upon some party hack without brains or vigor for a bigger job. There is nothing less congruous than to hear the aldermen called the city fathers. (As Mrs. Pratt might say, "So is your old man.") Nor can the board's existence be justified on the ground that its motley composition enables it to speak for the cosmopolitanism of the city. Scarcely one among its members ever speaks at all. They do as they are told—and so do the Tammany Senators and the Congressmen.

More important to the district club and its leader than law-makers are judges. There is approximately one municipal court judge and one magistrate for each. True, the former, whose jurisdiction is civil, are elected and the latter, whose work is criminal, are appointed by the mayor, but under the unified Tammany political system there is no discernible difference in their calibre or in the actual process of their selection. When one is to be installed in court amid friends and flowers the district leader usually makes him a present of a gavel and, perhaps all unconsciously, reveals the true source of the new jurist's honor. These judges and the City Court and Special Sessions judges, of slightly loftier civil and criminal jurisdiction, are an integral part of their district organizations. The eighteen County and forty-five Supreme Court judges (all receiving $22,500 a year) are subject to higher standards. With a few exceptions they remain aloof from the details of district politics, although some have been district leaders. But the manner of their selection is completely political and they

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are by no means out of politics. Two are sachems of the Hall.

The remainder of the district coterie are in non-elective jobs, for the most part exempt from civil service standards and safeguards. Under the guidance of the leader, they govern the destinies of the club. The club is thus a soviet of political job-holders. This is the system through which the leaders are recruited. Olvany has been successively law assistant to the corporation counsel, alderman, deputy fire commissioner, sheriff's counsel under three sheriffs, and General Sessions judge. Al Smith has been on the public payroll almost as continuously as President Coolidge.

Votes are the direct current, but the higher voltage is in the alternating current of currency. The hundred-dollar bill in a box of cigars is almost as obsolete as the plug hat or the wooden Indian. Many Tammany leaders write insurance, surety bonds and the like, and make their levies in this way, or are engaged in other businesses with which the recipients of largess can be induced to deal. All city job-holders are required, and a motley array of others dragooned into belonging to the club. Their dues are, in the aggregate, large. There are periodic balls, beefsteaks, clambakes and rackets, for which tickets are sold to all and sundry, as well as advertisements for souvenir programmes and levies in kind. The old-fashioned assessment of public employés, pruned a bit and equipped with a modern system of underground irrigation, still flourishes. Important elective or appointive posts, not excepting judgeships, are practically put up at auction.

The most general and complete assessment is for the campaign fund. This collection is made almost wholly without reference to proposed or necessary expenditures. The receipts are not reported as the law requires. Barely a dozen districts make any return at all and these are quite obviously incomplete. The district leader is a kind of modern tax-farmer. The central organization requires a return of a portion of his collections. Beyond that, he must spend whatever is necessary to make the showing expected of him. The organization is fully aware of population shifts and changes in the use and value of property, and knows almost precisely what due care and diligence could produce in votes and money.

The district leader levies upon all upon whom he has any claim. The money is spent when, where and how he pleases. He must keep up the property entrusted to him. A certain amount of benevolent work is necessary, particularly in the Winter. In Summer, there are children's picnics. A wealthy West Side leader maintains a camp where all the poor children of the district are sent for two weeks. At all seasons of the year there are tickets to buy, flowers to send and dinners to attend. One leader estimates that he spends $2,500 a year on tickets, memberships and donations. Great and constant as a leader's expenditures are, there is generally a bountiful surplus. And this is his own.

All of them are engaged in one or more lucrative businesses. Culkin, a self-made millionaire, has interests in a dock company, a warehouse, an equipment business, and an airport beacon concern. Frawley was a contractor and a real estate promoter. Hagan has a lighting fixture business. A former leader owns several hotels. A few are lawyers. Burkan, known as the actors' lawyer, has many famous clients, including Charlie Chaplin and the New York Giants. Olvany had a lucrative practice as a lawyer before going on the bench, and his being boss does not hurt the business of the firm of Olvany, Eisner & Donnelly. Practically all dabble in real estate; some on a very considerable scale. Their knowledge of prospective improvements and their contact with assessing and zoning authorities give them obvious advantages over other speculators. Many have extensive subterranean connections with all sorts of concerns doing business with the city. A gross return of $100,000 a year is probably fairly common, and some, per-

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haps many, enjoy a net income above that. Murphy left an estate of $2,170,761. McMahon, Plunkitt and T. H. Smith, former secretary of the Hall, each left over $200,000.

Tammany has always rested on the shoulders of the poor and the immigrants who, in New York, are practically identical groups. These have been its voting legions. There are four principal immigrant groups: the Irish, the Jews, the Germans and the Italians. The two former have been numerically and politically most important, each numbering well over a million. The Irish, of course, are largely Catholic, and the Irish Catholics have dominated their church in the city as they have in the nation. There have been few instances of interference by the clerical authorities. The most significant fact concerning both the Irish and the Jews has been their clannishness—their emphasis on group or cultural loyalty rather than on any religious or racial programmes or issues. The Irish came first, they had no language obstacle, they had few factional difficulties, and they have enjoyed unquestioned hegemony in the city since the days of Tweed. The Jews have had almost as high a degree of solidarity, despite dissensions between the reformed and orthodox wings, and, more recently, between pro- and anti-Zionists. The Germans have been part Catholic and part Lutheran. With conspicuous exceptions, they have not given as much attention to politics in New York as they have elsewhere. The last important European immigrant group, the Italians, have only recently established themselves. Many still speak their native tongue and there has been at times much emphasis upon the retention of Italian citizenship and an ultimate return home, but they are showing a considerable aptitude for politics.

Tammany has played its part in the melting pot process. There are still undercurrents of rivalry or distrust, but the general impression is one of cosmopolitanism. Political leaders of each hyphen or faith attend the functions of all. Goldfogle marches in the St. Patrick's Day parade. Walker and McCooey attend the Purim ball. Smith issues a message of greeting at Rosh Hoshonnah. The P. H. McCarren Club last year distributed $2,000 worth of matzoths. Tammany was somewhat slow to accept the Jews and they were once drifting rapidly into the Republican ranks. Sam Koenig, the Republican boss, is a Jew and one of the few Republican strongholds, aside from the silk-stocking Fifteenth, has been his East Side district. Today we find Lazarus, Goldenkranz, Burkan and Solomon among the Tammany district leaders. No programme at the Hall is complete without a name like Benjamin Greenspan or Jonah Goldstein, but there is yet to be a Jewish sachem. Half of the sachems are still Irish Catholics. The rest are of the various Protestant denominations and the older American stocks.

V

At the present time the Negroes present a problem to Tammany. There are some 250,000 of them living in the city, many as the result of the post-war migrations. Numerically they are not very important, but the compactness with which they live —practically all in Harlem—enhances their political significance. But for their own lack of cohesion and the dissension between Americans and West Indians, they would hold the balance of power in three districts and dominate two.

The tendency has been and the ultimate solution, of course, will be to treat them like any other immigrant group. Already there are fifty-four colored policemen, a fire lieutenant, an assistant district attorney, a hundred school-teachers and a host of elevator attendants and the like. The highest position is that held by F. Q. Morton, of the Civil Service Commission, at a salary of $7,500. By tradition, of course, the Afro-American belongs to the Republicans, but not only is this loyalty wearing out but there is abundant dis-

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satisfaction with that party for its indifference to lynching, civil rights and franchise legislation, and, locally, its unwillingness to advance the race in public office.

Even more important is the bounty which the Tammany machine has to offer. Croker was the first to proselyte among them. From Croker until the death of Murphy, considerable progress was made. The presidential ambitions of Governor Smith have of late cooled the welcome slightly. His Southern supporters would not relish the news that there have been two Tammany Negro aldermen. When the Negro Elks from the whole country assembled in New York, the Governor, who had promised to open the convention, had a sudden brief illness, and Mayor Walker was unable to review their parade. Thus the enlistment of Negroes by the Democrats has been noticeably halted in the last four years, resulting, among other things, in the election of two colored Republican aldermen. As soon as the Governor's fortunes are definitely determined in November, Tammany will unquestionably resume its absorption of this latest immigrant group, particularly as the other groups rapidly outgrow its tutelage.

There are no women officers or sachems in Tammany. There are none on its important committees. It is true that one woman, Annie Mathews, holds a $15,000 elective job, but her nomination was made in answer to a similar nomination by the Republicans and with a view to protecting and strengthening the ticket generally. It did not imply and has not been followed by the acceptance of women on a completely equal footing. In the clubs and in the party's councils they play a very subordinate part. They are seldom consulted and generally segregated. Many of the older male chieftains are antediluvian in their notions of woman's sphere. The women most conspicuous in politics are not the wives of important leaders. Only about half of the women leaders are married. Some of the husbands of these are active in politics but usually in minor capacities. The women active in district politics are almost all job-holders or seekers after jobs.

Possibly woman suffrage came prematurely. In New York it has meant very little. There has been a theory that it doubled the boss-controlled vote without proportionately increasing the non-controlled vote. The figures indicate that almost the reverse has been true.

The old Tammany was a synonym for alliance with vice. Today with the Hall more completely in control than it has ever been before, and the first Tammany police commissioner in twenty-five years in office, vice conditions in New York are better than they have ever been and superior to those of any other large city in the country. Street-walking simply does not exist. Brothels are equally unknown. There is no organized or obtrusive prostitution. What exists, and there is a certain amount of it, flourishes in connection with cheap dance-halls, night-clubs and restaurants, but the conditions in all of these are improved almost beyond belief. Gambling has been checked. The last police commissioner even raided poker games in Tammany clubs. The burlesque shows, though not exactly elevating, are on almost the same moral plane as the Broadway revues. Speakeasys abound, but responsibility for them must be laid at the door of the Republicans.

All of which may astonish readers in distant, wickeder places, but such are the facts, and Tammany must have the credit for them. Exactly why Murphy should have embraced such a policy in 1917 is somewhat hard to make out. It is said that when he kept a saloon he refused to serve women. Perhaps it was the threats of the organized churches and their spokesmen, the Committee of Fourteen. Possibly the powerful theatre, hotel and railroad interests objected to the reputation which the old freedom gave the city. Doubtless the prosperity which the Hall has enjoyed in the ensuing decade, though in no sense to be attributed to this as a cause, helped

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the transition. Today the organization has found new and more generous springs to tap. It may never go back. The conditions which caused the older alliance to be taken for granted are being rapidly outgrown.

If brains and money could build a political army the Republicans would never have got so far behind Tammany, for they have plenty of both. Their generals are as abundant as in a Central American republic, and they not only number the bulk of the prosperous and well-to-do in their ranks but command such points of vantage as the income tax bureau and Prohibition enforcement. These and the other strategic situations which they control are handled in a thoroughly political way. From the standpoint of effective organization, their great lack is of sergeants and corporals for the districts. The havoc wrought by the broad extension of the merit system in the Federal field is viewed thus by Jake Livingston, the Brooklyn boss:

> Nine-tenths of the Federal employés are Republicans—or they should be. These men and women are punished if they engage in what is termed pernicious politics. There are some 125,000 city civil service employés. Nine-tenths of these are Democrats. They are allowed, if not actually encouraged, to become politically active.
>
> That is what we Republicans have to buck up against. Why the government has such a rule I do not know. It curtails a political organization, for most of the Federal employés are politically-minded and could be quite useful as election district captains and workers.

This analysis is quite correct. Many Republican leaders privately complain that their district organizations are almost on a voluntary basis. The devil finds mischief for idle hands. At critical moments these captains desert or are found to be in the pay or power of Tammany. The greatest Republican weakness would seem to come from trying to beat Tammany at its own game. Their workers are taught to play in with Tammany 364 days in the year and then complaint is made if they are found lacking on election day. They daily exchange hostages with their enemies. This is natural enough, since each organization desires to offer its customers a full line of governmental goods. But it is vain to argue that this trading of courtesies, because it is mutual, has no serious effects on party integrity.

Some of the responsible leaders seem blandly content with the horizontal posture their party has occupied during the last decade. Their campaign strategy is always befuddled. They flirt with fusion one year and jilt her the next.

Beyond the pale of Republican realism stand the reformers, viewing the battle dimly from afar, foolishly self-important, and quite as sincere, no doubt, as Don Quixote jousting at his windmills. At the head and front stands the Citizens' Union, once a reform party but now a voters' league, endorsing candidates, issuing bulletins, checking up on public servants, acting as the people's watch dog. Its influence is not to be measured by its rather small membership of about 6,000. Its ready command of the first pages of the metropolitan papers makes it a factor to be reckoned with. The Union is proud of its leadership of the independents.

Quadrennially, when the election scrimmage rolls around, it calls a huddle of the spokesmen of the minor groups and such hungry Republicans as will come in and tries to stir up a little teamwork for a fusion candidate. In the mêlée that follows, there being but two goals, the Union is apt to be facing the Republican one. In the off seasons it busies itself with committee meetings and press releases. Its constant tocsins wearied the public a little during the Hylan régime and it has been trying since to play a new tune. More than cordial to Governor Smith and striving valiantly to like Mayor Walker, it has been a barometer of public opinion for the new Tammany leaders. But Tammany has had such a wide margin of safety in its hold upon popular support that every now and then it has been able to snub the organization in a way quite disconcerting to the latter's pride.

Being non-partisan is the Citizens' Un-

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ion's hardest task. Particularly with the New Tammany in the ascendancy, it has been difficult to attract independents with Democratic inclinations, though Judge Proskauer, Clarence Lewis, counsel to the Transit Commission, Sol Goldenkranz, the district leader, and other prominent Democrats have come from the Union fold. Any hide-bound Republican, on the other hand, feels himself automatically a member, and if the organization were not alert it would find itself sadly overburdened with staunch Republicans and its identity obliterated.

VI

New York is a well-governed city. In spite of the close domination which the Tammany machine and its allies have maintained, any competent observer must admit that it shines by comparison with the other huge cities of the country. This has baffled the reformers and Republicans. Can an evil tree bring forth good fruit?

The only qualification which must be recorded is—and perhaps at this point the cat comes leaping from the enveloping sack—that this government is inordinately expensive. For $500,000,000 a year it ought to be possible to provide substantially more in goods and services than the city actually receives. Any effort to estimate the disparity between the value received and the cost to the public would be rash, if not ridiculous. Yet it can scarcely be less than 10% and, if any means could be found to measure it, it would not be surprising to find it as much as 30%. Salaries in all ranks, except in certain professional groups and among subordinates, are quite out of scale with those in private employment. Most departments are over-manned; many employés with pull scarcely work at all. The prices paid for supplies and contract work, in spite of public lettings, are frequently amazing. Outsiders who dare to underbid are likely to find specifications very rigidly enforced against them and their payments so delayed that the futility of it soon becomes apparent.

For more than a decade the electorate of the city has been almost mockingly indifferent to extravagance and waste. This is not surprising in view of the fact that in many Manhattan districts there are but two or three taxpayers among five hundred voters. The situation is less extreme in Brooklyn and Queens, but even there less than one voter in ten pays direct taxes. The middle-class, home-owning folk are being pushed beyond the city's limits, leaving the richer and the poorer behind. There is as little home ownership in Park avenue or Riverside Drive as there is in First or Tenth avenues. There can be no question that this condition breeds a feeling of political irresponsibility, and this is one of the things that makes for bossism everywhere.

This is not to say that there is a lack of individuals and groups with a stake in the community. Many with the most considerable stake are content deliberately to accept Tammanyism with all its expensiveness, as the surest guarantee against Socialism or a too rapid extension of social control. They regard it as a kind of bachelor's tax which one would sooner pay than have a governmental mother-in-law. Others want a government which they can control rather than a government which will control them.

The situation in New York is by no means unique. Tammany is merely the biggest, certainly not the blackest of political machines. In many other cities bossism today shows far uglier aspects. One forbears to mention a once proud city of the Middle West, and surely Vareism has a lot to answer for. Bossism is a disease through which almost all of our cities with any sizeable immigrant population have had to pass, a measles of sociological youth. It will be outgrown. Once deadly, it is today becoming milder. We are becoming immune to it. It is a disease peculiar to no particular party, locality or city.

As Mayor Jimmie Walker said when he went to represent New York at the Sesqui-Centennial:

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If Bill Vare, Fred Kendrick and Charley Hall lived in New York they'd be Tammany leaders, and if John McCooey, Judge Olvany and Jim Egan lived in Philadelphia they'd be making up the Republican slate. We're all God's children and I don't believe in taking party politics too seriously.

There is scarcely a time when there is not some graft cloud in the New York political skies. As soon as one appears the Tammany medicine-men and rain-makers whoop up a dance called an investigation. Frequently four or five of these are commenced at once. If the public interest does not flag, but persists in demanding a victim, some rascally clerk is dragged out and sent to prison and the public is expected to be satisfied. Generally it forgets speedily. Whatever became of the milk investigation, in which Justice Kelby recommended ninety-one indictments, or the scandals of snow removal, hospital management, and prisons? What may we expect in the sewer or street-cleaning manhunts? When the public shows any interest at all it is more likely to want someone's scalp than to seek the correction of the conditions disclosed.

Far more important than petty pay-roll padding is honest graft. Foolish public projects are hurriedly undertaken, and meritorious ones indefinitely delayed or unwisely diverted according to real estate options held by politicians. The manner of awarding the bus franchises last year was particularly disgraceful. The malfeasance disclosed even within the last two years is appalling in its variety and magnitude. But the citizens of New York are too rich and too busy to bother. For those who are neither rich nor busy there is Mayor Walker's continuous City Hall circus.

Tammany's greatest asset has thus been the prosperity of the city. Its own prosperity has been merely the taking of its tithe of the city's. It is this which has enabled it to double the city budget since 1918. Property values have been increasing about a billion dollars a year. By keeping assessments close behind them (the ratio of assessed to true values is higher in New York than anywhere else in the State; twice as high as in some counties) it has been possible to boost each succeeding budget with almost no change in the tax-rate. Tammany's real test will come when this amazing acceleration of realty values slows up, as there are already signs of its doing. Many of the expenditures now being incurred involve commitments to even greater future outlays. The melting point may not be reached for another four or five years.

Lastly, among Tammany's most valuable assets must be numbered its enemies; its greatest liabilities are, of course, within. It is one of those diabolically curious paradoxes of politics that critics chasten and therefore strengthen whatever they would destroy. The ancient Tiger has developed an alert, almost kindly, sensitiveness to criticism. Who says, "They ain't no new Tammany"?

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A TEST OF EUGENICS

BY ELLSWORTH HUNTINGTON

THE Fundamentalist, whether he be Catholic or Protestant, has no use for eugenics. An essayist such as G. K. Chesterton finds there a perfect mine wherein to dig for gems of satire, and a philosopher such as Bertrand Russell, in his moments of aberration, becomes worried for fear eugenics will give us a race of beefy politicians. Lawyers who are especially skilled in making the worse appear the better reason, if Clarence Darrow really represents them, grow eloquent and even tearful over the virtues of some members of the Jukes family, so abhorred of eugenists, and over the vices of some members of the Jonathan Edwards family, their prize exhibit. Of course, these critics are all enemies of eugenics, and say just what one would expect of them. But how about the many eminent biologists whose support of eugenics is only half-hearted? Such men as Professors Bateson, Castle, Morgan, Jennings and Pearl all believe in the inheritance of innate mental differences, yet doubt whether applied eugenics will have any appreciable effect in improving the hereditary composition of our people.

This is a curious situation, but by no means surprising. It arises from the fact that one special method of discovering eugenic truth has been so enormously productive of late that it has thrown a second method completely into the shade, and has almost prevented a third method from being even recognized. The method which has thus blossomed so marvelously is that of experiments in the breeding of plants and animals. In this way, through the operation of the Mendelian laws of inheritance, marvelous results have been achieved. But, obviously, man with his extraordinary mental development and his intricate social customs is very different from animals, and it is not safe to conclude that because experiments with fruit flies show that the color of the eye follows certain laws of inheritance, the moral qualities of human beings will be inherited in the same fashion. Before any such Mendelian law can be established, experiments are necessary upon generation after generation of them.

But human generations are very long; human mental traits are so complex that it is not easy to separate them; and social customs are so rigid that experiments in the breeding of human beings are out of the question. What then ought we to do, ask the aforementioned biologists, except sit down and wait a few hundred years until new knowledge is available?

In answer to this a small group rise up and say: "Use another method. Study statistics. Galton did that and thereby founded the science of eugenics." Dr. Pearl has recently done the same thing and has confirmed Galton's earlier results. But Dr. Pearl, like the other biologists mentioned above, is so impressed by the importance of Mendelian experiments that he distrusts the conclusions which most people would draw from his facts.

Such, then, is the state of affairs in the world of eugenics today. The Mendelian type of biological experiment which is the craze now, cannot at present tell us whether it is safe to attempt to improve the human race by means of eugenics. The statistical method as yet has reached only the same results that it did half a century ago, and

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its most eminent advocates doubt whether it solves our present problem. What then shall we do? The answer seems to be: Look at the experiments which man has unconsciously made on himself. There are hundreds of cases where people with peculiar qualities have been isolated for a considerable time from the rest of mankind. Has this led to any durable and significant effect on the character of later generations?

For practical purposes the question is simply this: Suppose a human experiment is tried wherein certain strong-minded, intelligent, self-controlled persons, the kind who are generally recognized as the best type of citizens, are isolated biologically so that they and their descendants marry only among themselves. Will the descendants continue to be unusual along the same lines as their ancestors? If they are not, the attempt at the eugenic improvement of mankind is useless; if they are, it is worth making. The descendants may be less unusual than their ancestors, but that makes no difference provided they still stand above the ordinary level. Part of the unusual qualities may arise from training as well as heredity, but that also makes no difference, for cultural as well as biological improvements are highly desirable.

II

The Parsees of India are a group of Persians who were separated from the rest of their people by a drastic process of selection, and have remained isolated ever since. They were thus subjected to an experiment in eugenics, which is still continuing. Consider, first, the way in which the selection took place. During the Moslem conquest of Persia, a number of Zoroastrians, or Fire Worshippers, as the ancient chronicle puts it, "abandoned their houses and gardens and palaces for the sake of their religion, and lived in Kohistan for one hundred years." There, too, they suffered persecution, for the overwhelming majority of the Persians had become Mohammedans. So in 751 the Zoroastrian remnant, to quote the chronicle again, "became anxious for their religion." Hoping to find religious freedom, they migrated to Hormuz, on the shore of the Indian Ocean. There they lived fifteen years, but being harassed by the Arabs, some of them set sail for India and landed near the Indus. Apparently they were not welcome there either, for after staying there nineteen years they sailed eastward again, reaching Sanjan in 785. There they were allowed to form a permanent colony, with liberty to follow their own religion provided they adopted the language and customs of the country. Later they migrated to Bombay, where most of them now live.

The selection by which the Parsees were differentiated from the rest of the Persians was based on religious conviction and a tenacity of purpose which made them prefer hardship and migration rather than apostasy. Great courage and physical vigor must also have been required to endure the difficulties and privations of migration after migration in the face of hostile neighbors. Moreover, the Parsees were not selected from the ignorant peasants or common people, but from those having "houses and gardens and palaces"—and from persons skilled in various handicrafts.

So much for the selection which inaugurated this eugenic experiment. The next step was the isolation which allowed it to continue. The foreign tongue of the Parsees, their peculiar religion, and the caste system of the Hindus, all prevented the immigrants from intermarrying with their neighbors. Even in our day the Parsee women are very carefully protected from the men of other religions, and the marriage of Parsees of either sex outside their own faith is absolutely prohibited.

This drastic selection and isolation of the Parsees has produced noteworthy results. Although they have never numbered more than about 100,000, they have long been recognized as the most competent racial group in India, aside from the British. They far excel the ordinary Persians descended from unselected stock. The ma-

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jority are merchants, and are highly successful in their occupation. One of their outstanding traits is a keen interest in preserving and purifying their old religion. Theirs, indeed, is almost the only religion in India, aside from Christianity, which insists upon a high moral code and upon charity and altruism. But they are preeminent also in many other things beside religion.

In spite of their small number they have produced a remarkable succession of leaders in literature, philanthropy, business and politics. Two of these leaders are the only natives of India ever elected to the British House of Commons. Another, who migrated to China, founded the University of Hongkong. The position of the Parsee women is another evidence of the strong tribal character. They are freer and more respected, and the girls as well as the boys are better educated, than those of any other set of people in India except the British. Such conditions are by no means recent; similar high standards have prevailed among the Parsees for nearly forty generations.

How much of the long-enduring energy, ability, and progressiveness of the Parsees is due to social, and how much to biological, inheritance cannot easily be determined. It is clear enough, however, that millions of other people once had the same social inheritance, but have fallen by the way. The Parsees have not only held fast to the best part of their cultural inheritance; they have improved it in the face of an environment which is depressing both physically and socially. This could scarcely happen unless they possessed an unusually high degree of innate ability like that of their ancestors. The original Parsees were selected because of the very qualities which enable people to maintain high social and religious standards in the face of opposition.

The point of all this is that in this well-attested historical experiment in eugenics, a rigid selection centering around certain definite temperamental and intellectual qualities was followed by rigid biological isolation. The result is a people who still retain a good endowment of the high and valuable qualities of the originally selected group. In other words, an improved racial stock has apparently been produced in exactly the same way that improved types of wheat are produced.

III

The story of the Icelanders is much the same. The migration of the Norsemen to Iceland about 900 years after Christ consisted mainly of what Coneybeare calls "the noblest and worthiest of the land, the most peaceably disposed, and the most cultivated." The reason for the migration may have been partly economic, but the most obvious factor was political. Harold Fairhair established a new thing in Norway, namely a kingship. Formerly each *jarl*, or landed lord, was absolutely supreme; now each was forced to pay tribute and acknowledge a master. Many would not endure such ignominy. So part went out as rovers to harry the coasts of England, France and other countries. But the most thoughtful and peaceable sought a new home in Iceland, which had lately become known to them.

When the *jarls* migrated they took with them some of their yeomen, or *karls*, and even their *thralls*, or serfs, but these were doubtless the ablest and most loyal. The important point, however, is not so much the quality of the *thralls* and *karls*, but the fact that the proportion of *jarls*, or leaders, was extraordinarily large and their quality unusually high. Thus in this selection there occurred exactly the thing which many eugenists believe to be the most feasible means of making eugenics of practical value. In other words, the normal birth rate in such a community made the proportion of children born to parents possessing the qualities of leadership, initiative, aggressiveness, foresight and the like, unusually high, while the proportion born from incompetent, unprogressive parents was small.

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At the end of nearly half a century this selected type of migration came to an end, and since then practically no new settlers have gone to Iceland. In 930 A.D. the population amounted to thirty or even fifty thousand, a number which was probably not much exceeded until after 1800. Even now the inhabitants number only a hundred thousand, and practically all are descendants of the original immigrants. For a thousand years physical isolation has produced biological isolation, and the Icelanders have retained an unchanged inheritance just as have the Parsees.

Biologically, the most noteworthy effect of the Icelandic migration was that the children of a certain type of competent people could rarely marry any except their own kind. How far the occurrences of the next few generations were due to this I shall not attempt to say. Certain it is that in spite of an extremely unpromising physical environment the flower of genius bloomed profusely. Although the Winters of Iceland are no colder than those of New York City, the Summers are much like those on the top of Mount Washington. Practically no crop except hay can be raised. Hence for a thousand years the Icelanders have supported themselves almost entirely by raising sheep and a few cattle. and by fishing in the stormy seas. Sometimes for years in succession, the Summers have been so rainy and foggy that it has been almost impossible to fish or to cure any hay for the Winter. So the sheep have died by the scores of thousands, and the human population has been terribly reduced by famine, disease and plague.

In spite of such disasters and the almost universal poverty which they have entailed, Iceland has stood in the forefront of civilization for a thousand years. In proportion to its population, its contribution to human progress has been greater than that of almost any other region except ancient Greece and Palestine. As to the early days, Lord Bryce, the author of "The American Commonwealth," says that the sagas of Iceland and its many prose compositions place its literature next after that of ancient Greece, if one regards both quantity and quality. Not less remarkable is the fact that for four centuries early Iceland was the only independent republic in the world. Moreover, it was an absolutely unique kind of republic, for the government was nothing but a system of law courts, without executive officers. Public opinion and the good sense of the people were the sole reliance for enforcing the law. If a man was sentenced to a fine or banishment, for example, he proceeded to carry out his own sentence.

These early achievements are remarkable enough, but it is still more remarkable that Iceland has retained its old preëminence throughout the centuries even to the present. In the Sixteenth Century printing became common in Iceland far sooner than would be expected of so poor a region with so scanty a population. While printing was spreading from country to country in Europe after 1455, Iceland was passing through one of its most terrible periods of depression, and was almost cut off from communication with the rest of the world. Yet in 1530 a printing-press was introduced, and between 1540 and 1600 at least forty-six books were published among those 50,000 isolated, impoverished people. In Norway it was not till 1651 that the first book was printed.

To come down to later times, a rough measure of the achievements of a country is found in its men of eminence. The Encyclopædia Britannica gives accounts of nine Icelanders born since 1600. Thus in proportion to its population, Iceland's representation is greater than that of any other country except England and Scotland, which, of course, receive undue emphasis because the encyclopædia is an English publication. Even during the last century Iceland has had four native sons sufficiently eminent in literature to find a place in the Britannica, while other eminent men, such as the sculptor Thorwaldsen and the explorer Stefansson, were born of Icelandic parents in other countries. Even in our own

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day these people who number no more than the population of Fort Wayne, Ind., or Waterbury, Conn., boast of many lyric poets, novelists, and dramatists, as well as an excellent group of productive scientists.

Leaders are not Iceland's only claim to fame. Today it is highly progressive politically and socially. It is one of the few countries with a well-managed system of old-age pensions. Its death rate is one of the lowest in the whole world, and the rate at which the number of deaths has been reduced is greater than that of almost any other country. Then there are the learned institutions. Remember that the poor and sparse population is widely scattered over an area as large as Ohio. Remember also that the island is as hilly as Northern New Hampshire, and that till recently the largest city was scarcely more than a village. Yet Iceland supports a university with schools of theology, medicine, law, and philosophy. It has also a normal school, a school of navigation, and two agricultural schools, as well as all sorts of scientific societies, a Bible Society, a national picture-gallery, and an archeological society which has published dozens of volumes.

Still another indication of Iceland's advanced position is that only a few countries, like New Zealand and Finland, have so little illiteracy. For a long time legal marriage was forbidden to a girl until she could read and write. Schools are scarce because the population is extremely scattered, but school attendance is compulsory for children from ten to fourteen years of age. These ages are chosen because the stormy weather often makes it impossible for younger children to attend. Yet so highly do the Icelanders appreciate education that almost every mother is a schoolmistress, and well-nigh every child is taught at home. So interested are the people in their books that the favorite recreation is reading aloud during the long Winter evenings.

Many other facts show that in spite of their repressing environment the Icelanders excel even the Parsees in the way in which for thirty generations they have steadily maintained a surprisingly high level of achievement and of civilization. The original inhabitants were mainly selected because of their independence, energy, intelligence, and far-sightedness. In other words, a far-reaching although unconscious eugenic experiment was inaugurated. Geographical isolation and the unpromising physical environment of Iceland insured the continuance of the experiment by keeping the original stock almost unmixed for a thousand years. The first result was that within a century or two a wonderful outburst of genius produced the famous sagas, and sent Icelandic bards and advisers on pilgrimages to most of the courts of Northern Europe. Later results were of the same kind, for in proportion to the number of its inhabitants Iceland has steadily continued to throw out an extraordinary number of sparks of genius in spite of all its difficulties.

Even if this is due partly to social rather than biological inheritance, the fact remains that the eugenic method, when consistently employed, has here produced exactly the results that would be expected and desired on the basis of the general laws of inheritance. A selected inheritance, when isolated and protected, seems to be able not only to persist indefinitely, but to maintain the level of achievement and of character at a permanently high level.

IV

The ancient Jews carried on another eugenic experiment almost as clear cut as that of the Parsees and Icelanders. Jewish history displays a persistent tendency to exclude from the Jewish fellowship all who are unwilling to observe certain strict religious and racial requirements. After the death of Solomon and the division of the kingdom between Rehoboam and Jeroboam, there began to be a selective migration to and from Jerusalem. Religiously-

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minded people were attracted toward that city with its temple to Jehovah; persons of an irreligious spirit, who disliked the rigid restrictions imposed by the Jewish faith, tended to migrate in the other direction, especially toward Samaria. Only a small body of Jews remained in Judea, and these became more and more religious. The Jews of Samaria, on the contrary, and of other outlying regions,—the lost Ten Tribes,—tended to become more and more like their Gentile neighbors, among whom there was no religious selection.

Then came the conquest of Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar. Three times he scooped together all the leaders and upper class people whom he could capture, and exiled them to Mesopotamia. A few years later a hopeless division among the few thousand Jews who still dwelt in Jerusalem led to another step in this eugenic experiment where religion was the main basis of selection. Part of the people wanted to appeal to Egypt. Others followed the lead of Jeremiah, who warned them that God would be angry unless they stayed in Jerusalem and shunned the Egyptians. Most of the Egyptian party fled to Egypt, while the more God-fearing group remained.

Many decades later this highly religious remnant was joined by another group selected likewise for its strong religious zeal. This consisted of Jewish settlers who came back from Mesopotamia, where their ancestors had now lived so long that many had become highly prosperous. Nevertheless, when Cyrus the Persian permitted the Jews to return to Jerusalem and rebuild their temple, a considerable number were ready to go there. The majority were persons in whom zeal for religion burned so strongly that they were not daunted by the long desert journey and the hard work of rebuilding a poor and despised city.

Note now the peculiar way in which this particular eugenic experiment runs parallel to the experiments of modern biologists with animals. The biologist who is studying the effect of selection removes the animals which do not display the traits which he wishes to stabilize. That is just what the Jews did. Since the majority of the people who returned to Jerusalem were men, as is always the case in such migrations, many of them married wives from among the surrounding non-Jewish population. That seemed highly irreligious to the leaders. So the heathen wives and all the husbands who persisted in retaining them were ruthlessly driven out. During the succeeding four centuries or so, a similar attitude toward non-Jewish marriages was persistently maintained among the small group of Jews who lived around Jerusalem. Moreover, the poverty of the rocky little plateau of Judea likewise led to emigration on the part of those in whom the love of gain or freedom, as well as of strange women, was stronger than the love of home and race and religion. At the same time, as is abundantly testified, a considerable number of emigrant Jews in whom religious zeal was especially strong came to Jerusalem to defend it in its hours of danger, or to enjoy its religious atmosphere in time of peace.

Thus the Jews of Judea and their little offshoot that went to Galilee just before the time of Christ were the result of another notable experiment wherein a strict process of selection unconsciously tended to concentrate one particular type of mind, and where biological isolation was preserved as strictly as among the Parsees or Icelanders. If mental aptitudes are inherited, it seems inevitable that the selective process which was applied to the Jews must at last have segregated a type which by nature was strongly religious. It is therefore not surprising that although the Jews who carried on the life of the race in Judea were scarcely more numerous than the Parsees or Icelanders, they gave the world the essential elements of three great religions—Judaism, Christianity, and Mohammedanism. The books of the Bible are an unparalleled record of a long succession of religious leaders. Jesus, the greatest of Jews, was also the greatest of leaders in religion, but He by no means stood alone. Even the

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Pharisees who did Him to death were strongly actuated by religious motives. Paul, Peter, and the other authors of the New Testament form a remarkable group of deeply religious and highly competent leaders. Thus among the Jews, as among the Parsees and Icelanders, a rigid process of selection, in which certain distinct qualities were constantly kept in view, appears to have caused a corresponding biological type to become dominant.

In modern times the Unitarians and Quakers illustrate the same principle, although there has been no such drastic isolation. The Unitarians are a notably intellectual offshoot of the highly religious Puritans of New England. Their views, a century ago, were practically identical with those of the more reverent type of modern scientist. Their separation from the old Congregational churches aroused a good deal of bitterness, so that a social separation limited intermarriage between the two groups.

Thus the Unitarians, after having been selected out because of their intellectual attitude, remained for a time more or less isolated. The result is closely identical with what happened among the Parsees, Icelanders and Jews. A little group which never numbered more than a hundred thousand has been extraordinarily prolific in the production of men of genius. In the Hall of Fame in New York University, practically a third of the names belong to Unitarians. In "Who's Who" the number of Unitarians in proportion to the adherents of that faith is now about ten times as great as that of Congregationalists, while the Congregationalists in turn have proportionally six times as many leaders as the Baptists and Methodists. Even more astonishing is the fact that in proportion to their numbers, the families of Unitarian clergymen have produced more of the men in "Who's Who" than any other of the many groups yet studied in America.

The history of the Quakers, or Friends, is similar. Selected at first because of their thoughtfulness and strength of mind, and isolated by persecution and by their own tenets, this little group has produced a truly extraordinary number of leaders. Many other experiments might be cited in which a group of people has been selected because of certain characteristics and then biologically isolated for at least a few generations. Time after time the result has been that the original qualities have persisted with only a little diminution.

V

From the standpoint of eugenics the meaning of all this seems clear. Man's own unconscious experiments appear to indicate that if in any community the balance of births is shifted so that an unusually large percentage of children are born and grow up in some special type of family, the community swings quickly toward that particular type. How much of this is due to training and how much to biological inheritance is uncertain, but both are doubtless concerned and the two work hand in hand toward the same result. Thus the historical method agrees with the statistical method, indicating that the main principle of the present attempt to apply eugenics to human problems is correct.

That principle is that if the finer types of people have large families and the poorer types small families, the general level of the community will rise and so will the proportion of men of unusual ability. That is enough to justify the two-fold attempt of the eugenists: first, to spread the knowledge of birth control and make it advantageous and easy for the shiftless, incompetent, vicious types of people to limit their families; and, second, to devise means whereby the number of children among the most high-minded, public-spirited, self-controlled and intelligent people shall be increased.

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TWO SONGS

BY MUNA LEE

I

On Discovering Land

I WHO have shivered in the moon before,
And seen different Aprils whiten the same tree,
How shall I swear that this is ultimate shore,
And not an island in an infinite sea?

There may be other isles where moons will waken
A world-old, world-young tremor in my blood.
My sail months hence or years hence may be shaken
Along the reaches of an alien flood.

But this is land, firm land, not mist nor shadow,
Whatever else has been or comes to be:
Here are green slope, and trees, and blooming meadow,
On rock thrust up from bed-rock of the sea.

II

Dialogue

How did you know the deadly weight
Of the burden that she carried?
Because she stood so tall and straight
And her fleet step never varied.

How did you know that all the while
Hope in her heart lay broken?
Because she smiled so calm a smile,
Her words were so lightly spoken.

How did you know that grief made blind
Eyes that shone so purely?
Along the precipice she could find
Her perilous footing surely.

How did you know that all was well
With a life so torn and riven?
Her look said, One who has conquered Hell
Has no further need of Heaven!

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EDITORIAL

Some months ago, desiring to aid a young scholar who had accumulated materials for an important historical work but lacked the means to keep his small family during the writing of it, I sent a letter to the New York *Times*, suggesting that one of its readers might serve God acceptably by putting up the necessary money. The *Times* is read by all Americans who pretend to any opulence, and among the best heeled of them are many who lust and yearn for Service. But though I explained that no more than $10,000 would be needed, that it might be provided in instalments over three years, and that most of it would probably be returned in the end out of the earnings of the work, not a single offer reached me, nor even a serious inquiry. A number of uplifters and other such fowl wrote to me, arguing that the money had better be given to their own causes, but no man of money was heard from. Thus the young scholar had to abandon his researches and look for a job, and presently he had one, and still has it. It is a good one, for it is that of a theatrical press-agent, but the burdens it puts upon his time and fancy leave him nothing for his book. Maybe he will find the leisure to write it later on. But maybe not.

This experience left me so disconsolate that I have not yet recovered, and so I do not look for ready help from the rich in the enterprise I shall describe briefly anon. There is, it appears, little interest in scholarship among the millionaires of America. They are surely not stingy with their money, but when they give it away they prefer to give it in other quarters. It is always easy to get money out of them for hospitals and stadiums, and of late they have begun to cough up somewhat lavishly for art museums and schools of business administration, but not much of their accumulation goes to the support of pure learning, and that little commonly has inconvenient strings tied to it. The Guggenheim Fund seems to be the only thing of its kind—and the Guggenheim Fund covers only a small part of the ground. Even libraries are not extensively patronized by the boys of the high income-tax brackets, despite the example set by Andy Carnegie. In most towns that have Carnegie Libraries they are starving to death, for the local Mellons and Charlie Schwabs take no interest in them, save perhaps to see that the *Nation* is not taken in and that the librarian is a Christian woman. When a rich alumnus leaves a million to his university, it almost always turns out that the money is to be spent, not in feeding the philosophers thereof, but in building gymnasiums, dormitories and memorial towers, usually in the Early Norddeutscher-Lloyd style of Gothic.

Thus I cherish no hope that the proposal I have to make will provoke an orgy of spending among the Higher Babbitts of this great land. Nevertheless, I make it, and so discharge my duty to the Flag and ease my conscience. It is, in brief, that a posse of young historians and archivists be organized forthwith, under the command and guidance of some elder of known skill and rectitude, and that it be turned loose upon the history of the United States during the five and a half grand and gaudy years between August 2, 1914, when the World War came upon the world, and January 16, 1920, when Prohibition came upon the Republic. I do not allude to the military history of the period, for that is already in competent, or, at all events, in diligent hands; what I allude to is the

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civil history, the psychological history, the pathological history, so far completely neglected. The time to get it upon paper is now, while the records are still available and most of the leading actors survive. In ten years the business will begin to grow difficult, for most of those actors are older than the surviving soldiers; in twenty or twenty-five years it will be downright impossible. So I call for immediate action, and as in duty bound summon Mazuma (the Greeks would have put Mazuma in their Pantheon if they had heard of him) to come to the aid of Clio. Let the Interests put up the money, or guarantee it as it is needed, and I engage to find the historians. The work will cost perhaps $500,000—maybe even $1,000,000. But it will be more valuable to posterity than a whole campus of stadiums, and fathering it, I believe, will be far more fun.

II

What I have in mind is a series of volumes covering the whole grand, gorgeous show —the rise of the munitions business in 1915, the long preparedness campaign, the terrific combat of the propagandists, the gradual development of the American theory of neutrality, the rhetorical feats of Dr. Wilson, the bawling and snorting of Dr. Roosevelt, and then, following the entrance of the United States into the war, the recruiting campaign, the debate over conscription, the Liberty Loan drives, the heroic performances of the Y.M.C.A., the Knights of Columbus and the Salvation Army, the rush to evade the draft, the heavy concentration of men of enlightened self-interest at Washington, the uproarious spy hunts, the assault upon German music, the burning of German books in the universities, the airship steals, the stupendous larcenies in the shipyards, the revision of the school histories, the raid upon alien property, the suppression of newspapers and magazines, the operations of the Creel Press Bureau, and finally, when democracy was saved at last, the alarms about Reds, the rise of the American Legion, the beginnings of the Veterans' Bureau graft, and the adoption of Prohibition.

Obviously, the story is full of complications, and needs plenty of space for the telling. No single historian could hope to cover even the edges of it. It demands a whole herd of historians, trained in the tracking down of facts and operating under the supervision of some gifted mastermind. The story of the Liberty Loans is alone worth two or three volumes—how the acts authorizing them were passed over the bitter protest of the late Dr. La Follette, how the business of floating them was organized and executed, how the patriotic bankers of the land made millions out of it, how the plain people were stuck and lost their shirts, how in the end the tax-free issues saved the high-bracket boys from the rigors of the income tax. It is a tale not only of excessive politico-economic and fisco-criminological interest, but one dripping with human juices. It throws brilliant lights upon the processes of democracy. It has its heroes and its villains, its thinkers and its suckers. The *Privat Dozent* who undertakes to tell it must not be content with the documents on file in Washington; he must penetrate to the open spaces, and there hear the stories of the survivors. He must spend weeks, say, in Minnesota, listening to the yokels who were victimized. And he must spend months reading the reported speeches of the Loan drive orators, and hearing their reminiscences.

The spy hunts deserve half a dozen volumes. They raged in every county in the land, and the number of persons suspected and pursued must have run, first and last, far beyond a million. A part of the record is in the archives of the Department of Justice, but other and very important parts are scattered from coast to coast, in mouldering newspaper files, on the blotters of obscure police courts, and in the recollection of surviving patriots. Not a single actual spy was caught during the whole period of the war, but thousands

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of suspects were thrown into jail, and hundreds were kept there for long terms. This business, toward the end of 1917, got itself mingled with the raid on alien property: hundreds of German business men were arrested and interned on the accusation of business rivals and in order to lay hands on their goods. Many fortunes were thus made, and high official dignitaries got their share of them, but only one such dignitary has ever gone to jail.

Endless other volumes suggest themselves—one (or maybe more) on the effort to stamp out the teaching of German in the high-schools and colleges, one on the high doings of the *gard du corps* of historians assembled by Dr. Creel, one on the war against German music and German literature, one on the gallant feats of the literati organized as the Vigilantes, one on the contribution of the movies, one on the Y.M.C.A., one on the devices used to escape the draft, half a dozen on the munitions trade, one on the relations between Wall Street and the Allies in the days before the United States got into the row, one on the airship steals, one on Hog Island, one on the heroic patriotic services of the Hon. Sam Gompers, one on Dr. Burleson and his sufferings for the holy cause, two or three on the Hon. A. Mitchell Palmer, and one on the New York *Herald Tribune*. The chronicle, indeed, is almost endless. It must, will and shall be written, that the memory of human altruism may not die.

III

Plainly enough, none of the historians who took Dr. Creel's shilling could be entrusted with the record I propose, for though some of them have since recanted and promised to lie on more, even for their country, all of them remain suspicious characters. History, indeed, came near being ruined in America by the war. It went in a brother to mathematics and came out a brother to chiropractic. But a new crop of historians has been growing up since the hatchets were buried, and in it there is some likely talent. I have no candidate in mind, but I think I could find one in two weeks. The job, I daresay, would be tempting to all of them. It offers a comfortable lifework, with pleasant duties and a safe income—a lifework far more appetizing than ramming nonsense into reluctant undergraduates, and far more likely to bring fame, for the history I outline would be the damnedest ever heard of, and though no one would ever read all of it, every literate man, for endless generations, would read some of it.

The assisting artists should be easy to scare up. The American universities, despite the rise of investment banking as a major study, are still full of young men who yearn for careers of learning. As things stand, they must resign themselves to teaching—a labor as depressing as shoe-repairing, and less well paid. Many of them are more or less intelligent, and could be taught the elements of the historian's art in a few months. The jobs I envision for them would give them chances to travel, and bring them into contact with eminent and instructive men. Not a few of them, going out to Wisconsin or Colorado to interview Liberty Loan bankers, would end with lucrative posts as bond salesmen; others, searching the government archives, would find stuff fitting them for careers as Hearst reporters or United States Senators. I think I could find a hundred such young men in six months, and that fully a half of them would turn out to be usable. And by the application of high-speed efficiency methods it should be possible for their *maestro* to bring out his first volume in two or three years, and a dozen a year thereafter—in folio, and on all-rag paper, that posterity might not be baffled of its show.

What remains is to raise the necessary money. I herewith issue a solemn call to the rich of this great nation. It will not be answered, but at intervals I shall issue other calls. Some day the Maecenas foreordained will respond. H. L. M.

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PREACHER'S WIFE

BY MERRITT WIMBERLY

A GREEN celluloid eyeshade was pulled poker-player style far down over Mrs. Bowman's eyes. For green poker-eyeshades are less costly than reading lamps, and the glaring light bulb, hanging unprotected from the ceiling, demanded some sort of shade. The room was ostensibly a dining-room, but it was readily converted into a living-room after meals. There was an open-faced bookcase surmounted by a blue-and-white China clock, a sewing-machine serving as a radio cabinet, a picture of the Rich Young Ruler, and one of a brown and white bird dog pointing a covey of quail.

The furniture was old and scarred from the vicissitudes of many a long branch-line freight jaunt. But despite its abuse at the hands of conscienceless railroaders, it managed to create an atmosphere of genuine domesticity. As Mrs. Bowman liked to say, it was substantial. Perhaps the one exception to substantiality was the rocker which held the considerable form of the lady herself. But its creaky state belied its comfort. As she so often remarked, it fitted her, and she always sank into it with a sigh of contentment after the evening dishes were put away. To be sure, it squeaked, but contentedly, like the oarlocks of a boat moving across the surface of a pleasant lake.

Mrs. Bowman laid aside the *Christian Advocate*. An article entitled "Christian Fortitude" had held her attention; it urged upon her the necessity of being brave. The author spoke of the Christian martyrs as men possessing "a great courage," and rather played upon that term as the secret of an Abundant Life. Mrs. Bowman liked to spend the long evenings reading the Bible and such articles as this, trite bits of theological exhalation though the latter sometimes were. They were her spiritual staffs, and she leaned heavily upon them.

A great courage: she needed just that, she thought, as her mind opened to the subject which had occupied it earlier in the evening. It was strange how God always spoke to her just at the right time and in the right way. Only tonight she had opened the Bible at random and her eye had fallen upon this passage: "Wait upon the Lord: be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart: wait, I say, on the Lord." It was as if God had spoken to her audibly as He spoke to Moses and Samuel. And the article had been like a sermon preached from that very text. It was as if God had put them in her way to strengthen her and fortify her against the ordeal of moving.

For she and Mr. Bowman—she always called him Mister—had to move again. She dreaded the thought of it, for she had ardently hoped that they were settled for life. But they weren't, and so she concluded that she shouldn't have hoped and prayed for it. Only yesterday the Board of Elders had informed Mr. Bowman that the church was on the lookout for a younger man, some one who could win the young people. The Christian Endeavor was dying, and many of the boys were being lured over to the United Brethren Church by the gymnasium and the Boy Scouts. One of the deacons had figured it all out. In fifty years the church would be dead if a young man were not found at once. Mr. Bowman had lost his last three

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parishes on the same ground. He had just smiled over it the first time. But now both of them had to admit that it was true. They were growing old, sixty-seven next month. Mrs. Bowman really didn't feel that that was old, except when trouble such as this came.

With her Christian soldier she had lived in nineteen towns,—almost a half century, now, in the service of God. Only God knew how hard that service had been. The churches had always been unappreciative, always fault-finding and back-biting. Even when Mr. Bowman was a brilliant young preacher, he had been kicked about from pillar to post. Only in those days it wasn't the young people. But people could always find fault if they didn't look at the world through the eyes of love.

Now she wondered if all this concern about the young people wasn't just an excuse. Perhaps they were different now, and not so serious-minded as when she was a girl. Certainly they weren't very religious and didn't visibly fear God. They wanted to turn God's house into a place of amusement, wherein they could play games and even dance. Mr. Bowman had put his foot down on dancing when it had been suggested, and she was glad he had. But the young preacher over at the Brethren church let the young people dance there and had even put on moving pictures. Young preachers were like that nowadays. They were really not preachers at all, but Boy Scout leaders and athletic instructors, always leading silly songs, or going on hiking parties, or organizing something or other. She hoped Mr. Bowman wouldn't try it, although she didn't have much fear on that score. He simply denounced them all as pusillanimous pups—his favorite term of disapproval, and went on preaching the pure, unadulterated Gospel.

If people couldn't be saved by that, she'd like to know how they could be saved. As far as her light led her, there was no hope for them. Some of the church people had a hard time with the Bible now. She didn't. To her, there was nothing unreasonable about Jonah's being swallowed by the whale. Couldn't God make a fish big enough to swallow Jonah if He wanted to? And, on the other hand, couldn't Jonah, if God were on his side, live for three short days in the fish's belly? Trifles like that, thank goodness, would never block her way to Heaven. All the great mysteries of God were so easy to understand. She had a harder time making out why God was letting them be kicked about from pillar to post. But then hadn't He said that we were blessed when men should revile us and persecute us and say all manner of evil against us falsely for His sake? Yes, He had promised them tribulations along with the blessings. "These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the lamb." That verse had always comforted her. And certainly they had been blessed, and she mustn't grow rebellious.

II

But tonight she was tired. It made her tired to think about moving again. Years ago, it had been fun to move. But tonight it wearied her to look back over all the years and towns,—so many towns, so many dingy manses with rickety stairs, moldy cellars, and wall paper of a forbidding gray, so that the preacher's kids couldn't spot it with their st cky fingers. It meant unloading again at one of those dun-colored little stations where so many times she had disembarked with her family, —there were only the two of them now. She would have to meet another one of those thin-lipped, hard-faced elders. He would come to the station in a Ford, where years ago they had always come in spring-wagons, mud-spattered ones that smelled of stale cream. There would be the first night at the elder's house, where his domineering and nosey wife would proceed to make them thoroughly uncomfortable. She still remembered how, upon one such occasion, Wilfred had tried to draw

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a picture of the elder's wife on the bedroom wall.

These things were not to be laughed over tonight. She had no one to laugh with, now that the children were all gone. Every house she had lived in had slipped out from under her. Houses built on sand. Not homes. Camps. For forty-three years she had been camping. She thought of the verse, "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the son of man hath not the where to lay his head." It was so with her. Ray Stoddard would have married her and given her a home. He still lived within a stone's throw of her father's old place—think of it!—after all these years. But Ray Stoddard was no such man as Mr. Bowman. What would he have to his credit when he met God on the other side of the Flood?

Mr. Bowman had gone to lodge tonight. He would probably tell his lodge brothers about the injustice his church was showing him. He had always done that, but nothing ever came of it. The men at the lodge listened sympathetically, and usually said, "It's a downright shame. We ain't never had no such preacher as you here before." Sometimes they promised help. Yes, they would see the elders and fix things up. But it took money to fix things up, and she doubted if they ever gave it another thought. Yes or no—no matter—, they never did anything to really help.

One thing, however, the lodge had never failed to do. There would be a farewell party, old hymns, speeches. Mr. Bowman would talk. Some of the old women would weep. And a few of the more sisterly old men would squeeze out a few tears. She wished she didn't have to go, for she didn't like palavering,—didn't like lodges, for that matter, and had never joined one, although the Auxiliary had always urged her to join. In other days the children had served as her excuse. But lately Mr. Bowman had said that some of the ladies were offended. No matter. She enjoyed her Bible and the *Advocate* too much to give up her time to lodges.

Aside from that, she was tired anyway, tired of all lodges and churches. At least, she knew God. Maybe she was like the Pharisees, but she couldn't for the life of her believe that most of those lodge women knew Him. Some of them didn't even have children. Hadn't God commanded us to grow and multiply? It rested her a little to know that God had no grudge against her on that score. All the children He had sent her she had taken gladly. Three of them had been taken back. But He was good. There were six left. Malcolm, her redhead, hadn't turned out so well. People said he drank, and Mr. Bowman once had to pay him out of a gambling scrape. Then there had been some talk about him and that Irish Catholic girl a few years ago. She never believed it though,—never would until it was proven. He might be a little bad, but he would come back to God's way some day. She hadn't heard from Malcolm in six months. But God was taking care of him.

The other boys ought really to come home. They would be a big help with the moving. Dwight had always been smart about such things. He knew how to pack and crate. But their wives probably wouldn't let them come. It took all her boys could make to buy finery for their women. Mr. Bowman had never been able to buy her much clothes; most of them had come second-hand from her wealthy sister down South. She told Mr. Bowman once that he spent enough on tobacco in a year to buy her a nice dress. Afterward she was sorry for saying it. She prayed about it and God forgave her.

If they could collect their salary before they left this town, they might be able to pay their bills. It always hurt her pride to leave bills. It must never be this time as it had been at Atherton. Only the other day she had learned about that delinquency, and it was now over two years since they left Atherton. It was when she was taking the tobacco crumbs out of Mr. Bowman's pockets—she did this on Saturdays, so he wouldn't be spilling them out with his

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handkerchief Sunday morning in the pulpit—that she found the letter from a banker in Atherton. She read it, and she felt guilty. The lodge brothers ought to take care of that for Mr. Bowman, especially after the way he had gone about the country making speeches for them. He had thought all along that the lodge would pay him for those speeches, but it never did. There was a little laughter at his jokes, and always some handclapping when his speech was finished. But they would do that for any preacher, even a scrub. Sometimes she was afraid that Mr. Bowman's faith in his fellow man went too far, and she had told him so. But it didn't do any good. He said that people were sound at heart. Maybe she wasn't a good Christian in that respect.

No use to expect Mr. Bowman home before one o'clock. He always stayed until the last dog was hung. She hated to go to bed feeling old and tired. Maybe, though, if she prayed in good earnest, God would come and talk to her as He had done so many times before.

III

The old feather-tick she had kept for so many years was as pleasing to her body as the first time she had slept on it. Charles, her oldest boy, had shot all those geese out on the Platte River in Nebraska. It soothed her to think of Charles and the feather tick. They were both so good. Now she could pray:

"O God, whose love is over us and 'round about us, the things that seem mysterious to us are before Thee simple. The things that to us are mischief and evil are to Thee only signals to guide us on our way, if we could but see. All the troubles we know are as nothing in Thy sight. No—nor in ours either, if we but knew Thee. The injustices we think we suffer are only Thy ministering angels. Sickness, trouble, death, all these things are made to bring us closer to Thee. When we rebel against Thee 'tis as a molehill against a mountain. My troubles are nothing, Father, if Thou wilt but help me through. Come to me now, Father, that I may place my burden upon Thee. Touch me into peace, rest, sleep, for I know that Thou art willing and able if I am faithful. And with Thy servant Paul, I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate me from Thy love. Yes, God, touch me. I am tired of all else but Thee. I feel Thee now, Father. I know Thee again. My burden's gone. Now I'll have peace. I'll rest. I'll . . ."

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AMERICANA

CALIFORNIA

THE great American Revelation hits Altadena, as disclosed by the local correspondent of the Pasadena *Star-News:*

> F. G. Martin, chairman of the Altadena Kiwanis Club's publicity committee, gave a brief talk on "Publicity." Publicity is of divine origin, he said. The first distinct publicity in the history of the world came when the Creator first spanned the heavens with the rainbow. "This is the Almighty's illustrated advertisement, in colors, of His pledge to mankind," he said.
>
> "The Ten Commandments, written by Moses on tablets of stone, were divine publicity. And they have become the foundation of the laws of every civilized land.
>
> "The Creator writes His publicity in the beauties of the soft-tinted sunrise and in the flaming hues of the setting sun. He writes it in delicate lines in the flowers of the desert and wildwood and in the gardens about our homes. Nature advertises Nature's God."

THE boys of the Emeryville *Herald* spring a surprise on the boss right on the front page of that celebrated journal:

> Single ladies, beware!
>
> The staff of the *Herald* wishes to announce that the editor, Mr. Alanson Sessions, is now a *free* man.
>
> The final papers were granted last Friday in Judge Allen's court.
>
> The staff wishes to say that Al is a clean-cut man, over twenty-one and in the best of health, and is very fond of children, and is a believer in the outdoor sports, such as necking, etc.
>
> Now girls, don't give Al the rush act, give him time to get used to this single blessedness and when he gets good and hungry he will consider your many requests.
>
> And, don't say a word to Al about this, as he is not supposed to know this is in his paper.

CONNUBIAL bliss in San Francisco, as reported to the nation by the alert Associated Press:

> Vociferous prayer at three o'clock every morning bothered Mrs. Ray Gordon so much she lost thirty pounds, she declared Friday in a divorce complaint against her husband on a charge of cruelty. The wife said her husband set the alarm clock every night so he could get up to pray.

A NEW revelation in Los Angeles, noblest of all American towns:

> FATHER, SON AND HOLY GHOST LIGHT
>
> *SUPERET CHURCH*
>
> *Soul-Light Science*
>
> 2516 WEST THIRD STREET
>
> Near Coronado
>
> *Take "H" Car to Rampart and 4th St.*
>
> JOSEPHENE TRUST, *Founder and Pastor*

CONNECTICUT

POLITE rebuke to the less spiritual guests of Korom Sanctorum, No. 195, Ancient Mystic Order of Samaritans, of Hartford, by the *Courier*, the lodge organ:

> It is too bad that several of our visitors so far forgot themselves as to go on a general drunk the minute they arrived in Hartford, making a fool out of themselves, the A. M. O. S. and their hosts, on the streets of the city, especially during the parade. Nobody cares how much any one drinks, if they would only keep from public view. It is too bad that heads cannot be used instead of stomachs.
>
> Members of one of the visiting Sanctorums, sitting on the right, front of the stage, so far forgot themselves as to pass insulting remarks to some of the young lady entertainers, which was very regrettable, and caused the officers of Korom to apologize to those in question. These young ladies are personal friends of the officers and a good many Korom members, and the Sanctorum causing the trouble can rest assured that they will never again receive another invitation to anything that Korom is connected with. It has been reported that some of the members of this same Sanctorum grabbed a young lady watching the parade off the curbing.

FLORIDA

RESOLUTIONS adopted at a meeting of the Interdenominational Ministers' Alliance of the great city of Miami, and reported by the *Embalmers' Monthly*, of Chicago:

> *Whereas*, There is an increasing practice of saving our Negro dead for a Sunday band funeral in order that a rather primitive display of paraphernalia might be made to the funeral march strains of a brass band; and
>
> *Whereas*, This unholy practice diminishes the attendance at church services because church

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people spend the morning hours preparing for the funeral, and after listening to a programme lasting for hours and then slowly marching to the cemetery, they are too tired to attend divine worship in the evening; and

Whereas, An additional hardship is worked upon the minister especially when the band is employed; moreover traffic congestion on such occasions causes great inconvenience and loss of much valuable time to the public; and

Whereas, Such a funeral, last Sunday, ended in the tragic death of two Negro bandsmen and the mortal wounding of a third over the small sum of thirty cents; Be it

Resolved: That the Interdenominational Ministers' Alliance go on record as denouncing the idea of saving the dead for Sunday, and branding the Sunday band funeral as a public nuisance.

Resolved: That the coöperation of proper authorities and the daily press be requested to help us break up what has proven to be a real evil among our racial group.

Resolved: That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the proper city officials and the daily press and a committee appointed to take all necessary steps to execute them.

GEORGIA

WHAT prayer did for a free American of Dahlonega, as reported by the esteemed W. B. Townsend, editor of the *Nugget:*

Recently one of our friends living out in the country got on a protracted bender, and in the wind-up took a notion that he was going to soon breathe his last. A lady neighbor came to visit his family. The sufferer told the lady that he was going to die and wanted her to pray for him. She informed him that she did not pray in public but would go home and send up a message in his behalf, and departed. About that time a man came in who was about half tight. He was asked to pray by the one who was in bed suffering with an overdose of sugar liquor. The visitor informed the patient that he didn't know much about praying but would do the best he could. So he knelt down and made a pointed prayer as follows: "Lord, have mercy on this poor drunk man." It had a wonderful effect, because the afflicted man, who believed he was going to be called in, arose from the bed, stood out on the floor and said: "I'm not drunk," who seemed to be perfectly restored by the efforts of the one who knew what to ask for.

IDAHO

ELEGY appearing in the celebrated *Vegetarian and Fruitarian*, published in the great town of Lewiston:

LITTLE MOTHER COW

Dear little broken-hearted mother cow,
Why your head in sorrow bow?
Kiddies you furnish with your milk
And caress your babe with a tongue of silk.
Poor little big-eyed mother cow
Why should you in sorrow bow?
There must be a world other than this
Where you and your babe may live in bliss.
Poor little broken-hearted mother cow,
Your tan-colored babe is in sorrow bowed
To snuggle to your heart and breast
Of all little babes it would be blest.
Grieve not, dear little mother cow,
There must be a world somewhere, somehow
Where tan-colored babes are allowed to be
With all their mother cows happy and free.

KATE GIBBONS ASHENDEN

This poem was written at 1:30 A.M. *to a Jersey cow after her little calf, one week old, was taken from her. She cried, as never a human mother has, for two days and two nights, and died of grief.*

IOWA

How the open mind is fostered at Morningside College, as disclosed by a dispatch from Sioux City to the Des Moines *Register:*

Upsetting plans for the feature number of the chautauqua course being held on the Morningside College campus under community auspices, officials of the college today compelled the show leaders to dispense with a scheduled debate tonight on companionate marriage. The college heads declared there is only one side to the subject of companionate marriage and therefore it is undebatable.

MASSACHUSETTS

THE recreations of the Men Who Have Accomplished Something, of Springfield:

The Springfield Lions Club needs no outside entertainers to make meetings interesting. Outside talent had been engaged for the meeting this noon but failed to appear, so extemporaneously the members of the club got together and put on a bathing beauty contest. The costumes were many and of every hue. There was much rouge and little powder. A parade formed, and each of the ten Lions carried signs advertising the occupations or fads of the other members. Lion John F. Barteau in a fetching blue bathing suit and a bathing cap of the paisley shawl era won the greatest round of applause, although Lion Russ Chase, in a smart black costume, red head-dress and liberal wad of chewing gum, attracted much attention. Lion Vincent Breglio played "By the Sea" as the beauties marched about. He also played while the Lions were singing.

MICHIGAN

NEWS of the scholarly life in the great town of Holland, as reported by the Grand Rapids *Press:*

After two days of bitter argument in the general synod of the Christian Reformed Church in

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America here, Prof. R. B. Kuiper was denied reappointment to the chair of historical theology in the Calvin Theological Seminary that he has held for two years. The vote against reengaging Prof. Kuiper was 69 to 16. It had been charged, and Prof. Kuiper admitted, that he had attended a motion picture show seventeen months ago.

ADVERTISEMENT in the Detroit *News:*

GREAT MEN

like great cities, become great, not by chance, but as a result of effort and opportunity. We have an unequalled opportunity in our district for ambitious real estate salesmen, on either full time or part time basis.

The locating of the Kelvinator plant on Plymouth road and the Peninsular Stove plant on Burt road, adjoining the new Rouge Park, marks the dawn of a new era. Through this open gateway has been established a definite trend of progress.

The revelation and inspiration that came to the beloved disciple, John, while in exile on the Isle of Patmos, is true in our district today.

"Behold! I place before thee an open door and no man can shut it."

For full and confidential information, see

FRANK F. EUBANK

REALTOR

2654 Buhl Bldg. *Randolph 9510*

NEW JERSEY

FROM an outraged Christian reader of the celebrated Newark *Star-Eagle:*

A year and a half ago I urged in the columns of your paper that the Rev. John Roach Straton run for President at the head of the Fundamentalist party and on a platform which would call for intensive war on all vice, real enforcement of Prohibition and a return to the oldtime religion. Dr. Straton, as your readers may recall, declined the honor, but praised my proposed platform very highly.

During the last year I have been traveling through the country, making what you might call a vice survey. I found sin rampant in every one of the forty-eight States. I found iniquity, lust, avarice and sensuality on all sides. I found the younger generation, with a few exceptions, interested chiefly in worldly pleasure. In short, I found the country going to the dogs!

On my return to New Jersey, what was the first thing to come to my attention? It was the horrible fact that the citizens of West Orange had permitted a vile, rotten atheist to address them at a public meeting and to oppose the inculcating of sound religious principles in the public schools. This, I say, is going too far. I am more firmly convinced than ever that drastic steps must be taken by the God-fearing.

As I see it, there is only one thing to do—nominate Dr. Straton, the great leader of the righteous, for President. With him in the White House we would have a real Christian government and no atheistic speeches. We would have no Sunday movies, no dance halls, no divorces and no sex scandals in the newspapers. We would have real Prohibition, enforced by the Army, Navy and Marines, if necessary. We would have a minimum of sin.

Conditions are such, I believe, that this is the opportune time to launch a Fundamentalist party.

A. J. BENJAMIN

Elizabeth

NEW YORK

ASSOCIATED PRESS dispatch from New York to the country:

The Rev. Dr. John Roach Straton thinks he has "evidence that there are angels watching over us." He told his congregation at Calvary Baptist Church of an automobile accident in New Mexico in March.

"The door of my automobile," he said, "was snatched open by some unseen power, although it had been fast closed and locked, and the dear wife and faithful child of God who was at the wheel was thrown out that door, which was thus miraculously opened, and so her life was saved."

Dr. Straton said he prayed while standing on his head when the car overturned.

THE HON. THACHER SEARS to the Goshen Rotary Club:

Rotary is the great expression of the age in which we live.

THE HON. H. G. WRIGHT, of Hamilton, Ontario, pays his tribute to American *Kultur* in the New York *Times:*

I am 73 years old and have been sick for some time. My doctor advised me to go to Atlantic City, so with my wife, daughter and granddaughter I started. My doctor told me to take a little liquor with me for my heart, as I was in a very weak condition. We arrived at Niagara Falls, N. Y., about 10 P.M., where our handbags and trunks were examined by H. Watt, a customs officer. He took from my handbag a small bottle of liquor—about nine ounces—and from my person a six-ounce bottle of gin and a ten-ounce bottle of special liquor, a total of twenty-five ounces—a modest quantity for a Canadian family who had all been sick. After a long wait and as I was getting ready for bed I was taken off the train and walked a long distance to a little dark room, where I had to stand up while Mr. Watt wrote out his summons and taxed me $15 for twenty-five ounces of liquor. I appealed to him to leave me the six ounces of gin, as I was very weak and afraid I might have a bad attack before reaching Atlantic City, but he said he would lose his job if he did.

SCIENTIFIC advertisement in the same great gazette:

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AMERICAN THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY
announces a lecture on
"THE COMING OF THE FAIRIES"
SLIDES FROM GENUINE PHOTOGRAPHS OF FAIRIES
BY E. L. GARDNER
Collaborator with Sir Arthur Conan Doyle
ENGINEERING SOCIETIES AUDITORIUM
29 West 39th St.

NORTH CAROLINA

Two news items from the same issue of the celebrated Winston-Salem *Journal*, paladin of the Christo-Nordic-Confederate *Kultur:*

I

Dr. J. H. Thomas, pastor of the First Baptist Church, who has returned from one of the largest Sunday-school meets in the history of the organization, where he spoke to five thousand people, will preach Sunday morning at 11 o'clock from the subject, "The Deep Needs of Man's Life." Sunday night Dr. Thomas will speak from the theme, "Broken Purposes."

II

Entering a plea of guilty, the Rev. J. H. Thomas, pastor of the First Baptist Church (Negro), auditor of the State Baptist Convention (Negro), and one of the best known colored ministers in Winston-Salem, yesterday was fined $50 and costs by Magistrate W. F. Byrd on a charge of trespass. The original charge was disorderly conduct, but was amended to trespass.

Lillie Mae Womble, Negress, said to be a member of the city colored school faculty, also entered a plea of guilty to trespass, and prayer for judgment was continued for two years on payment of the costs on condition that she be of good behavior. She was tried jointly with Thomas.

Deputy-Sheriff Guy Scott, who arrested the minister and alleged school-teacher several days ago on Route 65, about five miles from the city, testified that he caught Thomas and the Womble girl in a compromising position in the preacher's car. Both attempted to escape, but were apprehended.

The case had been continued one time in order that Thomas might attend a Sunday-school convention.

BUSINESS advertisement in the Durham *Herald:*

NEWSOM'S BULLETIN

I call that, the Book of Job, aside from all theories about it, one of the grandest things ever written with pen. One feels, indeed, as if it were not Hebrew; such a noble universality, different from noble patriotism or sectarianism, reigns in it. A noble book! all men's book! It is the first, oldest statement of the never-ending problem—man's destiny—and God's way with him here in this earth. And all in such free, flowing outlines; grand in its sincerity, in its simplicity, in its epic melody, and repose of reconcilement. . . . There is nothing written, I think, in the Bible or out of it, of equal literary merit.

D. W. NEWSOM
REAL ESTATE SPECIALIST
507 First Nat'l Bank Bldg.
A square deal to everybody

OHIO

FROM the *Pocket Testament Leaguer*, published at Columbus:

Read This and Laugh! A young lad was transferred from one Columbus school to another. A little girl sat right back of him, and she noticed that he was almost constantly scratching his head, so she whispered to the teacher that she thought he must have bugs in his head. When the school nurse visited the room, she was asked to examine his head. She reported that she could find nothing the matter, and the lad was sent back to his seat. Then he began to scratch his head again, and reaching behind his ear, he caught a little kicking object between his finger and thumb. Up to the nurse he paraded proudly with his exhibit, and said, "Nurse, you couldn't find him, but I could." So it is with our kiddies in our schools regarding Bible passages, the time has come in hundreds of homes that dad and mother can't find the great verses of promise and salvation, but the kiddies know where they are and have taken them into their lives.

OREGON

THE great and patriotic *Evening Herald* of Klamath Falls:

The fellow who is continually trying to upset traditions and make history a liar is a bad gazabo, and we are against him. Some time ago a he-ape attempted to discredit George Washington and prove that George was a rounder. Think of what that meant—to shatter all the good things we had been taught about the father of our country. Then came some smart aleck and tried to make the world believe that Thomas Jefferson was a slick ear; that he lacked sincerity and really was just a cheap sort of politician.

We might stand all that, but now we have before us an Eastern idiot who wants to tear down the memory of Betsy Ross. He says she did not make the American flag and had nothing to do with it. Kill him. He is not fit to live. Any man who will destroy the beautiful in thought and in tradition is worse than the man who burns down your house in the dead hour of night. To us Betsy Ross made the American flag; she designed it and she superintended the making of it, regardless what any Eastern bohunk has to say regarding the matter.

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PENNSYLVANIA

ÆSTHETIC amusements of the free citizens of Bradford, as reported by the *Star-Record:*

> Ever since the press announced that Undertaker John A. Still had on display in his mortuary a duplicate of the casket in which Rudolph Valentino, famous movie star, was buried, hundreds of people have visited Mr. Still's establishment to inspect this elaborate case, as well as the reproductions, also on display, of duplicates of caskets used for other celebrities such as President Harding, William Jennings Bryan, the king of China, Senator Armstrong and many other notables.
>
> Mr. Still has indeed shown a progressive spirit in bringing to this city the duplicates of the burial cases named, and it is surprising and pleasing to him to learn how many people are interested in viewing his elaborate display, the like of which has never been seen in this city.

TEXAS

THE trials and tribulations of the white, Protestant, 100% American Amarillo *Globe*, as disclosed by its eminent columnist, "The Tactless Texan":

> And, oh yes, yesterday and today and the day before I received several telephone calls from subscribers who said they wanted to stop the paper and who blamed me personally for something I knew absolutely nothing about. I admit the cigars are on the *Globe*, but for once Mr. Tack is not to blame. It seems that there is a colored family in Amarillo that has been breaking into the society columns of the *Globe*. The items telling about society doings at this Negro home were telephoned in and they appeared in the society column of the *Globe* right alongside the society doings of our white folks. Several people caught it and they proceeded to call me up and tell me how the cow ate cabbage. They said I was doing it, that this was my personal policy and so on and so on. All it amounts to is that it is a very funny mistake. Miss Dess Key, the society reporter on the *Globe*, is the one responsible. She is a native-born Texan and she says she dares anyone to blame me for it and to claim that she did it on purpose. She says she will send for her brothers who live down State. The items were telephoned in; Miss Key presumed the family white, and of course she was entirely innocent of any intention of having a black and tan society department.

WASHINGTON

Two adjacent advertisements in the Tacoma *Ledger:*

> From this date on I will not be responsible for any debts contracted by my wife, Jeanette.
> [*Signed*] O. G. FULLER

> As far as being responsible for any of my debts, my husband, Orville, isn't capable of paying his own—on his meagre salary.
>
> MRS. JEANETTE FULLER

WISCONSIN

ECCLESIASTICAL news from the Milwaukee *Journal:*

> The novelty of preaching from a casket has worn off after two attempts, and the Rev. H.W. Thomas, who is conducting a revival at the Riverside mission, 33 East Juneau avenue, has announced that he will stand on his head Tuesday night while delivering his gospel message. Two members of his flock will be called out to hold the pastor in his inverted position while he preaches. The Rev. Mr. Thomas preached from a casket at the mission Saturday night, speaking on "The Journey We All Must Take," and emphasizing the inevitability of death.

FROM the Commencement Register and Programme of the State University:

> INSTRUCTIONS TO GRADUATES
>
> When the Governor steps forward to extend greetings from the State, members of the class should rise and sing "On Wisconsin" as a salutation. When the President comes forward to give his charge to the Class, the members should rise and sing the Varsity Toast. Give the "locomotive" also, and then be seated.
>
> It is good University tradition to give a "skyrocket" *after* the conferring of each *honorary* degree—*i.e.*, immediately *after* the hood has been placed on the recipient. There are only seven candidates for honorary degrees. Do *not* give the "skyrocket" for the Doctors of Medicine or Philosophy. There are too many of them.
>
> But put *pep* and more *pep* into your "skyrockets!" It will please your parents and astonish the honorary degree men.

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NEW ENGLAND DOES NOT CHOOSE

BY DANE YORKE

To paraphrase Sydney Smith's famous query of 1820, one asks today: "Who reads a New England book?" In the vivid change and growth of the American novel during the last decade and a half, the Middle West, the Northwest, the South and parts of the East have all been strikingly represented and potent. But in no list of recent "significant" novels is there to be found a book that can be characterized as of New England. True, there have been books written, many of them, concerning "guaranteed genuine" New England characters and with a patented New England locale. The most prominent one, "Early Autumn," even achieved the eminence of the Pulitzer award. But only to the frank bewilderment of New England itself. "The prize for this book," wrote a Boston editor, "must have been awarded for some other reason than that it is a picture of New England today." His final verdict, "It is a weird caricature," truthfully reflected not merely New England opinion, but also the curiously unreal impression left by "Early Autumn" upon even an outlander, when read in New England and after first-hand contact with New England life.

Of course, being of Boston, that editor knew precisely why "Early Autumn" failed in conviction. The book, it seems, was written in France, and "New England," cried the editor, "cannot be interpreted from the outside!" The point is obviously debatable, but it matters little just now. For even granting its truth, the editor's triumphant bleat simply makes more pertinent the further question: Why is it then, that with all the recent stir in novel-writing, the country over; why, with all New England's wealth of literary tradition, her much advertised blessings of culture and education, her *Transcript* radio talks on literature, her famous schools—why is it then, that New England in all the stir has not produced an "inside" interpretative novel of any significance, nor even an "inside" novelist of sufficient stature for serious critical valuation? "But when you say that," cried a New Englander, aghast, "aren't you forgetting Mr. Joseph Lincoln?" Well, hardly.

Pressed on this point of present unfruitfulness, New England apologists are inclined to stress the early flowering of literature at Concord, Cambridge and Boston. Some take the happy view that the perfection then attained exhausted the region's literary possibilities. "Who," they ask, "can possibly surpass 'The Scarlet Letter'"? Others, again, offer the interesting thought that the heavy effort incident to the bearing of such rare blooms as Transcendentalism and the Atlantic Club perhaps strained New England to the point of sterility. When the West is mentioned as a section that first bore Twain and his exuberant fellows and then reconceived with Dreiser, Anderson and Zona Gale, to name only three, New England nostrils quiver and New England indirection shows itself in talk of the Irish and French Canadians. One then touches hidden springs. Let the outlander persist in his inquiry, let him mention, for example, such books as Willa Cather's "My Antonía," or Rolvaag's "Giants In The Earth," and New England calm shatters.

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Bohemians and Scandinavians: yes, yes, *they* may offer literary possibilities, but French Canadians and Irish—never! "Don't talk to me about our French," stormed one most worthy New Englander. "They have no more morals than a cat!" As for the Irish: "They have poured mud into the pure stream of genius which was Massachusetts's (and New England's) greatest glory!" Thus a New England *littérateur* who in his very next paragraph gives eloquent praise to "The Biglow Papers" as "the most original production of Massachusetts literature,"—forgetting conveniently that they were written by James Russell Lowell, whose mother, on the admiring testimony of Higginson, "had Irish blood in her and had the Irish temperament—gay, warm-hearted, impulsive, social—all these being qualities which her son inherited."

I hold no brief for the Irish, whether of shanty or of manor, nor for French Canadian, Italian, Portugee, or Greek. Unquestionably the influx of these and other nationalities during the last century has had its influence upon New England life and New England thought. I have had, however, the opportunity for close observation of New England communities where the residents of foreign birth or extraction outnumber the native stock two to one, and have lived in still other communities where the native stock is 90% preponderant. With the result that, considering this question of literary torpidity, the principal effect of the foreign influx appears to be one of balm: in that New England has thus been given one more consoling excuse for her unproductivity—and for nearly every other ill that besets her. At any rate, it seems self-evident that whatever case Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut may make out (on the basis of their figures of heavy foreign population) becomes somewhat thin and strained when North of Boston is considered, for its ratios practically reverse those of Southern New England and are all in favor of the native stock. Boston may no longer be the hub of the universe or the Athens of America, but then Boston is not New England—and never was.

There is one more sob in the New England répertoire of excuse: that of the emigration from her borders. On this subject the plaints of the apologists call for the lachrymal mood of raw onion. Look, they cry, at our losses to the Western Reserve, to the California gold-fields of '49, to the covered wagons of the '70's! There is business of tragic gestures and a melting tableau: New England bled white. To slow music we are called upon to lament the plight of the poor old flat-chested, thin-shanked Mother of Republics who so freely gave of her youth, her intellect, even—*tremolante sadissimo*—her hard-won capital, to the upbuilding of the great Western wilderness and her own bond-coupons. All to the end that she is now accused of decadence because her offspring with the brains, sinew and money she first gave them, have at last outdistanced her. Sad it is; very, very sad. It seems almost sacrilegious to intrude, however softly, with the patient question: But what has all this to do with literary productivity?

II

If emigration has much bearing, then even the great days of New England literature —of Emerson, Hawthorne, Lowell, Holmes, Thoreau—should rightly never have existed. The men who made those days were all born between 1800 and 1820 (Emerson, the oldest, in 1803; Lowell, the youngest, in 1819). It was the first generation of American nationality and it was marked, in New England, by great restlessness. "It has been estimated," says James Truslow Adams, "that between 1790 and 1820 the natural increase in population in Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut, would have been [to] 1,681,673 persons had they all remained in those States. As it was, in fact, only 881,594, approximately 800,000 persons

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must have emigrated"—actually more than the combined population (685,558) of the three States in 1790. That emigration continued as a constant factor in New England during the whole life span of those men. It rose to one peak in '49 and to another during the generation following the Civil War. It still continues. In 1920, Maine, with a resident population of 768,014, found that there were over 200,000 additional Maine-born people then living outside her borders—almost as many in fact, as her total resident population in 1820. Yet even Maine, "rugged, homespun Maine," after a period of such heavy emigration that in the generation from 1860 to 1890 her population increased only 35,000, or 5% (the national increase was over 100%) was able to show, among her 1920 émigrés, Edwin Arlington Robinson and Edna St. Vincent Millay. After one hundred and thirty years of constant emigration the stock of New England is far from being bled white. Nor can it be said (I speak particularly of North of Boston) that it has been made sterile by adulteration.

Thus New England's income and outgo of population cannot explain her literary poverty. It simply makes that poverty more strange. "The novelist complains," wrote Lowell in 1867, "that our society wants that sharp contrast of character and costume that comes of caste." If it was true in 1867—which is doubtful—that complaint, though still heard, is utterly unfounded now. At least one effect of foreign immigration has been beneficent: a gain in colorful life. Walking at night through the streets of this old New England town where I write, one cannot but be impressed by the freely natural laughter—evidence of a spirited social life—that comes from behind windows in the French sections; while the interspersed, pure-bred Yankee domiciles seem to bear a hushed, if not sullen, watch above the dead. Nor is that laughter incongruous and alien. No more than is the snatch of *voyageur* song that comes at times from some strolling second-generation French Canuck, singing on the shores of the Saco as fittingly as his ancestors sang along the mightier St. Lawrence. Costume in New England may still be stereotyped, but certainly (and even in the same racial groupings, including that of the Yankee) there is abundant variety and sharp contrast in character, in manners, in thought, in viewpoint. So much so that one is tempted to dogmatize upon New England's lines of caste.

It was all there in 1867, but perhaps Lowell's novelist was too close to see it. The same excuse may serve for the curious fact that no New England writer ever perceived the epic quality of the restless emigration of his own blood; or, at any rate, not one ever acted upon the literary opportunity thus afforded him. That is a mystery—that ignored opportunity—only surpassed by the strange lack of sea in the great day of New England literature. "New Englanders would rather see a boat-hook than all the sheep-crooks in the world," said old Josiah Quincy; and Lowell wrote that "New England life, to be genuine, must have in it some sentiment of the sea." But where is the sea in Lowell's own work, or in that of his fellow writers? As Morison truly observes, in his brilliant "Maritime History of Massachusetts," "In all New England letters there is no genuine sea-poetry. . . . The New England poet's attitude toward the sea is that of a Summer boarder who is afraid to get his feet wet." New England sea-faring inspired one great work of prose fiction, "Moby Dick." But its author was not a New Englander—nor even considered as a writer by Barrett Wendell, whose "Literary History of America" (written within twenty miles of the sea) scarcely mentions Herman Melville.

The thing goes even deeper. Consider Emerson's famous strabismic entry in his Journal of 1852:

> To write a history of Massachusetts, I confess, is not inviting to an expansive thinker. Since from 1790 to 1820 there was not a book, a speech, a conversation, or a thought, in the State.

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But what a wealth of life there was that called for portrayal and interpretation! That generation, so summarily dismissed, was the restless generation already cited, in which Emerson himself was born. It was the generation in which various New England coast towns achieved the dignity of virtual city states and gained an opulence of literary (and historic) possibility comparable to that of Venice, Genoa, Corinth, Tyre and Sidon. That generation saw the ship *Columbia*, returning from the first circumnavigation of the globe accomplished under the American flag, sail into Boston Harbor in 1790 and disembark into the crooked streets of Boston town the first Sandwich Islander, a dusky native prince "garbed in a helmet of feathers which glittered in the sunlight, and an exquisite cloak of the same yellow and scarlet plumage." It saw the boys of little Salem—there were veteran sea-captains of 23 and 24—sail and traffic in "every part of the oriental world, and to every nook of barbarism which had a market and a shore." It saw the first New England fortunes pass the million dollar mark and, four years before Emerson was born, it saw the passing of the first American millionaire: picturesque old "King" Derby, of Salem. It saw that wealth won in sea-trade and privateering diverted to land-industry under circumstances that caused "the wise and good and rich" of New England to breathe threats of secession as fiery as any uttered by the South fifty years later. All in all it was a remarkable generation, that one which Emerson singled out as "not inviting."

The instance is not isolated. The great British East India Company, to its sorrow, was in no doubt as to where lay the essence of the new Americanization. But New England writers fumbled most sadly trying to strike the note. It is a strange experience today, to turn from the pages of Morison and Greenbie and read, via Thomas Wentworth Higginson, of the vast thrill afforded the determined literary nationalists of the Atlantic group by Emerson's verse to the "humblebee" and the mere substitution, in their own writing, of bobolink and oriole for lark and nightingale. "Goethe was the cow from which their milk was drawn," said Emerson. But apparently neither he nor they ever saw that the means to buy that milk, or even the tolerance which allowed its regurgitation as American "newness," came from quite another source and direction. A source best revealed in the motto adopted by the unliterary, yet more truly visioned, burghers of Salem: *Divitiis Indiae usque ad ultimum sinum*—the spoils of Ind to the uttermost gulf.

The instinct of practical New England has from the first been always soundly away from Europe. Literary New England missed its great opportunity because it faced the wrong way. Thoreau was the exception: "he wished to go to Oregon, not to London," says Emerson. But then Thoreau was so eccentric as to devote almost a full chapter of "Walden" to a sympathetic study of "a truly Homeric or Paphlagonian man"—a French Canadian immigrant. It was the nearest approach to a modern note in all the product of literary Concord, Cambridge and Boston.

III

The modern note is still lacking in New England fiction. Since this article was begun, André Maurois has reviewed, for a current magazine, Europe's keen interest in present-day American literature. "Europe," he writes, "has discovered an America that begins to be articulate; that no longer strives to write novels of the traditional English type but has learned to appreciate the grandeur of its own environment. We [of Europe] have suddenly had a glimpse of your strange South . . . of New York . . . of the West." He amplifies by naming specific books and writers: "Dark Laughter," "Manhattan Transfer," "Babbitt," Dreiser and Miss Willa Cather. But he mentions no glimpse, no book, no writer of New England. "Who

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reads (for modern significance) a New England book?"

It is not that New England lacks material. The skyscrapers of Manhattan may be absent from her scene, but what of the mills to which the rhythm of so much of her life is set, and whose dance holds elements as strange as voodoo? If the Negroes of "Dark Laughter" are not abundant, there are to be found other exotics as interesting and as indigenous as the Negro to the South. Babbitt and Zenith, Sister Carrie, Clyde Griffiths and Antonía could all have been found in New England, while "Winesburg, Ohio" is so true to the New England village that Winesburg must surely have been part of the old Western Reserve. New England is full of material, full of color, full of vital contrast. Consider, merely as a background, the clash and prismatic interplay of races of which the Sacco-Vanzetti uproar was just one phase. The Yankee stands firmly alone, "speaking only to God"; under pressure Yankee and Irish (like Cabot and Lodge) join prompt hands against the French; but only to shift and recombine once more, Yankee, Irish, and French, in solid array against "the Italian, the Armenian and the Greek."

New England is not static, nor has she ever been. Her major interest, her predominant life, has swung from the pioneer hut to the hamlet, from hamlet to village, from village to town and city; has changed from agriculture to sea-faring, from sea to mill, and now seems changing again to no one knows what—perhaps the hot-dog stand, by the look of her main-travelled roads. But New England literature has been static and so misdirected that even yet the bulk of New England work deals only with fisherman or farmer or the small village of a few hundred population. This when the fisher population of New England is not 3% of her total population, and her farm population (by the 1920 census) less than 10%; while her towns and cities hold almost 80% of all her life. Nearly three out of four of her wage-earners, "ten years of age and over," live by and in and for her mills. But who would suspect it from New England literature?

The facts are too plain, the material too strikingly evident, to make entirely credible any theory that the present situation of New England letters comes from sheer writer blindness. Perhaps the gods can again throw light. "If I live," wrote Lowell, in 1850, "I shall present life as I have seen it. . . . I am quite sure that eyes were given us to look about us with sometimes." Shortly afterward he began work on a New England novel of which he read to his friend Briggs a "racy first chapter," and which perhaps we can estimate covetously both from "The Biglow Papers" and his expressed wish of a few years earlier that his own daughter would grow to "be a great, strong, vulgar, mud-pudding-baking, tree-climbing little wench." It was the "great, strong, vulgar" note that was missing in all the *Atlantic* period and if words mean anything Lowell had begun a refreshingly different New England book. But he never finished it; the "racy" first chapter never saw the light. Does his writing to Aldrich, twenty years later, "It is better to be a good fellow than a good poet," explain it?

Then there is Emerson and the New England mill. "It has been to me a sensible relief," he wrote in 1837, "to learn that the destiny of New England is to be the manufacturing country of America. I no longer suffer in the cold out of morbid sympathy with the farmer. The love of the farmer shall spoil no more days for me. . . . I am as gay as a canary-bird with this new knowledge." But within ten years of that bird-song the mill-worker of New England began to be entitled to all the "morbid sympathy" ever extended the farmer. Much, and much foolishly, has been written of the New England virgin; of her place and influence in New England life and letters. But where in New England literature is there any arresting reflection or portrayal of that most strange—and

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perhaps most deeply influential—of all New England migrations: that of the sturdy, rosy-cheeked farm virgins into the dark New England mills and their consumptive boarding-barracks? By 1846 conditions were such that the Massachusetts mills were sending out so-called "slaver wagons" whose "commanders," cruising North of Boston, were paid "for all the girls brought to market" at the rate "of $1 per head, and more in proportion if they bring them from such a distance that they cannot easily get back." Dickens, in all of cruel, sodden London, was never offered a more fertile field than was spread for the New England writer. But not one took advantage of it, and as late as 1861 Emerson, still gay, could chirp happily and with vast approval over Dr. Johnson's remark: "A man is seldom more innocently employed than when making money." Our first little prophet of go-getterism took no "Jacksonian rabble" for a theme. "The people . . . oppress me with their excessive virility."

It may be objected that Lowell and Emerson were not novelists. But Hawthorne was and his preface to "The Scarlet Letter" most strikingly reveals a passed-over opportunity. In the old Salem custom-house, filled with its records and memories of the India trade just gone, Hawthorne found an old sea-captain with whom "scarcely a day passed that he did not stir me to laughter and admiration by his marvellous gifts as a story-teller. Could I have preserved the picturesque force of his style, and the humorous coloring which nature taught him how to throw over his descriptions, the result, I honestly believe, would have been something new in literature." A Salem Trader Horn, perhaps. But Hawthorne, equipped by the blood of a hundred years of seagoing ancestors to feel and write the saga of Salem and the old captain, did not grasp that great opportunity. Was it because—the inference is justified to any one knowing the old sea-captain *au naturel*—the writing would have involved him in a picaresque guttiness, omnipresent in New England life, both by land and sea, but utterly absent from the sacred confines of New England letters?

There is Sarah Orne Jewett's captain, for example, the gentle old fellow who complained that "Shakespeare was a great poet; he copied life, but you have to put up with a great deal of low talk." There is no low talk in Miss Jewett's books, long accepted as fully accurate depictions of Maine coast life. But where in them do you find any hint of that other, and more typical, sea-captain who year after year gaily put out from that coast (and under Miss Jewett's very nose) in a saucy little ship, built, owned, manned and christened within a few miles of Deephaven, called *Mary's Pantaloons?* As one more reflection of actual—not bookish—New England life, it was a respected spinster of Miss Jewett's domain who, knowing the coast habit of signalling a boat's identity by means of some totem hung at the masthead, wondered—quite audibly, quite honestly, quite uninhibitedly—as to just what totem that salty little ship displayed.

IV

We strike deep soundings. "I think," confided Emerson to his Journal, "that if I were teacher of the art of writing well to young men, I should use Dante for my text-book. Dante knew how to throw the full weight of his body into each act. . . . I find him full of the *nobil volgare eloquenza;* that he knows 'God damn,' and can be rowdy if he please, and he does please."

That passage constitutes an indictment of New England letters and perhaps an explanation of their present insignificance. New England life is far from being the thing of repression it has been so constantly painted. Segments of that life may be drably emasculate, but New England in the round is marked by a gutty masculinity; it has a Rabelaisian soil quality continually outcropping to give it strength and savor. Yet New England literature is

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notable for its subordination, even its absolute avoidance, of the masculine note. It abounds in portraits and self-revelations of dried-up moribund women and gently female men. Its ideal has been, and is, that of the prissy little New Englander, schoolmate of Longfellow, who recorded proudly that he could not remember that any of their class had been ever "vulgar, coarse or rude." . . . which naturally bars the *nobil volgare eloquenza* of actual life.

Emerson at times plainly craved to be rowdy but sadly could not. It may be that some present-day New England writers can. Certainly they do not please to. Or, in the more fitting phrase of New England's representative of pallidity, they "do not choose" . . . to write of modern New England: urban, industrial, rowdy, and with what Higginson, in protest, grandly called "the sacred entrails" plainly flaunting even in the market-place.

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IN MEMORIAM

BY RICHMOND BARRETT

Most of them had breathed their last so often, in the mighty shambles of Shakespearean fifth acts, that death somehow appeared to them a cue for applause and instantaneous resurrection. They half expected old Gilman to show up for a curtain-call after the speeches at his own memorial dinner. He had died more often than any of them; strange, now, that he should have forgotten to spring to life again and bow at the backs of the departing audience.

Poor old Gilman! How he and March had hated each other!

"I'll outlive that pompous swine of a March if it kills me," Gilman had once fulminated in this very room. "He'll never be president of this club, so help me God! When *I* find my waistband getting tight, I diet." Approvingly, lovingly, he had patted the stomach that, in order to outlive his rival, he must subject to such rigorous discipline. "Could that fool do as I do? No. He'll be guzzling terrapin one minute, and the next, with that infernal blood pressure of his, he'll go off like that." And Gilman snapped his fingers so venomously that a waiter in the next room came rushing up to him with the habitual "Another Bourbon straight, Sir?" on his lips.

Then, on the night March roared himself into a triumph as Macbeth, Gilman had died in his chair in the lounge of the club. Beside the body they had found a half-finished glass of beer and a plate of saltines. Thus had Gilman, supping alone, meant to show his scorn of the disgusting banquet the new Macbeth would wallow in after the show.

March, viewing the remains of Gilman the next day, had remarked, "Poor old devil! Women were the death of him. He was out with little Gertie Dobbs the night before. Well, we've all been out with Gertie—but my God, a man with sense uses *some* discretion!"

March's speech, at the memorial dinner, was pitched to quite another note than this informal breezy eulogy. "Pure silver," Ashley Johns characterized the tender flow of reminiscence; but Ashley was not altogether to be trusted in his judgment. For twenty years he had led the March claque. Even after March carried Mrs. Johns off with him to his fishing lodge in Canada, Ashley had remained the incorrigible hero-worshipper. Relations were strained, of course—but only temporarily. The former Mrs. Johns had run but a brief course under the resounding title of Mrs. T. P. March. During the régime of the third, fourth and fifth March wives, no slightest misunderstanding roughened the calm of the long friendship. Now, at forty, Johns was known everywhere as March's yes-man.

The great T. P. was the Charles Dana Gibson type incarnate—the same heavy scowl between supercilious brows, the same rough-hewn cleft chin, the same nostrils that seemed always about to snort flames; and till he died, Ashley would consider the Gibson type the most perfect since the golden age of Greek sculpture. He was doubling as Duncan and the second murderer in the present sumptuous revival of "Macbeth." Naturally he considered the March speech "pure silver."

March had been late for the dinner; it had been held up an hour and the delay

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had resulted in a good deal of fussy irritation. By the time he burst in upon the assembled company, every man there was peevishly contradicting the most casual remark of everybody else. Massive, bluntly domineering, March soon cuffed and patted them into submission and shooed them to their places around the table.

Out of breath, purple in the face, he seemed to vibrate all over from the powerful pumping of his notorious blood-pressure. Ashley Johns touched him on the shoulder.

"What's the trouble, P. T.?" he ventured wistfully.

"Oh, the same old thing," March panted. "She called me up at five o'clock —*had* to have some more of that rotten imported stuff. The shop was jammed. God, I thought I'd suffocate in the elevator."

"But why didn't you call me?" Johns asked. "I'd have been glad to go."

"I did, my boy—and you weren't in." March made the words sound like the beginning of a soliloquy on the unreliable ways of even the oldest, dearest friends.

"Five o'clock?" Johns went back over his day, then shook his head sorrowfully. "You're right, T. P. I'd gone out to the drug-store for some bicarbonate of soda." A desolate plea for forgiveness was in his voice.

"That's all right." The indulgent March *did* forgive him. "Come ahead—I'm starved."

II

Fifty men sat at the long table, some of them creakingly corseted, some of them drained to emaciation, a few already bitten by fatal diseases—but each of them tonight, in doing homage to a dead friend, felt with a complacent security that *he* at least could never die. They were a handsome crowd, sprucely groomed, almost too sleek in their grace to be quite human. The majority of them were middle-aged; only at the foot of the board clustered a dozen choice spirits of the younger generation—much neater and more compact and neutral-tinted than had been their elders at the same age. March and his gang, at the start of their careers, had looked either preposterously the chivalrous hero, or the heavy, blackened by villainy and crime. But nowadays you never knew whether a chap might be playing Iago or Romeo.

At the head of the table, as president of the club (a circumstance that the friends of Gilman asserted must be causing the old boy's body an uneasy night under the sod) March warned his audience that there must be no tears this evening. "We're just going to have a last leisurely chat with Jim, give him our blessing and send him out into the vast unknown with a slap on the back." At this point, March shut his eyes tight and was heard to mutter to himself, "Steady there—steady!" He had come perilously close to disobeying his own brave slogan of "No tears!" He mastered the weakness, opened his eyes again, and thereafter continued his leisurely chat with Jim for three quarters of an hour.

During dinner, the hammering of his blood pressure had diminished to a pleasant hum; he was bathed now in a comfortable glow, an expansive warmth that had brought on just the right mood of rumination. March still remained, in spite of his love for terrapin and rich sauces, triumphantly the Gibson man—the sole survival, indeed, of that type born to wear a wing-collar even in the morning, a wing-collar at least two inches higher than the upstart stars of the present could possibly endure. A pathetic quality of archaic grandeur was his; and the women who had come out the year he played the hero of Richard Harding Davis's "Soldiers of Fortune" would always fill the theatre when he appeared.

"I believe in the clean, the wholesome —and Shakespeare," was his creed. Thus did he safeguard his public from the contamination of the vicious modern school of playwrights. "The theatre is for refreshment. People don't wish to have their ears

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assailed by lewd language nor their nostrils filled with the noisome putrid stench of garbage," he always greeted an interviewer. Like so many staunch reformers, in the act of condemning "strong language plays," he could outdo them all in the choice of disgusting descriptive terms. No manager would have dared let his actors use such astonishingly filthy epithets as March, the Puritan, employed. Even tonight, in the midst of his twilit elegy, so gentle and pastoral as to suggest Theocritus, he turned once in withering scorn upon the "crapulous brothel that our pure and nobly aspiring theatre of yesterday has become." But only in that moment, when his great voice rumbled through his head-cavities like an organ in a subterranean vault, did he permit himself the joy of sheer oratory.

They had fed the same flocks, he and Jim, piped to each other on their oaten stops—that was the prevailing tone of the speech.

"For thirty-five years, ever since I was a youngster of eighteen, and Jim was thirty, in the full amplitude of his glorious powers, we were friends, he and I."

Halfway down the table, Beverley Park Tomlinson indulged in his characteristic shrug—a courtly and cruel gesture that gave whoever saw it the flattering sensation of being a member of a sage conspiracy against the stupid and the conventional. Tomlinson's eyes had the filmy bluish opacity of those of a blind horse; their inscrutable gaze rested on March. No wonder Tomlinson expressed a polite contempt for March's failure in arithmetic! Eighteen plus thirty-five! Of course, the man was sixty if he was a day.

Tomlinson, the husband of the celebrated Lottie Tomlinson, had gauged to a nicety the right moment to cease underestimating the lady's age and to pile on more years than she had actually lived. Today at fifty-eight, she was advertised as the "inexhaustible ingénue of sixty-five." Her vitality and romping exuberance amazed the world. She was still starring in musical comedy, collecting a splendid income from beauty preparations and even making the mornings profitable by bathing and doing exercises on the stage before crowds of hopeful middle-aged women. Her shrewd and cynical husband profited also; he helped spend the money and, incidentally, had the pick of the chorus girls in Lottie's company. He therefore couldn't help betraying his impatience at the valiant losing game that March was playing against the years.

"Our friendship, Jim's and mine!" March had thrown back his head, and, between the white wings of his collar, the superb Gibsonian Adam's-apple stood out like a miniature Fujiyama. "If either of us went on the stage and muffed a performance, we'd be thinking, 'Thank the Lord that Jim'—or 'thank the Lord that T. P.—isn't here tonight to see me!' If our lifelong comradeship had a lesson to teach our contemporaries—and I dearly hope it *had* such a lesson—I should say it was this: we both had a sense of humor that made anger impossible. Though we were brothers in spirit, we were not, unfortunately, brothers in the flesh; I am afraid that the incongruous etiquette of death will not permit of our occupying the same tomb. I wish we might; I wish it could be written on one grave-stone: 'Hic jacet,' or rather 'Hic —' " He hesitated for an uneasy moment; what the Hell was that third person plural? " 'Hic *jacent* James Gilman et T. P. March. They had a sense of humor.' "

"My God!" Ellery Wendell breathed into the pointed faun-ear of Miles Chetworth. Chetworth's ear quivered in response. Those two men, Wendell and Chetworth, knew all about the native capacity of March and Gilman for humor and waggish wit. The gods on Olympus hadn't a more rudimentary sense of fun than Gilman and March. Zeus playing ponderous practical jokes on Ares, in the manner of Peck's bad boy! Jim and T. P. had loved to indulge in heavy-footed pranks at each other's expense; and their uproarious guffaws, when they inflicted bodily pain or

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mental discomfort, were terrifying to hear. Before Gilman went into training in order to outlive March, the two of them were always getting drunk together and devising tortures for each other—a snake or an eel in Jim's bed; half a can of cayenne pepper neatly folded away in T. P.'s omelette; that sort of thing. And they never ceased congratulating themselves on their incorrigible sense of humor!

"We did like argument, Jim and I," March confessed, bringing his brilliant melodramatic gaze down from the ceiling to fix it on the orchids and maiden-hair fern in the center of the table. The military tension of his figure relaxed and he lounged gracefully against his chair, his elbow on the high back, his chin in his cupped hand. "Why, many and many a time the dawn has found us in the library of this club as we disputed some phrase—perhaps even the inflection of a single word—in Shakespeare." Fortunately for the calm gravity of his speech, no one reminded March that the last time Aurora had thus pried into their poets' corner, Jim had been thundering, "Damn it, the next time you take that kid across the State line, I'll have the Mann Act on you! She belongs to *me!*"

"That's the test, the supreme proof of friendship after all," March was assuring his fellow members. "To talk the night out and part in the morning with a handshake, a 'So long, T. P.' and a 'See you later, old man!' We had the courage to criticize each other's faults and reap the reward of a heartfelt gratitude. A mutual admiration society we were, really!"

Again Wendell whispered ticklingly into Chetworth's ear. "Remember our musical week-end in the Adirondacks?" There wasn't any need of a reply from Chetworth; no man could have forgotten that week-end.

III

Gilman had arrived on a Friday night to visit March at his camp. Chetworth and Wendell were already there. Gilman had just wound up a triumphant season; March's year had been disastrous. Jim had come with a view, so to speak, of sitting up with the corpse of T. P.'s murdered prestige and dropping a few hints as to the causes of the tragedy. March had retired, definitely and unconditionally, from the stage; he always did that when a play failed. He was planning to devote his life in future to music. Writing songs—passionate Spanish songs—had been his hobby for years; now it had become his mission and would carry his heart-broken message to posterity.

He had lately composed an operetta—"Carmencita of Sevillia"—that ran for a week in a smart cabaret. He was the author of the book as well as of the music; moreover, he had been the "angel" into the bargain, spending thousands of dollars on costumes and augmenting the orchestra from ten pieces to forty. Since "Carmencita" didn't start till twelve-fifteen, he even managed to enact the leading rôle. At eleven forty-five, he and his man would dash into the March automobile at the stage-door of the theatre—T. P. in the costume of the Scarlet Pimpernell; at midnight, he and his man would emerge from the motor at the stage-door of the cabaret—T. P. in the costume of a matador. His top moment in "Carmencita" was a tango, which he danced in his stocking feet. But night-club patrons are a restless impolite rabble and by the end of the week the attendance had fallen off shockingly. So March had consented to the closing of his operetta; he had begun to realize that the Metropolitan would have been the only logical background for it, anyway!

Gilman was tone-deaf and immensely proud of the fact. After dinner on the first night of his Adirondacks visit, he and his host and Wendell and Chetworth were dumped, all very drunk, into a sort of gondola with modern improvements—in other words, a gondola fitted up with luxurious side-couches. Upon one of the couches, March lay and gazed at the stars; upon the other, Gilman reclined and grumbled about the dampness and the bloodthirsty mos-

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quitoes. The other two men, since they were only playwrights, sat up. A lean Italian in Venetian costume paddled them around in circles in the mountain lake—taking care never to swing them out beyond ear-shot of the boat-house.

For on the verandah of the boat-house three men—a permanent unit of the March household—played upon a violin, a 'cello and a guitar some of T. P.'s most seductive and aphrodisiacal compositions. For hours, March and his guests were whirled about in neat circles over the water. T. P. sang, at first *sotto voce*, but by degrees louder and louder till in the end he was bawling lustily. Gilman slept fitfully, snored insultingly, then would wake up and begin to complain again about the mists and the vicious gnats.

"Upon thy bosom, ripely sweet, oh let my pillowed head repose," March was baying at the Summer constellations when all of a sudden Gilman leaped from his couch.

"For the love of God, will somebody stop that infernal racket before I go *crazy?*" he yelled. Shaking a fist at the boat-house, he halooed at the little orchestra, "Hey there—play 'Nearer My God to Thee,' you men! I'm going to scuttle this boat."

An embarrassed pause ensued on the verandah; then a sound very like a falsetto giggle floated out to the gondola. To March, that giggle had in it a subtly treasonable vibration. The dignity of his life-work was at stake; sedition had reared its fanged head in his musical camp and Gilman was criminally responsible. So the great T. P. rose in his wrath, swung blindly at Gilman, caught him on the jaw—and over into the icy water tumbled the man who had sneered at the harmony of the spheres.

They had soon pulled Jim back into the boat. From his mouth he spat, not only the water of the lake but a demand for "satisfaction." His play of the season just past had been "Alexander Hamilton." It was but natural, therefore, that he should be calling for "pistols—at twenty paces," even while he was being lugged over the gunwale.

By the time they reached the boat-house, March and Gilman were already playing for all they were worth the principals in an affair of honor. Chetworth and Wendell had been cast for the subordinate rôles of seconds. The meeting was to take place under the oaks back of the March camp at precisely five-thirty A.M. No sense in going to bed; the clocks had just struck three. Gilman refused to change his wet clothes; he needed every moment that was left him to make his eternal reckoning with his Creator. March, hospitable even in the valley of the shadow, heaped huge logs in the fireplace and called for whiskey.

At precisely five-fifteen, the principals and seconds were being carried to bed by the servants. Jim and T. P. had both broken down at parting and sobbed over their clasped hands.

"See you later, old man," T. P. muttered with strangulated affection.

"Yours as ever," Gilman returned in the epistolary style. "Damn it, T. P., I could listen to that lousy music of yours all day and all night!"

IV

Somehow, despite the nudges and whispers that had accompanied the main body of March's speech, he managed to hold the company breathless after he swung into his mighty peroration. All at once every man at the table remembered that the preposterous pair, Jim and T. P., had actually made history. For forty years they had been familiars of bar-rooms and brothels from New York to San Francisco. Pompous asses, braggarts and bullies, both of them; but how much more than that, too! A generation hence, the theatrical world of their day would have faded to a mere blur, like a picture daubed by an artist too impatient to mix his oils and his turpentine correctly; out of that greasy blackness, however, two big shadowy presences would loom—and they would be James Gilman and T. P.

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March. Biographers would spend years in public libraries poring over the files of the *Times* and the *Herald* for reviews of March's "Rupert of Hentzau" and Gilman's "Henry V," rooting up their absurd long-forgotten scandals, gleefully connecting Maggie Wilson's suicide with the third marriage of March two days before.

"We were born troupers, Jim and I," March said. "I don't want to antagonize the younger men here at this table—but honestly, I think we were about the last of the giants. We belonged with Edwin Forrest and his gang, not with the men that play for New York engagements and let the road go hang. We were national figures and they knew us even better out in Wisconsin and down in Georgia than they did here in town. We blazed new trails out to them and we sweated blood doing it; nowadays they take the train to New York or Chicago to see a star or they don't see him at all. My God, is it any wonder we drank ten times more than you youngsters could stand, that we went after ten women to your one? We had to be bigger than life-size, with appetites to match, or we didn't have a chance. Do you know that speech in 'Antony and Cleopatra?'

> "Yea, like the stag when snow the pasture sheets,
> The barks of trees thou browsedst. On the Alps
> It is reported thou didst eat strange flesh,
> Which some did die to look on.

"That's not such an exaggerated picture of what *we* went through in the dog towns forty years back. We could play 'Antony' to the hilt because we'd been through things that some of you'd die to look on. You've got to have running water in your dressing-rooms or you won't play; we used to thank our stars if the pump out in the back-alley wasn't frozen. We were heroes, Jim and I. We were made of blood and iron and we're not going to be so easily forgotten as you lads of 1928."

March's speech was over at last; after a standing toast had been drunk in silence to the memory of Gilman, the company adjourned to the lounge.

T. P., beckoning Ashley Johns over to him, muttered something about "give her a piece of my mind—be back soon," and made an elaborately mysterious exit from the club on tip-toe.

Ashley shook a baffled head and sighed. He was worried; he didn't like the imperious way Gertie Dobbs was acting lately. The greedy little devil had already got T. P. flustered and nervous to-day, ordering him into a stuffy crowded elevator at Macy's simply because she'd run out of her favorite brand of imported cheese. That was Gertie all over—getting fond of a delicacy that only one shop in town carried and finding she had none left just fifteen minutes before closing time on the day of a big clearance sale! Damn it, T. P. was too indulgent. Here he was, rushing off at midnight to deliver the cheese in person; and of course he'd end by eating a good half of it himself——

V

If the curtain, lowered to denote the passing of the night, were run up again, the lounge of the club would appear practically unchanged. The whiskey bottles on the small tables would look like the same whiskey bottles, at any rate.

The dawn that had begun to soak through the blinds was by no means rosy-fingered; the modern poet would rather have described it as having fingers stained a dirty amber color from nicotine. It was not becoming, certainly, to the members of the dignified old club. Dress-shirts had bulged out more and more during the night. They were no longer of a speckless lustre; the starched shine had been rubbed off so that they appeared, not actually soiled but laundered by a washerwoman who didn't know her business. The white ties drooped at crazy angles; they bore a pathetic resemblance to little white butterflies that had perched on the men's collars, clung there and died before they had even had time to furl their wings. Bald skulls had the unhealthy gleam of beeswax. Heads of hair that had helped make the fortune of several of the members were sadly tousled

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this morning and a dyed moustache here and there looked sticky. Beards had sprouted, too. The faces of the dark men seemed rubbed with soot; the chins of the blonds were dotted by straight spikes, each bristle distinct and as if sharp to the touch. Odd, how a black beard all runs together into a single smudge and a yellow one pricks out in such a way that every tiny hair keeps its own cocky identity. Choleric complexions had grown purple and congested, with veined pouches under the eyes dragging down the lower lids. Pale skins had turned paler, with bruised half-circles above the cheek-bones.

Of all the vices that lie in wait to destroy the actor of the old school, one at least is inescapable—the love of hearing himself talk the night through at his club.

"My God, I never saw so much blood in my life!" Tomlinson, while he signed a pink voucher that would be paid for out of the proceeds of Lottie's "Alabaster of Youth" vanishing cream, spoke with horrid relish of a suicide in the club years before. "Took the top of his head right off. I don't see why a man shoots himself in the mouth."

"I can't stand blood." Ashley Johns shivered and looked suddenly sick. "I'll never forget the day my doctor took my blood test. The sight of that awful stuff in the tube—I fainted."

A cold sweat started out on his forehead at the very recollection; he bowed his head and groaned.

"Does a man know he's dying when he goes off all of a sudden? Does he realize he's killed himself?" Tomlinson, even after a night of straight whiskeys, could still dabble in horror and keep his intellectual balance. His companions, however, were more emotional tipplers. They stared at him in a superstitious dread, as if he had a corpse before him and were cold-bloodedly lecturing about it, like the surgeon in Rembrandt's "Anatomy Lesson."

The city had waked up outside and the club was shaken to its foundations by the trucks that went rumbling from river to river. Barrels full of rubbish were scraped over the pavements, emptied of their tin cans and thrown down again on the asphalt with a metallic thump. Milk bottles clashed. A taxi and a truck collided; a man cursed and a shattered wind-shield tinkled delicately.

"Death's so damned lonesome," somebody muttered—a warmly convivial Irishman with a shock of nasturtium-colored hair. "Think of poor old Jim Gilman out there in Woodlawn, waiting for the Last Trump—and no Extreme Unction! May the Lord grant me to die in my own bed!" The overwrought speaker jumped violently as a tear splashed on the back of his hand. "Whatever I've done, I've never doubted," he comforted himself, bursting into a prodigious sobbing hiccough. "Look at Bob Ingersoll. He prayed to God for mercy the day *he* went to Hell."

"I've been a doubter all my life." Coming from the mouselike Ashley Johns, the statement had an electrifying effect.

The Irishman gripped him by the shoulder and shook him. "Come with me to confession, my boy," he implored. "I'd rather see you a murderer than a damned atheist."

The urbane Tomlinson was losing control of the situation. Ashley, his face a wet foggy white by now, seemed ripe for an evangelistic conversion.

"I can't believe in a God, after the World War," he quavered in feeble stubbornness.

"Cast out those devils, man!" the Irishman roared, still shaking him as if to dislodge the imps.

"I can't," Ashley wailed.

"Let go of him!" Tomlinson rapped out incisively, "or he'll be sick."

The Irishman did let go with a startled abruptness. "No guts!" he mourned. "He hasn't any guts!"

Poor Ashley began to sniffle meekly.

An ominous silence fell, a silence that quaked from the explosive reverberations of the city. Most of the club members had fallen asleep in their chairs, some with their heads in their arms, their slumber profound and silent. Others sat stooped

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forward, their jaws dropped on their chests; suddenly they would start awake, stare about them in a starved horror, then grumble off again into uneasy dreams. Heavy snores resounded from the darker recesses of the room. One man was talking in the deadened monotone of the stone-deaf; "So long, Jim—so long!" he said over and over in the cavernous accents of a Lady Macbeth.

Only the group around Tomlinson remained tensely, apprehensively awake to the evil portents of the dawn.

"We'll all be lying around in the graveyard some day and then the trumpets will sound." The Irishman had groped back into a moment of his childhood when he had sat in church and trembled at the apocalyptic visions of a Dominican father. "It'll be like this—like the morning after. Thank God I've been a good Catholic all my life!"

The room seemed suddenly full of the whirring thunder of the wings of avenging angels.

The Irishman buried his face in his hands. "Give me another drink," he sobbed, making blind passes in the air.

"Whew!" March at that moment swung open the door of the lounge and greeted his cronies. "You look like Union Square on a rainy morning. And you smell like a flop-house in here."

Then, quietly and unostentatiously for a man brought up on fifth acts that lingered unconscionably over a hero's passing, he tripped on the rug and fell dead.

VI

Whenever the members of the club discussed that fateful memorial dinner afterward, they remarked upon a strange fact unnoticed by any of them at the moment: T. P. had wound up with an obituary of himself as well as of Gilman. "We were heroes, Jim and I—we were made of blood and iron." Already he was speaking of himself in the past tense. "He must have known," it was decided.

Ashley Johns always said of him: "He died gloriously—in harness." There was no double meaning in this reverent tribute of Johns the faithful friend; at such a moment Gertie and her cheese never even entered his mind.

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THE OMNIPOTENT NINE

BY HERBERT LITTLE

THE Supreme Court of the United States is being made over along the best modern lines. Justice is now dealt out by it very rapidly, and customers are served almost as fast as they come. The spirit of speed and efficiency lurking in the corpulent form of an ex-President of the United States has entered the Court and broken up its old lethargy. In a few years, it will be housed, as befits its august dignity and puissance, in a monumental building of its own, as grand as that which shelters the Chamber of Commerce of the United States.

The Hon. William Howard Taft, LL.D., D.C.L., became Chief Justice on June 30, 1921, by appointment of President Harding. Relieved of the onerous political duties to which he had been subjected for thirty years, and perhaps conscious of his previously unimpressive appearances as a national figure, Dr. Taft set out at once to make his mark. The Court was a ponderous body, and he resolved to make it move. It usually took two years from the time an appeal was filed to hear argument, and many important cases were under advisement for two or three years more before decisions were reached. Dr. Taft resolved to cut down those delays. Three other new Justices, all appointed by Dr. Harding, gave him ready help. Dr. Taft's predecessor as Chief Justice had been Edward Douglas White, a Confederate veteran from Louisiana, appointed by Taft himself while President in 1912. The eight associate Justices in 1921 were McKenna, Holmes, Day, Van Devanter, Pitney, McReynolds, Brandeis, and Clarke. The Court was housed in the old Senate chamber in the Capitol, inherited sixty years before, when the Senate moved into its new wing. Soon death struck heavily into the Court, and the statesman from Marion appointed, beside Dr. Taft, Senator George Sutherland, LL.D., of Utah, the Hon. Pierce Butler, LL.D., of Minnesota, a friend of the Hon. Frank B. Kellogg, and the Hon. Edward Terry Sanford, LL.D., of Tennessee. These three jurists replaced Messrs. Day, Pitney and Clarke.

Dr. Taft and his new blood went to work and the course of justice began to be accelerated. The Chief Justice and his crony on the bench, Dr. Willis Van Devanter of Wyoming, appointed by Taft himself in 1910, drafted the necessary reform bills and argued for them before congressional committees. The bills were enacted, stopping many unimportant appeals before they reached the Supreme Court's docket. The decisions of the Federal Circuit Courts were made final in many cases. Decisions of State Supreme Courts on points of law not involving the Federal Constitution were made non-reviewable by the Supreme Court. The Court itself made new rules decreasing the time allowed for filing various documents and petitions, and for handing down the mandates which put its rulings into effect.

The Chief Justice announced a new policy in dealing with appeals of men convicted in criminal cases. Such appeals, he said, would be considered almost immediately on their receipt, and action would be taken as quickly as the records could be scanned. In cases in which the grounds of appeal were found to be frivolous—and there are many of these—the Court would

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order its mandate sent to the lower court forthwith instead of waiting the twenty-five days allowed for filing a petition for a rehearing. Such action was taken last Spring in the cases of Wallace Gaines, a Seattle man sentenced to hang for the murder of his daughter, of Joe Saltis, a Chicago politician who was sentenced to jail for carrying an automatic pistol, and of several others. In the Sacco-Vanzetti case, three of the Justices during the Summer recess heard the arguments of lawyers and then refused to grant a stay of execution to permit the Court *en banc* to consider the already-filed petition for review when it convened in October.

The new laws which were enacted at Dr. Taft's request almost eliminated cases in which the loser in lower courts had a right of appeal by writ of error; they made the granting of the appeal discretionary with the Supreme Court itself. Under this procedure more than 90% of all appeals now reach the Court on petitions for review. These petitions outline the grounds of the appeals and are considered by the Court without oral argument. If a writ of certiorari is granted, the Supreme Court directs the lower court to certify to it the record of the case, which is thereafter argued both orally and by briefs. If the petition is denied,—and four out of five are,—the decision of the lower court becomes final. In criminal appeals, all of which now reach the Court by this procedure, less than 5% of the petitions for review are granted.

This policy has notably increased the odds that wealthy criminals, once convicted, will reach prison before they die of old age. Delays in the execution of criminal sentences amounting to a year or more were frequently obtained in the old days by the mere process of noting an appeal to the Supreme Court. Now most of the appeals are kicked out as soon as they get inside the Court's front door. Among the recent notorious cases which have gone out this way are those of Governor Warren McCray of Indiana, Representative Langley of Kentucky, Judd Gray and Ruth Snyder, Gerald Chapman, Colonel Charles Forbes, Earl Carroll, Gaston B. Means, Nicky Arnstein, and George Remus.

The Court was quickly and suitably rewarded for its new speed and efficiency. According to the best American traditions, the learned Justices got a raise. Congress passed a bill increasing the salaries of all Federal judges at the behest of the American Bar Association. The Justices' pay went up $5,000 a year. Dr. Taft now receives $20,500 and the eight Associate Justices $20,000 each. The salaries of Federal district judges were increased from $7,500 to $10,000, and others in proportion.

Dr. Taft is reported to receive from his wealthy brother, Henry W. Taft, an amount equal to his salary, and he also receives a $10,000 annuity under the will of Andrew W. Carnegie, who had a soft spot in his heart for former Presidents. The increase benefitted the Justices of the Supreme Court less proportionately than it did the hundred-odd district judges, who were enabled to buy better automobiles and join better golf-clubs, but it helped the Court's dignity to have it known that its members now received almost as much as the $25,000-a-year justices of the New York State Supreme Court.

The drive for more dignity continued in other directions. Decorum in the Court's chamber was insisted upon. One attorney was dismissed from the courtroom because he came before the Justices clad in a palm beach suit to argue a case. It was hot and close and the Justices' temper was probably not improved by the sweat they were palpably shedding under their black silk robes. On another occasion a country lawyer appeared to be sworn in as a member of the Supreme Court Bar and was curtly dismissed by Dr. Taft because he held his hat in his hand. In his fluster the lawyer had forgotten to leave it in the cloakroom. The bailiff of the Court has a standing order to see that lawyers without waistcoats button up their coats and tuck in their four-in-hand ties. All the wiser law-

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yers now appear in modish cutaways and black cravats.

These improvements under way, Dr. Taft revived an old dream of a monumental Supreme Court building which would establish the judiciary as the equal, architecturally at least, of the legislative and executive branches of the government. The plan was opposed at first by some of his colleagues, who desired to remain safely under the Capitol's cast-iron dome, close to their congressional friends. All the Washington honeymooners and other tourists now gaze reverently into the Court's little chamber as they pass from the Senate to the House of Representatives. Nine gowned Justices, sitting in dignity on a high and ornate mahogany bench, are very imposing, if only by contrast with the skeltering members of Congress. Time aided Dr. Taft in his project. Congress could provide no new space for the Court in the Capitol, and its library overflowed from a vault in the Capitol basement. The Court's conferences were held in a secluded but not sufficiently dignified room. All but two of the Justices maintained offices and secretaries in their own homes, where the Government did not pay for heat, light, and janitor service. It was a strain on their salaries.

Dr. Taft and Mr. Justice Van Devanter reported to a congressional committee this year that the Court was now unanimous in seeking a new building of its own. The previous year Congress had included in the five-year public building programme a provision authorizing a great separate building for the Court, expected to cost $8,000,000. Dr. Taft picked out the most desirable site in Washington, and one of the most costly, a block and a triangle facing the Capitol, and tentative plans were made for a structure which would balance the Library of Congress, which is just across the street. But money for the actual building has been slow in materializing, so it will be some time before it develops whether the Court's home will be as atrocious as the Library, that Gargantuan pile surmounted by a gilded cheese-box.

The waspish ladies of the National Woman's Party, a militant feminist organization with headquarters in the Old Brick Capitol on the block chosen, set up a hullabaloo of protest and delayed Dr. Taft for many months. They pointed to the historic importance of their old building, which was run up hurriedly in 1815 to keep a frightened Congress from moving permanently away from Washington after the British burned the first Capitol. The women even called up the ghosts of Confederate spies executed in their back yard, who now haunt the corridors of the house. Moreover, they put a price of $1,000,000 on their land and history. The land was only about a fifth of the entire plot selected by Dr. Taft, and Congress had appropriated only $1,500,000 to buy the whole site. Dr. Taft would not be shaken, however, and although naturally eager to have the building completed before death or disability took him from the bench, he disapproved all other sites. Another proposal to economize by putting the Department of Justice in the Palace of Justice, or whatever the building will be called, was frowned upon by the Chief Justice. He pointed out it would be hardly proper to house the Court with the department which is the chief litigant before it.

So condemnation proceedings were instituted to seize the ladies' land and the other property desired by the Chief Justice. Then the feminists got busy and induced the Senate to adopt a resolution requiring that the site be formally designated by Congress instead of by the Court, and that, if their site was selected, the Old Brick Capitol be rebuilt somewhere else. The resolution was pigeon-holed in the House of Representatives. Meanwhile Dr. Taft and his colleagues fumed over the delay.

II

Dr. Taft and the other Harding appointees have gone after the law in the spirit of Alexander Hamilton and John Marshall. In a long series of decisions which would

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have delighted those Federalist Founders the Court's majority in six years has materially extended the scope and power of the Federal Government and limited greatly the powers of the States. Using the power that Chief Justice Marshall first assumed and stated in Marbury *vs.* Madison, the Federalist majority has abrogated State acts and limited State legislation to a degree little realized outside of the offices of State attorneys-general and the legal departments of large corporations.

The majority, of course, has met vigorous opposition. Mr. Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, Boston Brahmin and Civil War veteran, and Mr. Justice Louis Dembitz Brandeis, the Jew whose appointment by Woodrow Wilson caused such a row in the Senate, have fought unceasingly for the rights of States to regulate their own commerce, morals, and welfare. This year the forces of this Left party increased to three with the definite enlistment of the youngest Justice, Dr. Harlan Fiske Stone. When Mr. Justice McKenna retired in 1925, President Coolidge named the Hon. Charles Beecher Warren, LL.B., Michigan sugar-beet baron and diplomat, to the vacancy, but the Senate revolted and rejected him. Then Coolidge kicked upstairs Attorney-General Stone, who, disrespectfully, had started a Department of Justice investigation preparatory to filing an anti-trust suit against Secretary Mellon's Aluminum Company of America.

Dr. Stone, a former dean of Columbia Law School, has worked hard orienting himself in the Court, and in recent controversial cases has almost always sided with the liberal Holmes and Brandeis, who contend that the Federal Government should leave the States at least a little of their self-government. Dr. Stone's most assertive exposition of this view was in the New Jersey employment agency case, in which he read a long and argumentative dissent analyzing the practices and tendencies of such agencies and justifying as a public welfare measure the law limiting fees charged workers for obtaining jobs. But Dr. Taft and the majority held that the act was an unconstitutional price-fixing measure.

The Hon. James Clark McReynolds, the remaining Justice, who, singularly enough, does not seem to be an LL.D., is more difficult to classify. Sometimes he joins with the Holmes-Brandeis Left, but more often he is found with Taft. Mr. Justice Butler, and occasionally Mr. Justice Sanford or Mr. Justice Sutherland, are found with the Left on questions of personal liberty. It is noteworthy that Dr. Taft is almost always on the winning side of five-to-four decisions. Mr. Justice McReynolds, the only bachelor on the Court, is a Tennessee Democrat who was appointed by Dr. Woodrow Wilson. He, like Dr. Stone, was kicked upstairs from the attorney-generalship. He was promoted by Dr. Wilson after eighteen months at the head of the Department of Justice, during which time he frequently displayed his independence of that arrogant executive. Mr. McReynolds vented a considerable temper against the executive department and the Court majority in denouncing as "revolutionary" the "illimitable power" granted to the President in the Myers decision. In this case the Federalists upheld President Wilson in the summary removal of a postmaster without the consent of the Senate which had confirmed his appointment. Mr. Justice McReynolds in his dissent cited the majority's own handbooks, the *Federalist* and Marbury *vs.* Madison, to prove his contention that "latitudinous expression" of the executive's constitutional powers "would necessarily destroy the fundamental purpose of the Founders."

"Nothing short of language clear beyond serious disputation should be held to clothe the President with authority wholly beyond congressional control arbitrarily to dismiss every officer whom he appoints except a few judges," Mr. McReynolds said, and added: "There are no such words in the Constitution." From the *Federalist* he fired this quotation: "In republican government the legislative authority necessarily predominates."

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Drs. Holmes and Brandeis in this case also boldly defended the powers of Congress against the White House, Holmes in one pithy sentence expressing the antagonism to dictators and dictatorships which has marked his long career: "The duty of the President to see that the law be executed is a duty that does not go beyond the laws or require him to achieve more than Congress sees fit to leave within his power."

Mr. Justice McReynolds joined mildly in a States' right dissent in the Panhandle Oil case, in which the majority ruled that Mississippi's tax on gasoline sales was unconstitutional and void as applied to oil sold by dealers to the Coast Guard and the Veterans' Bureau. "I am unable to think that every man who sells a gallon of gasoline to be used by the United States thereby becomes a Federal instrumentality with the privilege of claiming freedom from taxation by the State," he said. Dr. Holmes, in a wittier and stronger opinion, said he was not aware that "the President and members of Congress hitherto have been held entitled to have their bills for food and clothing cut down so far as their butchers and tailors have been taxed on their sales."

At the same Court session the aged but still energetic Holmes denounced a majority decision that a State income tax could not be levied on patent royalties because the patent was granted by the Federal Government, with this simple and apparently incontrovertible argument: "Obviously it is not true that patents are instrumentalities of the Government. They are used by the patentees for their private advantage alone." Messrs. Brandeis, Stone, and Sutherland were with Dr. Holmes in this dissent, Mr. Justice McReynolds writing the majority opinion for the Federalists.

The new American imperialism is often embroiled in the rows that go on behind the closed doors of the Justices' conference-room. Twenty-eight years ago, after McKinley's reëlection, the Insular decisions led Mr. Dooley to remark that "the Constitution does not follow the flag, but the Supreme Court follows the election returns," and today the Philippine Independence Party is clamoring because of the latest indignity inflicted upon it by the Court,—a decision invalidating an act of the insular legislature under which the legislature sought to control several Philippine semi-monopolies, including the National Bank and the National Coal Corporation. The Court majority here decided to add to the White Man's burden, as imperialists usually do. They ruled that election of these corporations' directors was the sole function of Governor-General Stimson, under the American tripartite system of government established for the islands by the Jones Organic Act. Mr. Justice McReynolds mildly objected that the decision went "beyond the necessities," and Dr. Holmes, speaking for himself and Dr. Brandeis, restated brilliantly his radical philosophy that common sense has an important place in the law. He said:

> The great ordinances of the Constitution do not establish and divide fields of black and white. Even the more specific of them are found to terminate in a penumbra shading gradually from one extreme to the other. Property must not be taken without compensation, but with the help of a phrase [the police power], some property may be taken or destroyed for public use without paying for it, if you do not take too much. When we come to the fundamental distinctions it is still more obvious that they must be received with a certain latitude or our government could not go on. . . . It is said that the functions of the [legislature's] Board of Control are not legislative or judicial and therefore they must be executive. I should say rather that they are plainly no part of the executive functions of the government, but rather fall into the indiscriminate residue of matters within legislative control. I think it would be lamentable even to hint a doubt as to the legitimacy of the action of Congress in establishing the Smithsonian Institution as it did, and I see no sufficient reason for denying the Philippine Legislature a similar power.

These decisions and dissents, and many others in like vein, attracted little public attention. News of them could be found on no front pages in localities not immediately and directly affected. But the Court marched bravely into the headlines and public acclaim when an opportunity was found to

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denounce corruption. It unanimously invalidated the Doheny-Sinclair-Fall leases on the naval oil reserves, castigating former Secretary of the Interior Fall as a "faithless public officer" and the leases as the fraudulent fruits of a corrupt conspiracy. It used a stinging lash and went far beyond the measured decisions of the lower Federal courts that had heard the evidence in these cases. Mr. Justice Butler's two opinions provided much otherwise-libellous ammunition for newspapers to use in rebuking the District of Columbia juries which were unable to find in the evidence admitted anything to justify them in sending the oily trio to prison. When Sinclair and Fall sought a review of the decisions upholding their indictments under a special law passed by Congress to prevent a formal appeal of these cases before they were tried, the Court denied their petitions.

The Mr. Justice Butler who castigated Fall and company was the same who wrote the Indianapolis water-rate decision a few months before, accepting the "replacement value" of a public utility as a basis for rate-making over the protest of the State authorities. The decision tickled Wall Street, for under it public utility rates in most of the cities of the nation can now be increased materially by the mere process of applying to a Federal court.

When a presumptuous importer ventured to challenge the legality of the flexible tariff provision under which the President can raise or lower import duties as much as 50%, the Court almost laughed in his face. Protective tariffs, although not specifically authorized by the Constitution, have been in use since 1789 to protect America's weak industries from the marauding workers of Europe, it was pointed out. As for the right of Congress to delegate its rate-making power to the President, a casual reader of Chief Justice Taft's opinion in this case might easily infer that Congress was at fault for not having adopted a flexible tariff plan before 1922, when the Republicans put it into the Fordney-McCumber Act. Indication that not even Congress was so confident was given a few weeks later, when a special Senate committee recommended the return of this power to Congress.

New York City's battle over subway fares has been appealed to the Supreme Court by Tammany politicians representing the city. They have demanded a continuance of the five-cent fare; the transit company has already got a seven-cent fare order in a lower court. The Ohio and Pennsylvania coal railroads are appealing for a rate differential which will give them the bulk of the Great Lakes business. They won the differential from the Interstate Commerce Commission, but lost it again in the lower Federal courts to the railroads which serve the Southern coal-fields. While the appeal was pending, the roads arbitrarily lowered their rates to give themselves the differential. The roads also have protested to the Court against the Commission's action in lowering freight rates to the East on the wine grapes of California. These cases are to be presented to the Supreme Court at its next term, in October.

The pending railroad valuation cases, which will be argued before the Court early next year, are even more important to the industrial and agricultural portions of the nation. This billion-dollar series of lawsuits represents a threat by the railroads to increase their freight and passenger rates by from 20% to 50%. Under the clause of the 1920 Transportation Act entitling the railroads to a 5¾% return on their "valuation," they are seeking legal recognition of the "replacement" value of their properties, based on post-war prices. The Interstate Commerce Commission has set valuations aggregating $19,000,000,000 on the roads, on an "actual cost plus cost of additions and betterments" basis, mostly on the pre-war dollar. Use of the Commission's valuation as a basis for re-writing the rates, as contemplated by the Transportation Act, might cut railroad revenues to the point that most of the over-capitalized roads would be made bankrupt. But if the roads' own valuations should be accepted, the increases probably would bankrupt

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many of their customers. The roads' own estimates of their aggregate valuation are around $33,000,000,000, although some Wall Street men have gone as high as $51,000,000,000.

Two appeals by the railroads have been rejected by the Supreme Court without a ruling on the merits of the various valuation schemes because the roads had no ground for their constitutional complaint that their property was being confiscated. The Court pointed out that the Commission's low valuations had not yet been used for rate-making. But in the O'Fallon cases now pending before the Court, the Commission did use its valuations to calculate that a profitable short-line railroad near St. Louis should return to the government one-half of its earnings above 5¾%, under the recapture clause of the Transportation Act. The railroads hope to succeed in their third attempt to force the Court to decide against the Commission's valuations.

These and numerous other industrial conflicts promise some entertaining conferences in the Court's Chambers next term. It is unfortunate that its round-table debates are not recorded as are the less interesting debates of Congress.

III

The Supreme Court is bone dry. Dr. Taft is quoted as having opposed Prohibition before he became Chief Justice, but the Court in many decisions, most of them unanimous, has ruled against the advocates of personal liberty. The validity of the Eighteenth Amendment and of the enforcement acts has been upheld completely, and now no further appeals covering the broader questions they raise are being made. In the Court's most celebrated decision on Prohibition policy, two years ago, it was held legal for a Congress of farmers and politicians and lawyers to decide that a pint of hard liquor in ten days was all that any sick man needed. In this case, which involved the right of physicians to prescribe more than the Federal limitation, the American Medical Association pleaded for more professional latitude and also set forth the logical view that the regulation of physicians in matters of liquor, as in other matters, was distinctly a State affair. But the Court accepted the Anti-Saloon League demand.

Recently the apotheosis of bone-dryness has been reached on enforcement questions. Most astounding of these rulings have been those upholding the right of Prohibition agents to tap telephone wires to obtain evidence against suspected bootleggers, and approving padlock injunctions against night-clubs which committed the heinous crime of serving ginger-ale, glasses, and cracked ice to patrons.

The tendency of Prohibition agents and officials to travel rough-shod over the Bill of Rights has been ably defended before the Court by the Hon. Mabel Walker Willebrandt, a former schoolma'm who is now assistant attorney-general in charge of Prohibition, prisons, and income-tax affairs. One of her triumphs was the Albrecht case from East St. Louis, in which the Court held that punishing the same person doubly, once for possessing and again for selling the same liquor, was not a double punishment in violation of the Fifth Amendment to the Constitution. This new-fangled double-barrelled prosecution was carried further in a case from Louisiana, in which it was decided that a man was properly indicted and punished by both the State and the Federal Government for a single liquor sale. The Justices laboriously detoured around the Constitution's specific prohibition of double jeopardy by ruling that the single act might constitute separate violations of the State and Federal laws. In another case the Court ruled that evidence proved to have been obtained illegally was valid against a defendant because the Department of Justice, which prosecuted, had not seized the liquor illegally. Agents of the Treasury Department seized it.

In the ginger-ale case the Court did not

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even grant a review of the decision by which the Circuit Court of Appeals upheld the padlocking of restaurants in Chicago which catered to patrons who brought their own liquor. On the strength of this, the Federal Prohibition authorities have extended the practice widely. The Supreme Court has been of great assistance to the Prohibition Commissioner through other rulings approving the padlocking of buildings owned by innocent bystanders who were ignorant of the terrible uses to which their property had been put by tenants.

In most of these cases the Court was unanimously dry, as noted heretofore, but in the wire-tapping case Dr. Taft's majority outraged Holmes, Brandeis, Butler and Stone, J. J. The Chief Justice and the Anti-Saloon League won by a single vote. In the opinion, written by Dr. Taft himself, the Court took this unique and disturbing view of telephone conversations: "The reasonable view is that . . . wires beyond his house, and messages while passing over them, are not within the protection of the Fourth Amendment." That amendment, Dr. Taft added, in explaining away a previous uncomfortable decision of the Court, "may have proper application to a sealed letter in the mail because of the constitutional provision for the Postoffice Department and the relations between the Government and those who pay to secure protection of their sealed letters." The Fourth Amendment reads: "The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects against unreasonable searches and seizures shall not be violated; and no warrants shall issue but on probable cause, supported by oath or affirmation and particularly describing the place to be searched and the persons or things to be seized."

The Fifth Amendment also was cited in this case by Roy Olmstead, Seattle's $2,000,000 a year bootlegger. It reads: "No person . . . shall be compelled, in any criminal case, to be a witness against himself." The Federal agents, in the case of Olmstead and eighty-nine alleged confederates who were indicted, tapped eight telephone wires into homes and offices and had stenographers take transcripts of conversations over a period of five months. It was entirely on this evidence that Olmstead and eighteen others were convicted.

Dr. Brandeis's bitter dissenting opinion denounced the Court for its too literal interpretation of the Constitution in this case as opposed to its very liberal construction in recent approvals of zoning laws and other statutes providing for the seizure of property. He also attacked the decision on the ground that it made the government, and the Court itself, a confederate in a crime. Washington and twenty-five other States have laws making it a crime to intercept telephone and telegraph messages. "Discovery and invention have made it possible for the government, by means far more effective than stretching upon the rack, to obtain disclosure in court of what is whispered in the closet," he said. Then he went on:

> The progress of science in furnishing the government with means of espionage is not likely to stop with wire-tapping. Ways may some day be developed by which the government, without removing papers from secret drawers, can reproduce them in court, and by which it will be enabled to expose to a jury the most intimate occurrences of the home. Advances in the psychic and related sciences may bring means of exploring unexpressed beliefs, thoughts, and emotions. "That places the liberty of every man in the hands of every petty officer" was said by James Otis of much lesser intrusions than these. . . . Time and again the Court has refused to place an unduly literal construction on the Constitution.

Dr. Brandeis pointed out that the government has assumed moral responsibility for such unlawful acts:

> Decency, security, and liberty alike demand that government officials shall be subjected to the same rules of conduct that are commands to the citizen. . . . If the government becomes a lawbreaker, it breeds contempt of law, it invites every man to become a law unto himself, it invites anarchy. To declare that in the administration of the criminal law the end justifies the means—to declare that the Government may commit crime in order to secure the conviction of a private criminal—would bring terrible retribution.

Liquor-smuggling is another heinous crime in the eyes of the Supreme Court.

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Mrs. Willebrandt has won all her cases involving the freedom of the seas. The rum-running treaty between the United States and Great Britain should be construed liberally, the Court announced in upholding the seizure of a British ship. In the *Underwriter* libel case, it was ruled that the Coast Guard has a right to seize American ships anywhere on the high seas if they are found to carry liquor believed to be destined for arid America. In the *Quadra* case, the Court upheld the conviction of a British ship-captain whose steamer was taken near the Farallon Islands, twenty-five miles off San Francisco. Chief Justice Taft, in this decision, announced that the treaty should be so construed that not only the ship, but also the cargo and persons on board, may be taken into port and prosecuted under American laws. He also ruled that persons in a conspiracy to smuggle liquor may be guilty of violating American laws even though they never enter the United States.

The seizure of the British liquor ship *Pescawha* off the coast of Oregon, outside the one-hour steaming distance which the British-American treaty substitutes for the three-mile limit, provided another opportunity for the Court to help Mrs. Willebrandt. The chief officer of the Coast Guard ship which captured the *Pescawha* asserted that the chase started inside the one-hour steaming distance and justified the seizure outside under what he called "the doctrine of hot pursuit." The captain of the *Pescawha* and five others were sentenced to prison. The Court refused to review their case, and the zealous Coast Guard officials may now make such seizures whenever they desire.

IV

As persons, Messrs. Holmes and Brandeis are the outstanding members of the Court. Dr. Holmes has the gift of tongues, which he no doubt inherited from his distinguished father, and his opinions are unique in being readable to the layman. He is a phrase-maker and a poet. Although his tall lean body is bent by his eighty-seven years, the carriage of his head, his bristling white mustaches and his keen eyes make him still the most handsome of the nine grand dukes of the law. Dr. Brandeis's fine head, his stiff iron-gray hair, and his vigorous delivery from the bench give him an appearance almost ranking that of his ally and intimate.

Dr. Holmes has fiercely resisted the suggestions of friends that his age makes his retirement desirable. He is determined to fight out his battle to the end. The force of this old man, who bears the scars of three Civil War bullets, was shown in one of his few majority opinions, upholding the Virginia law for the sterilization of imbeciles: "It is better for all the world if, instead of waiting to execute degenerate offspring for crime,—or let them starve for their imbecility,—society can prevent those who are manifestly unfit from continuing their kind. The principle that sustains compulsory vaccination is broad enough to cover cutting the Fallopian tubes. *Three generations of imbeciles are enough.*" Dr. Holmes also wrote the decision holding unconstitutional the Texas law forbidding Negroes to vote in the Democratic primary elections.

He has well stated his attitude on States' rights in an opinion dissenting from a majority decision which held unconstitutional and void the New York anti-ticket-scalping law. The law prohibited brokers from charging more than fifty cents in excess of the box-office price for theater tickets. Holmes, Brandeis, Stone, and Sanford, J.J. dissented, and Dr. Holmes said: "Wine has been thought good for man from the time of the Apostles until recent years. But when public opinion changed it did not need the Eighteenth Amendment, notwithstanding the Fourteenth, to enable a State to say that the business should end. . . . If the people of the State of New York speaking by their authorized voice say that they want [this law], I see nothing in the Constitution of the United States to prevent their having their will." Dr. Holmes

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has argued many times that the expression of the people's will in favor of Prohibition justifies the strict interpretation of the prohibitory laws.

It is in labor disputes that Messrs. Holmes and Brandeis do their most praised work,—nearly always as defenders of lost causes. The Court's most extreme anti-organized labor decision of recent years was in the Bedford Cut Stone case involving the construction of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act as applied to combinations of workers. The following excerpt from Dr. Brandeis's dissent outlines the case and his objection:

> It would indeed be strange if Congress had by that same act [the Anti-Trust Law] willed to deny workingmen the right to coöperate in simply refraining from work, when that course was the only means of self-protection against a combination of militant and powerful employers. I cannot believe that Congress did so.

The majority decision led organized labor, at the last session of Congress, to get a Senate committee to conduct an exhaustive investigation of this and other abuses of the injunction power by Federal judges. As a result, the committee drafted a bill to strip the judges of their dictatorial powers. It appears to have a good chance of being passed this Winter.

V

The life tenure of the Justices, the high social position accorded them and their wives, and the pleasant character of their jobs make it unlikely that the Taft tide of Federalism will be stemmed soon, even if a Democratic administration should obtain control of the other two branches of the government. The chronic dissenters, Holmes and Brandeis, are the only Justices past the retirement age of seventy years. Taft is seventy and the others are in the sixties, except Stone, who is fifty-five. So even if a Jeffersonian should capture the White House, it seems likely that Dr. Taft and his Federalists will continue in power for a long while in the judicial branch, even as John Marshall did after the people elected Jefferson and repudiated the Federalists.

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THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Music

POPULAR SONGS AND THEIR PIANO ACCOMPANIMENTS

By Isaac Goldberg

Myself when young did make much music with my lips. As far back as I can recall I was dry-lipped from excessive whistling. In the days of which I speak—Hearst and Uncle Sam were having a little altercation with Spain—I was a source of guilty wretchedness to a compact neighborhood that objected to being serenaded long past midnight by my lone, shrill piping on the doorstep. I had a vast repertory, collected from street-organs, wandering minstrels with violin and harp, two burlesque houses, and the stray pianos of the neighborhood.

Adventurously on the piano (it was a square as often as it was an upright, then, and never was it a grand) I picked out tunes with a tremulous index finger, and in bolder moments struck out leftward in the hope of blundering upon the disguise of an accompaniment. We didn't call it accompaniment in those days; it was known invariably as the bass.

The older boys—we knew they were older because they wore long trousers and were admitted into the bar-rooms, whence we were ignominiously routed on our forays for the pickles and crackers of the free lunch—had their street-corner quartettes. Arc-lights were then a municipal novelty; above, around the globe, fluttered clouds of moths, while below, mouth to ear, yearned four loafers tugging resolutely away at a barber-shop chord. Sixths and thirds are, historically, late intervals in the development of harmony, but they were almost the only intervals these fellows recognized. I joined them often, mentally; my vocal attainments, to them, were not half so useful as the signal-tunes I whistled on the approach or the disappearance of a cop during their not infrequent orgies of dicing.

Accompaniments to popular songs and to the polite parlor music of that era were a simpler matter than they are today. They were often played, and by the quartettes sung, by ear; but then, they were almost as often composed by ear, so that little harm was done in the transfer. Between the accompaniments of yesterday and those of today stretches the distance that separates ragtime from jazz, and that divides the black and white Brünnhildes we knew as coon-shouters from their flapper, boyish form descendants. It is worth while insisting upon an important psychological—for that matter, technical—distinction between ragtime and jazz. The one is essentially rhythmic dislocation; the other, a contrast of rhythms. The one is fundamentally melodic; the other, harmonic and contrapuntal. Ragtime could produce its characteristic effects without any doctoring of the accompaniment; jazz depends upon tricks with chords and counterpoint. They are alike sexual in their connotations, but ragtime goes back to a simpler aspect of the eternal dance.

The popular music of today, like its more respectable sister, shows the effect of an even more subtle evolution. Early instrumental music was a late development out of the vocal music to which it was at first subservient. For a long time it patterned itself upon that vocal music. We still speak of the instrumental voices; much of the early polyphonic orchestral music is vocalization by instruments. Today the tables are turned. Much of our singing, classical or "jazzical," is tantamount to instrumentation by the voice. Stravinsky

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(say, in "Les Noces") aided greatly by the metallic timbre of the Russian voice, carries it to a climax of percussiveness. Our own jazz babies and their shouting mothers contributed to the development. They no longer sing their songs: they play them upon their voices. They coo, they hum, they skip around in ungodly intervals, they fill in the pauses of the melody with imitations of the various instruments. They thus interpolate into the melody suggestions of the accompaniment. The newest style in part-singing (it may be heard any evening on the radio) adapts to the erstwhile harmonic innocence of the street-corner quartette a wordless mimicry of jazz-band effects. It is as far from the simplicities of barber-shop harmony as the airplane is from the roller-skate.

Accompaniments, during the past three decades, have taken on the general sophistication. Ragtime was a naïve *Backfisch;* jazz is a wised-up lass of color who has adopted the latest wrinkles in hair-straightener and skin-bleacher. She'll never be the same sweet girl no mo'. Even when jazz returns, seemingly, to the musical A B C's of the century's dawn—as Gershwin has so excellently done in "The Man I Love," which it took a nation some four years to discover—its simplicity is worlds and races apart from the original ingenuousness.

Ragtime, in short, was a homophonic, horizontal music; jazz, at its boldest, is polyphonic, polyrhythmic and vertical. Accompaniments, in my whistling days, were so generally simple that I could work them in as part of the melody that I played on my lips; if your ear could forgive the absence of a few chromatics, it would recognize a complete tune on the simple harmonica. But it would take a skilful whistler today to suggest, adequately, the parts that support a popular melody of the "hot" variety.

The extent of the change that has come over the setting of the popular tune may best be appreciated through a panoramic glance at what we may call the typical bar of the music. Open, at random, a song from the era of General Weyler and his *reconcentrados*. Before you have begun to read the music your eye has taken in the unadorned poverty of the text and trimmings. The statement, in word or music, is ordinarily, on the face of it, bare. This does not

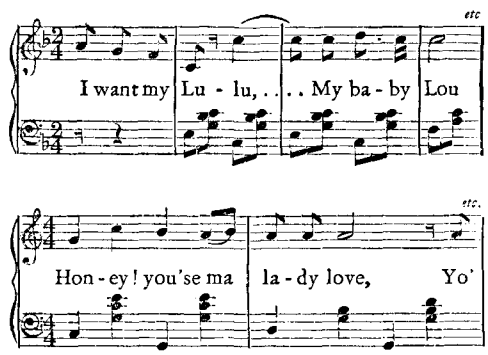

FIGURE 1—THE SIMPLICITIES OF 1897
The upper quotation is from "I Want My Lulu," by Dockstader and St. Clair; the lower is from "Honey, You'se Ma Lady Love," by Nat. D. Mann.

mean that there were no good popular tunes in those days; there were, and they have not been ousted from memory by the louder and more clever compositions of the jazz age. Music, like language, has its slang, its hackneyed phrases and worn-out counters. Between the Civil War and the Spanish-American fracas our sentimental tunes had developed a series of musical *clichés* that have not yet been discarded; between the war over Cuba and the international *danse macabre* of 1914–1918 there was an accelerated change for the better, but the *clichés* inevitably cropped out and are hidden now only by a greater skill in technique. The countless variations, for example, that have been played upon the blues harmony amount, at times, almost to pure invention; yet it will not be long before this selfsame cerulean will date a piece as certainly as does the barber-shop chord.

Let us consider the typical bar from the aspects of melodic line, rhythm, harmony (this would include "color"), counterpoint, and, finally, texture.

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Undoubtedly our present-day song-writers know the voice better than their predecessors, and have a finer feeling for melodic line, even when they venture skips of a diminished octave. The earlier sentimental tunes often treated themselves to most ungainly chromatic skips that provide our more sophisticated selves with a wide playground for parody. We skip, too, but with fewer fatalities. Rhythmically, too, our Tin Pan Alleyites have been emancipated—some of them, that is—from the more obvious patterns of dance, and have made very successful experiments, not only with syncopation, but with truncated and apocopated forms.

Once upon a time, even for the ragtime song, the staunch old three musketeers of accompaniment, the tonic, dominant and subdominant chords, sufficed for the strains of the chorus. The fifth and fourth, as intervals, were first to appear in the musical consciousness of mankind; so the chords on the tonic and on these degrees were long the harmonic substructure of popular music. Counterpoint, in our popular tunes written between 1898 and the first decade of the new century, peered bashfully through the windows of the academy, as in the ascent of an octave that enlivens the

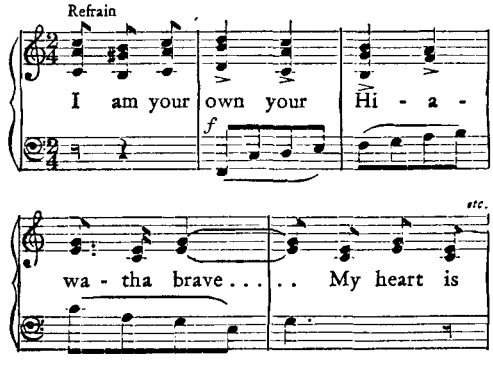

FIGURE 2
From "Hiawatha," by O'Dea and Moret, 1903

refrain of the once inescapable "Hiawatha." Today it is an arrogant hussy, and in jazz-band arrangements often outshouts the major strains. Gone forever is the chordal triumvirate of I, IV, and V. Chords have been drafted from all over the world,—stolen impudently from the armory of the modernists. Consecutive fifths, those bugaboos of the schoolmasters, are literally child's play for us today; recall how effectively Whiting used them in his "Japanese Sandman." I have heard recent band arrangements of musical comedy hits with telling employment of consecutive sevenths, not to speak of consecutive triads.

The old-time accompaniment was almost invariably built upon the *um*-pa *um*-pa model; there was, in popular parlance, a left-hand and a right-hand part. Today the right hand has taken over much of the work that usually fell to the left; it plays the melody and between breaths adds part of the harmonies on the unstressed beats.

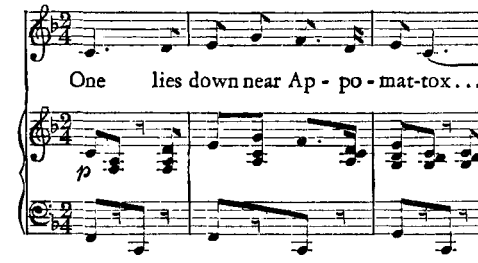

FIGURE 3—THE RIGHT HAND AS MELODY AND PART ACCOMPANIMENT
From "The Blue and the Grey," by Paul Dresser, 1900

The hierarchy of the beats, too, has been overthrown.

The simple law was that the second and fourth beats of a common rhythm were weak; jazz frequently reverses the rôles. Often, in latter-day accompaniments, the left hand is more idle than it was in earlier times, but it makes up in tom-tominess what it loses in the former accentual thump. There are piano parts in contemporary sheet music that resemble, for intricacy, the cued staves of the jazz-band pianist.

To the harmonies has been added the blue color; counterpoint, at times, employs the classical device of two or three independent tunes running simultaneously.

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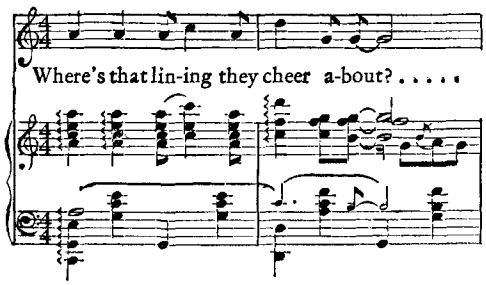

FIGURE 4
Crowded bars from the refrain of "Where's That Rainbow?" (in "Peggy Ann") by Hart and Rodgers, 1926

When it is not licentious, it is free. Key shifts that once would have side-tracked the singer forever are now the commonplaces of popular music. Modulations to

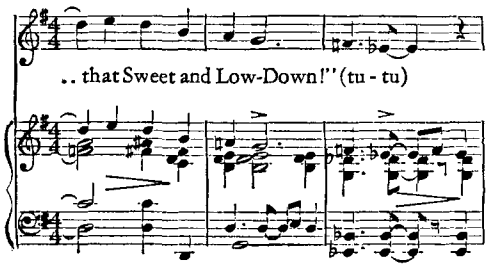

FIGURE 5
From "That Sweet and Low-Down" ("in Tip Toes"), by Gershwin, 1925

related tonalities are old hat. In a word, the unbreakable rules of harmony have, happily, been broken and the ordinary ear, in turn, is being broken to the violations.

The texture of the typical bar today is thus of a complicated weave that would have puzzled the ancestral spirits of Tin Pan Alley. Even when, to the eye, it is thin, its harmonic connotations are, in comparison with the music of two decades before, indeed rich. These new popular songs, though made in America, are not always *thought* here, any more than the "Rhapsody in Blue" was completely thought in the land of the free and the home of the blues. I hold no brief for jazz, although I am sure that much of the denunciation it has aroused derives from moral rather than æsthetic imperatives. Not all that is of the jazz age in music is jazz. The merely blubbering sentimental song we shall have always with us, if only because most lovers, by a cruel fiat of nature, will remain, *ad infinitum* and *ad nauseam*, sentimental blubberers. But jazz, I believe, with whatever harmonic aid it has received, or taken, from Europe, has done much to make the public accompaniment-minded instead of melody-minded. There is a keener ear for rhythm and for melodic contrast, for the play and progression of chords. In fact, it is only during the past three decades that the peepul have acquired anything like an ear for musical subtleties.

The gain, which may be in part illusory, is also largely subconscious; that makes it no less real. The popular feeling for instrumental color, too, has been greatly enriched; but that is another tale. There has been a definite, if at times delicate, shift of emphasis in popular music, in the direction of adroit technique and disingenuousness. The simple harmonies (*i.e.*, accompaniments) of the late nineties and early 1900's presupposed melodies; today, the melodies of the better pieces presuppose harmonies.

Jazz has been chiefly responsible for this, perhaps by its early addiction to spicing up, to denaturing, the classics,—to stretching them out or squeezing them into its own limited if lively rhythms. Certainly jazz spoiled no true music-lover's fondness for the masterpieces. For the untutored ear, just as surely, it scattered seeds along its path of desecration that may in the long run produce, if only for a small number that would otherwise be unaffected, a finer appreciation of those self-same masterpieces. As it is, jazz for a while tempted the serious composers of Europe. Turn about is fair play.

In short, then, the thirty years since the Spanish-American War have gradually taken the public off the fence of the G clef and sent it sprawling, with more or less grace, over the less familiar ranges of the F. It has not yet touched bottom—unless it be black—but it's on its way.

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Ethnology

BATHING THROUGH THE AGES

By Robert H. Lowie

Savages are proverbially beastly in their manners. The Turkish horsemen of Southern Siberia keep on their clothes without change till they literally fall off. The Ashluslay of Bolivia bathe only in hot weather. The Lango Negroes on the upper Nile clean their vessels with cow's urine. In the primitive world generally friends will pick the lice off one another's scalps and eat them. There is a fair assortment of other revolting usages, and contemplating them makes every modern race-theorist's chest swell with pride. For what could demonstrate more convincingly the inborn superiority of West Europeans?

But all these instances of crass squalor can be set off by others of exemplary cleanliness, often from the same race and even region. If the Ashluslay wallow in dirt, the Chiriguano, not far to the northward, are paragons of purity. Though in arid country, they manage somehow to take their morning bath and to repeat the operation several times a day. They also shampoo their heads with ground seeds, cleanse their finger- and toe-nails, comb their hair, and scour their clothes. The urine-using Nilotic Negroes constantly bathe in pools and oil their bodies. The Cheyenne Indians made a regular practice of the morning bath, some of them even breaking the ice for a Winter plunge. Polynesian cleanliness is a by-word. When Captain Cook visited the Tahitians in 1769 he found this trait worthy of peculiar attention:

> Independently of their washing their mouths and hands before and after meals, both sexes never omit to wash with water three times a day,—when they rise, at noon, and before they go to rest. They also keep their clothes extremely clean, so that in the largest communities no disagreeable effluvia ever arises, nor is there any other inconvenience than heat.

By this token Tahiti was superior to the most civilized contemporary countries of Europe. But let us look at the course of development from the beginning of our era until a century and a half ago, for the story is uniquely illuminating, and, thanks to such writers as Troels-Lund in Scandinavia, Steinhausen in Germany, and Alfred Franklin in France, we can trace it step by step.

Under the Roman Emperors the watchword was cleanliness. Not only in the capital but in the smaller colonial centers, too, there were magnificent baths. Some of the tanks constructed in Algeria and Anatolia are in use to the present day. Rome itself had innumerable small establishments and three thermal baths of huge dimensions with steam heat. Far-away Timgad in Algeria was amply supplied, and had comfort stations to boot.

But in the early Middle Ages there was retrogression, for the spirit of asceticism did not foster ablutions. The monks were permitted to bathe at Christmas and Easter; a wise commentator on this monastic rule argues that it would have been cruel to deprive them of this semi-annual privilege. They were allowed to wash their clothes once a fortnight. Common folk not pledged to mortification of the flesh were less extreme, and even weekly baths are heard of. However, very much later, say in Fifteenth Century Denmark, no one dreamt of washing so much. Ablutions were connected with the public baths, and very swell folk also cleaned their hands before a meal. Others were not so squeamish: if the dirt seemed a bit thick, they washed their hands when conveniently passing a pump in the courtyard and wiped them on their breeches. Only in the following century did towels, basins, and sprinkling-cans gain entrance in the North; and at first they were used as objects of decoration rather than for practical use. Washing in a basin was still a sign of social distinction and required a proper setting of spectators; and only after 1600 did the wealthiest hosts begin to provide

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guests with conveniences for cleaning up in the morning.

To be sure, there were the public baths. However they may have arisen in Europe, their development was greatly fostered by the Crusaders, who borrowed more than one fruitful idea from the Orient. By about 1500 the Scandinavians considered baths indispensable, and people of means had their own. A benevolent nabob making his will would dedicate such an amount to the feeding of the poor and set aside so much for their purification. As our millionaires found libraries, colleges, and fellowships in memory of a deceased son, so a Scandinavian king bereaved of his heir would provide free baths—"soul-baths"—for the needy. Tips, now called "drink-money" in Danish and German, in that period figured as "bath-money."

The arrangements were amazingly like those in a North American Indian sweat-lodge. The peasants boiled water in a cauldron or threw in red-hot rocks till the room was filled with vapor. Then they whipped their naked bodies with switches, and, when they had boiled out, dashed outdoors to dip into the nearest creek or to wallow in the snow. Even in the cities tubs were far from general; a pailful of cold water served the purpose of a final douche.

As in Germany and France, the public baths were used in common by both sexes. Maids were in attendance to massage or comb the patrons and minister to their comfort generally. This is not surprising, for in the North it was deemed quite proper to take off every stitch of clothing before company when retiring for the night. In 1658 a Polish officer remonstrated against such shamelessness. But the Danes replied that there was no need to be ashamed of what God had created, and that the linen which served them so faithfully in the daytime well merited a rest at night.

Throughout Western Europe the public baths developed into clubs, more particularly into what we should nowadays call night-clubs. Lovers used them as convenient trysting-places; and that royal sloven, Henry IV of France, is said to have frequented them from anything but hygienic motives. Apart from amorous designs, it was jollier to bathe in company than alone, to swap the news of the day in those headlineless times, to throw dice and drink a jug of liquor with one's friends. When a Danish wrecking-crew got a cask of beer for their pains, the obvious thing was to take it to the bath. For persons of quality, ablutions became subsidiary and incidental in a trip to such an institution. Towards the close of the Sixteenth Century King Christian IV, with a retinue of nobles, once proceeded to the bath-house at Bergen. First he shot at a target there; next he played a game of chess; and then he returned to his palace. In Germany the minstrels used these establishments as studios for singing lessons.

But this was too good to last, and several causes conspired to bring about the downfall of the institution. Something may be charged to the rising cost of firewood. More important was the hue and cry of outraged morality. In France Catholic priests and Huguenot ministers alike denounced these sinks of iniquity, and the German clergy were expressly forbidden to go into them. Then there was the fear of the pox and other diseases. In 1497 Frankfurt am Main closed its Rote Badestube because "many people had been infected there."

Wholesale suppression followed throughout France, Germany and Denmark, though further to the north the institution lingered on. Finally, it died out there, too, except among the peasantry. These backward country folk were the ones who clung to the banner of cleanliness,—not, of course, on any rational principle, but from sheer conservatism. The irony of culture-history could go no further. Town-dwellers were affected by a quaint consideration: linen had cheapened and come to be generally worn, hence laundrying was now concentrated on shirts and bed-sheets while

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the body was neglected, only the face and hands being washed.

But not everywhere. When the Parisians ceased to go to the bath, they largely gave up washing at home, too. In an amorous dialogue composed by Marguerite of Navarre, the royal authoress finds it quite proper to say to her lover: "Behold these beautiful hands; though I have not cleaned them for eight days, I wager they eclipse yours." For her tidiness Anne of Austria gained special commendation from a French observer, who, on the other hand, found Queen Christine's hands "so filthy that it was impossible to detect any beauty in them." Indeed, the splendiferous court of Louis XIV was as far from our present-day standards as many savage tribes. The great King himself accomplished his morning toilette by having a valet pour perfumed alcohol on his hands. A book of etiquette published in 1667 urged children to clean their faces with white linen, but warned them against the use of water; and a learned treatise of 1782 repeated the solemn counsel that washing with water was injurious, making the face more sensitive to cold in the Winter and to sunburn in the Summer. Man is never at a loss for suitable rationalizations to explain his acts.

It was thus very natural for Captain Cook to marvel at the Tahitian fastidiousness in 1769. But thereby hangs a moral. When our race-theorists, eugenicists, restrictors of immigration *et al.* inveigh against "rising tides," "filthy hordes," and what not, they at once strike a responsive chord, because personal hygiene has become part and parcel of our *mores* and because it does not happen to belong to the culture of our recent accessions. With typical ignorance and unscrupulousness they flout history and forge biology into the proposition that the difference is deep-seated, racial, ineradicable. The plain facts tell another story. When, according to their own theory, Western Europe was purer in the best blood of the world than today, she was on the same plane of filthiness with illiterate savages, and much lower than some. The highest circles, supposedly the best racial stock, were not a whit superior to the lower; at some periods we find them to be inferior. There is not a shred of evidence in favor of the racial or aristocratic view.

But neither do the facts yield comfort to the naïve believer in progress. Take any standards you please, there is no irreversible advance. As regards cleanliness, Imperial Rome of 100 A.D. towers head and shoulders above the early Middle Ages. Later, bathing once more becomes prevalent, but only for a limited span. Then an Age of Filth sets in once more and is only relieved in the most recent decades. Who can foretell what a century or two more will bring us?

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JAILBIRDS

BY JIM TULLY

THE jail room was thirty-five feet long, twenty-five feet wide, and seven feet high. In this large cage were fifty prisoners. Some had been sentenced and were serving jail terms; others awaited trial, or removal to the penitentiary.

The floor was of thick sheet-metal. Around the walls and ceilings were heavy iron bars, painted a ghastly yellow. On each side of the cage was a row of cells, a dozen in all. Each cell was about five by six feet. There were four hammocks in each, one above the other, two on each side. Each hammock contained a filthy blanket.

The oldest inmates had the choice of blankets and hammocks. The prisoner in jail the longest was the court of last appeal in all disputes.

In case of his release, to go to the penitentiary—or freedom—, the next in order of seniority took his place.

Between the rows of cells was a long pine table. A bench was on each side of it. There was room for only sixteen men on the benches.

Cards were not allowed in the jail, but somehow there was always a game in progress. Cigarettes, cigars, and plugs of chewing tobacco were the stakes.

Each prisoner, upon his arrival, had been deprived of all his possessions, with the exception of tobacco and handkerchiefs.

The daily routine began at five o'clock in the morning.

A guard awoke the inmates by pounding on the steel bars with an iron weight.

There arose from hammock, benches, table and floor as disheveled and terrible a group as ever pleaded for justice before merciless judges.

Swollen from sleep and grim from life, each face was a study for a philosophical misanthrope.

The odor of unwashed bodies was accentuated by the complete lack of ventilation.

There was but one faucet, and at it fifty men washed their faces. They pushed each other out of line like free citizens boarding street-cars.

The senior prisoner was allowed to keep a safety razor. He would shave any of his brothers in misery for the equivalent of fifty cents in cigarettes or tobacco. He plied his trade with the grimness of an executioner.

The blade was duller than a sergeant of police. The water was cold. The only soap available was a cake of coarse yellow naptha. The operation was violent and bloody.

At five-thirty they were called to breakfast. Half the men had not had a chance to wash.

They now stood, two by two, at a steel door which opened into another tank, in which was a long pine table.

Steaming hot chicory in a tin cup, two slices of hard bread, a spoonful of hash and a raw onion made all unhappy for the day.

Ten minutes were allowed in which to eat. It was impossible to gulp the boiling chicory in that time.

While the prisoners breakfasted, trusties swabbed the cells. They returned to wet floors and the same odors.

Any cigarettes or trinkets accidentally left in the cells were gone—stolen by the trusties.

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Old magazines and daily newspapers strayed into the jail. Every line was read.

If a prisoner had arrived since the preceding morning, he was tried immediately after breakfast by a kangaroo court.

The charge was that of breaking into the jail without the consent of the inmates. As in the outside world, judge, lawyers and jury took their places in the curriculum of injustice.

The blindfolded prisoner was led before the assembly. The senior prisoner, who was the judge, subjected him to a series of questions.

What was his age? What was he in for? Would he have an auburn or a brunette maiden to ease the loneliness of prison? Did he have dandruff—or any of the nameless diseases? Would he desire his breakfast brought to him by the chosen maiden as he lolled in bed? Would he have his chosen maiden bow-legged or pigeon-toed, or both? Or did he prefer a youthful virgin with a darker skin?

When the poor devil tried to name his preference, he was told to shut up. A roar of mocking laughter followed.

He was then given his instructions and told the rules of the prison. The violation of those rules would mean the infliction of so many lashes with a leather belt from the hand of the senior prisoner.

He was placed upon a blanket in the centre of the room. Suddenly the blanket was jerked from under his feet. He sprawled, still blindfolded, upon the floor.

Never was more moronic entertainment offered in American lodges. After he had nursed his bruises, the bandage was removed from the new arrival's eyes. He was then made one of the bunch.

If a prisoner offered resistance to the kangaroo court, he was given the silence. No one talked to him during the day.

The following morning he was called before the court again. If he still offered resistance he was given the silence again, until at last he bowed to the majesty of prison law.

Few held out more than one day.

II

Guards brought in and took out different prisoners from early morning until late at night.

Some would leave to face juries of their uncaught peers amid the ironical good wishes and ribald sneers of the other prisoners.

The clanking of the iron doors and the calling of convict names by guards and trusties were the oases in the steel desert of monotony.

The next meal was at two o'clock. Chicory, bread, stew or beans. It was the last meal of the day.

A huge, gorilla-like Negro was the comedian of the tank. His crooked black arms hung to his knees. His lips were the size of doughnuts cut in half.

He had been released from the penitentiary four months before. After serving ten years as a two-time loser, he was now sentenced again for burglary. He laughed from morning until night.

"I's a bad niggah, I is! Tain't no use lettin' dis niggah free no moah, nohow. I jist go percolatin' 'round wit' a gat an' gits in trouble agin. I'se too bad a niggah to be loose exceptin' on a chain."

His eyes glistening with mirthful tears, he would laugh at his monstrous joke like a film comedian.

"I jis' do a little burglin,' an' *hot damn*, de cops git me! An' now dey takes dis heah niggah back home to de Big House agin."

He would laugh again, louder than before, his great lips shaking.

A pyromaniac was in the jail.

A tall, thin ghost of a man touching the shores of fifty, his eyes were blank, his mouth open. He faced a twenty-year sentence for arson. His gray hair straggled over a scar on his forehead. One shoulder drooped. One leg was shorter than the other.

He shuffled like a man paralyzed.

The ends of his fingers were blistered from holding burning matches. His eyes

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followed every match that lit a cigarette or pipe, in the hands of other prisoners. He did not smoke. He borrowed matches whenever possible. He would hold the burning piece of wood beneath his fingers. The blaze was lost in the blistered flesh. Prisoners would give him matches just to watch him sit in the corner and strike them on the floor.

Each hour was livened by a song from the Negro:

Standin' on Fouth street,
Lookin' up Main,
Cop come along
An' ask me mah name.

I tol' him mah name,
It was Dennis McGee,
I got seben wild wimmen
Aworkin' foh me!

Ashes to ashes
An dus' to dus',
Was dey eber a woman
A burglah could trust?

A group would soon gather around him. To the stamping of feet and clapping of hands, the Negro would sing:

He took her to de tailah shop
To have her mouf made small,
She swallowed up de tailah,
De tailah-shop an' all. . . .

Massa had no hooks an' nails,
Nor anything like dat,
So on dis darky's nose he used
To hang his coat an' hat.

Ashes to ashes
An dus' to dus',
Was dey eber a woman
A burglah could trust?

III

A conglomerate gathering of frayed rascals, they were completely detached from the outside world. Regardless of color, innocence or guilt, they fraternized one with the other. Some tried to keep hearts from breaking; others tried only to kill the monotony of the hours. Thrown together by the steel bars of circumstance, they snarled, quarreled, and cursed. Many seemed to bear all their burdens easier than propinquity.

One man among them held himself aloof.

Accused of forgery, with the certainty of conviction and a long term, he walked nervously up and down the tank. Even in misery he made no comradeship with more illiterate and braver rascals. His body was taut, his eyes swollen and strained at a door that did not open—for him.

Slowly the madness came upon him. Each night he sobbed and groaned. He may as well have thrown particles of ice at the sun.

Each time the iron door clanged he would suddenly rush forward and exclaim, "Yes, sir! I'm ready!"

All but the pyromaniac laughed.

The door would let another prisoner out or in—and clang shut.

The forger would stand transfixed for a moment, and gaze at the iron-grey door.

At last it opened for him.

One trusty took his head, another his feet. He was hurried out one morning with a leather strap around a swollen purple throat—a suicide.

The Negro laughed as he told his decrepit mates: "He'll git up to Heaven and de good Lawd, He'll say, 'What foh you done fohged ma name foh? Ahse goin' to put you to writin' down de names of de preachehs an' judges who keeps comin' to Hell forebeh and ebeh.' . . ."

A trusty brought in a paper which contained the picture of the forger's wife and daughter. The young girl was posed by the photographer so as to show her beautiful legs. Her picture was fastened to the wall.

Otherwise life went on in the prison as though the forger had not lived among the men who knew of neither dawn nor dusk.

All day the electric lights burned. At night, all of them save a dim bulb over the door were switched out.

The pyromaniac would sit on his cot and burn a last match before going to sleep.

At intervals in the night, the main lights were switched on and off. The door clanged

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open and shut. A new face appeared in the morning.

A dope fiend, eaten with disease, was always well supplied with "snow." The guards either knew or feigned ignorance for money. The prisoners knew. A stool-pigeon told a guard. No action was taken.

A friend regularly brought him clean handkerchiefs. The hem contained cocaine. Sometimes a spot soaked in morphine would be marked with a lead pencil. The saturated cloth would be soaked in a spoon of water. A match under the spoon, a safety pin jabbed into the arm, . . . dreams again!

Tobacco smoke circled, heavy as fog, about the steel room.

Men paced up and down, up and down, like automatons on a wire stretched across the empty chasm of life. It was night always—with never a ray of day in the jail. . . or in their hearts. The Negro burglar alone was happy.

After many days the monotonous hum of voices would tell on their nerves. They ached for solitude away from iron bars and caged men.

Each night a trusty came with a large can of Epsom salts. Coarse food, no exercise, bad air and overwrought nerves made indigestion king.

Ignorance and false pride sustained the inmates. Pride and hope. Alone, they might have given way to tears.

The Negro hoped for chicken again—in fifteen years.

Minds dulled with too much revery, with too much smoking, too many incessant tunes, often took on the illusion that they had always been behind the bars.

Among the two or three-time losers there was always much talk. Notes were compared. Denver Shorty, Texas Gyp, and Gimp the Red, each with a coterie of friends about him, talked of robbed banks and bullets in the night. Young first offenders, actuated by the ego that makes the Pope and the yegg twin brothers, listened with awe.

"I blazed it out with the rube marshal and heard him fall in the alley. Another yap threw a bullet against the wall in back o' me. . . . We got away with twenty grand—but Sailor Pete fell. A rube district attorney took three thousand an' got him off with a little rap of a year. We sprung him in ten months."

And Denver Shorty called, "Ain't that so, Gimp?"

Gimp answered, "Yeah—what is it?"

In this world of iron bars and dim lights, ego paraded with braggadocio. Many lies were told.

"My kid brother's only twelve years old, but he's the best thief you ever saw," was Texas Gyp's contribution

Young lads never before in jail told tales of long incarcerations for desperate crimes. Like snobs the world over, they wished to edge into the society which they admired.

Two brothers were in for automobile stealing. The younger, not over eighteen, was taken out of the jail one morning at nine o'clock.

The older brother walked the jail, mumbling: "If those cops are givin' the kid the third degree, I'll kill 'em."

A guard brought the boy into the jail that afternoon. His face was black and blue. He staggered from exhaustion.

Ferocious hulks of life gathered about guard and boy. Among them was the brother. The guard, to whom the beaten boy had been delivered by the police, now met a heavy fist with his jaw.

A riot started. Other guards dragged their comrade out of the jail. The young criminal's brother was knocked unconscious with a blackjack, and dragged out of the door. He died next day in a hospital.

The younger brother, bleeding and groaning all night, was taken away in an ambulance.

Added to the charge of stealing against him was the new one of resisting an officer.

The trusties were really the rulers of the little world. Their unpaid services added to the graft of the jailer. Like others of their kind, they assumed a great dignity with their little authority.

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Prisoners serving jail sentences, they had privileges. They could run errands. They had ample time to eat their meals. They were given as much food as they liked. Nonentities in the outer world, they were despots in a shutaway wilderness of iron.

Many of them were reluctant to leave when their terms expired. One had been a trusty at alternating periods for twenty years. Old, hopeless, broken, derelict, he would purposely commit small crimes in order to reënter the jail and become a trusty again.

He had never been in the Big House, or penitentiary. He scorned all those who had. Like most criminals, petty and great, he was really a moralist at heart.

Nearing seventy, bent double, with an awful leer on his face, he was known as Old Babyface in mockery. Intensely a Christian, he pored over his Bible with fanatical eyes. As bitter as St. Paul, and meaner in heart than Calvin, life had put glue on his fingers.

They stuck to everything.

He told everything to the guards . . . stole everything from the men.

Youths facing the State penitentiary the first time eagerly asked him questions about the Big House. He told them between sneers of the hard way of crime.

IV

A newcomer slept in a heroin stupor.

There was blood on his hands and clothes. The morning paper came. A man was dead.

He was the murderer. The prisoners stared at his neck in silence.

He slept peacefully in the last moments of untroubled oblivion he was ever to have.

His hat was on the floor beside him. His shirt was torn to the belt. His collar was gone. His four-in-hand scarf was in a hard knot, as though a hand had pulled it tight.

He did not remember the quarrel.

A clean-shaven fellow had been brought into the jail with the murderer. His eyes were furtive and rheumy. His manner was a conciliatory apology. He told with weak gusto of being caught in the attempt to rob with a deadly weapon. He established himself on terms of familiarity with everybody in the jail. But the two-time losers, with an air of suspicion, withdrew from him.

"They got 'im in here to pump the guy that bumped the fellow off. Then they'll use it agin him at the trial," was Gimp the Red's comment.

It went around the jail, like gossip at a woman's club. The new arrival was a stool-pigeon.

Gimp the Red and Denver Shorty were in the wash-room with a dozen other prisoners.

The loquacious fellow with the furtive eyes was among them.

There was a sudden groan. A fist crashed at the base of his brain. His eyes went tight shut with pain. Blows whistling with sudden speed smashed his face and body. A foot caught him in the groin. Bleeding, twisted, groaning, he writhed on the slippery floor.

The prisoners regained composure and washed themselves in the nonchalant manner of men at a hunt club.

A guard came, asked many questions, made many threats.

No one seemed to know who hit the stool-pigeon.

The bleeding mongrel was taken away.

The prisoners went without breakfast that morning.

The old plan of the police to have one criminal win another's confidence and betray him had been frustrated.

A few weeks later the murderer returned from the court-room. In his ears still rang, "To be hanged by the neck until you are dead, and may God have mercy on your soul!"

His hands, in steel bracelets, were before him. His eyes stared unseeing.

The handcuffs were removed. His cell door was closed. The guard left.

He fell wearily to his cot. His head

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sagged low. As if unable to hold it up, he placed his elbows on his knees and rested his jaw in the palms of his hands, in the manner of Rodin's "Thinker."

Only the pyromaniac noticed him.

He looked at the bent-over figure for several minutes. Walking to his cell door, he asked, "Have you got a match?"

The man lifted his furrowed face.

"Yes."

He rose unsteadily and handed the pyromaniac a small box of matches.

The incendiary's eyes glowed.

"Thanks—thanks!" And then, "Is it all over?"

"Yeap—I drew the rope. They're stretchin' it now, I suppose."

The pyromaniac lit a match. It burned into his fingers as he watched.

"Well, it don't make much difference," he finally said. "Everybody kicks the bucket sooner or later."

The condemned man rolled a cigarette. The pyromaniac held a match for him.

He watched the blaze while the murderer smoked feverishly.

"You know," he said, lighting another match, "I wouldn't be afraid to die. I'd rather like it. I wish this place'd burn up now."

"But I'd want the judge in it," snapped the murderer, "and that damn pie-faced jury. I raved in my sleep last night at the hangman—he painted my neck white where it was swollen an' purple. . . an' he put me in an iron coffin an' gave me a hammer, sayin', 'Here, pal, you kin pound your way out.' They dropped me through the trap—and I laughed and wriggled my way outta the rope." He felt his throat. "I wish to God it was over."

"It don't take long," said the pyromaniac. "Not over a minute."

"No, it's the waitin' that kills. I gave the guy I bumped a better deal. He only died *once*."

"O' course you'll have a preacher at the last," suggested the pyromaniac.

"If they send me a preacher they'll hang me twice," was the answer.

Over his face passed clouds of reality.

"But, Bralen," continued the pyromaniac, "it wouldn't do no good to have the judge and jury die. . . they'd just get others."

The murderer looked at the incendiary between puffs of smoke.

"Besides, you shouldn't feel that way about 'em. They hain't no worse'n us—just different."

He struck another match.

"If you die feelin' happy towards everybody, you'll wake up in tother world with your soul clean like fire."

"Maybe you're right," answered the man about to die.

The incendiary walked to a group of prisoners.

"Bralen got the rope," he said.

V

It was evening.

The Negro was starting for the penitentiary. He sang like one going on a glorious adventure:

> Hang up de fiddle and de bow,
> Lay down de shovel and de hoe,
> Deys no moah stealin foh pooh ol' Ned,
> He's goin wheah de bad niggah's go.

He walked about getting ready, an antediluvian monster with the gift of laughter, his doughnut-lipped mouth open from ear to ear.

With crooked short legs, gigantic chest and baggy green-striped pants, the frayed bottoms of which dragged on the floor, and with a collarless shirt that was grimy and torn, he faced the meaningless futility of his chaotic life with the laughter of a fool.

The fat guard waited, his hard lower lip and undershot jaw twisted in a smile at the Negro.

"Come on here, Rastus—time to go. They cain't wait your Pullman all night, you know."

"Dat's all right, Mistah Guahd. Tell 'em foh me dat Geohge Washington

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Jones'll be comin' right along, an' tell none o' dem boys to come to de train to meet me, 'cause I'se been deah befoah."

His eyes turned to the murderer's cell.

"Ah'll be waitin' foh you, boy."

"Go on, you black devil—an' chew on a bone like an ape!"

The Negro laughed louder than ever.

"Jis' heah dat white boy talk! You bettah jist say all you kin, 'cause dey's goin to buhn youh neck till it pops, an' make it all red!"

The murderer stood up, his hands gripping the cell door until his fingers were white.

His heavy lantern-jaw was hard set. He scowled at the Negro. The Negro went on:

"Bettah grin a little, white boy . . . 'cause you'se goin' to dance till youh knees cave in—an' you bettah pray hahd too, Mistah Man, 'cause deys gonna hang you so fast it'll be three days befoah de Lawd knows you'se daid."

"Come on, Rastus," laughed the guard.

The Negro put a shapeless hat on a bullet head and shouted, "So long, eberybody! See you all in jail! Why dey allus takes you away at night so's you cain't see no purty country is moah'n I know."

Guard and convict moved toward the door. It opened. Another guard entered.

"Bring Bralen," he said.

The murderer's cell was opened. He was handcuffed to the Negro.

One smiled. The other frowned.

They marched away.

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THE MEANING OF RELIGION

BY EDWARD SAPIR

A VERY useful distinction can be made between "a religion" and "religion." The former appears only in a highly developed society in which religious behavior has been organized by tradition; the latter is universal.

The ordinary conception of a religion includes the notions of a self-conscious "church," of religious officers whose functions are clearly defined by custom and who typically engage in no other type of economic activity, and of carefully guarded rituals which are the symbolic expression of the life of the church. Generally, too, such a religion is invested with a certain authority by a canonical tradition which has grown up around a body of sacred texts, supposed to have been revealed by God or to have been faithfully set down by the founder of the religion or by followers of His who have heard the sacred words from His own lips.

If we leave the more sophisticated peoples and study the social habits of primitive and barbaric folk, we shall find that it is very difficult to discover religious institutions that are as highly formalized as those that go under the name of the Roman Catholic Church or of Judaism. Yet religion in some sense is everywhere present. It seems to be as universal as speech itself and the use of material tools. It is difficult to apply a single one of the criteria which are ordinarily used to define a religion to the religious behavior of primitive peoples, yet neither the absence of specific religious officers nor the lack of authoritative religious texts nor any other conventional lack can seriously mislead the student into denying them true religion. Ethnologists are unanimous in ascribing religious behavior to the very simplest of known societies. So much of a commonplace, indeed, is this assumption of the presence of religion in every known community—barring none, not even those that flaunt the banner of atheism—that one needs to reaffirm and justify the assumption.

How are we to define religion? Can we get behind priests and prayers and gods and rituals and discover a formula that is not too broad to be meaningless nor so specific as to raise futile questions of exclusion or inclusion? I believe it is possible to do this if we ignore for a moment the special forms of behavior deemed religious and attend to the essential meaning and function of such behavior. Religion is precisely one of those words that belong to the more intuitive portion of our vocabulary. We can often apply it safely and unexpectedly without the slightest concern for whether the individual or group termed religious is priest-ridden or not, is addicted to prayer or not, or believes or does not believe in a god. Almost unconsciously the term has come to have for most of us a certain connotation of personality. Some individuals are religious and others are not, and all societies have religion in the sense that they provide the naturally religious person with certain ready-made symbols for the exercise of his religious need.

The formula that I would venture to suggest is simply this: Religion is man's never-ceasing attempt to discover a road to spiritual serenity across the perplexities and dangers of daily life. How this serenity is obtained is a matter of infinitely varied

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detail. Where the need for such serenity is passionately felt, we have religious yearning; where it is absent, religious behavior is no more than socially sanctioned form or an æsthetic blend of belief and gesture. In practice it is all but impossible to disconnect religious sentiment from formal religious conduct, but it is worth divorcing the two in order that we may insist all the more clearly on the reality of the sentiment.

What constitutes spiritual serenity must be answered afresh for every culture and for every community—in the last analysis, for every individual. Culture defines for every society the world in which it lives, hence we can expect no more of any religion than that it awaken and overcome the feeling of danger, of individual helplessness, that is proper to that particular world. The ultimate problems of an Ojibwa Indian are different as to content from those of the educated devotee of modern science, but with each of them religion means the haunting realization of ultimate powerlessness in an inscrutable world, and the unquestioning and thoroughly irrational conviction of the possibility of gaining mystic security by somehow identifying oneself with what can never be known. Religion is omnipresent fear and a vast humility paradoxically turned into bedrock security, for once the fear is imaginatively taken to one's heart and the humility confessed for good and all, the triumph of human consciousness is assured. There can be neither fear nor humiliation for deeply religious natures, for they have intuitively experienced both of these emotions in advance of the declared hostility of an overwhelming world, coldly indifferent to human desire.

Religion of such purity as I have defined it is hard to discover. That does not matter; it is the pursuit, conscious or unconscious, of ultimate serenity following total and necessary defeat that constitutes the core of religion. It has often allied itself with art and science, and art at least has gained from the alliance, but in crucial situations religion has always shown itself indifferent to both. Religion seeks neither the objective enlightenment of science nor the strange equilibrium, the sensuous harmony, of æsthetic experience. It aims at nothing more nor less than the impulsive conquest of reality, and it can use science and art as little more than stepping stones toward the attainment of its own serenity. The mind that is intellectualist through and through is necessarily baffled by religion, and in the attempt to explain it makes little more of it than a blind and chaotic science.

Whether or not the spirit of religion is reconcilable with that of art does not concern us. Human nature is infinitely complex and every type of reconciliation of opposites seems possible, but it must be insisted that the nucleus of religious feeling is by no means identical with æsthetic emotion. The serenity of art seems of an utterly different nature from that of religion. Art creates a feeling of wholeness precipitating the flux of things into tangible forms, beautiful and sufficient to themselves; religion gathers up all the threads and meaninglessnesses of life into a wholeness that is not manifest and can only be experienced in the form of a passionate desire. It is not useful and it is perhaps not wise to insist on fundamental antinomies, but if one were pressed to the wall one might perhaps be far from wrong in suspecting that the religious spirit is antithetical to that of art, for religion is essentially ultimate and irreconcilable. Art forgives because it values as an ultimate good the here and now; religion forgives because the here and now are somehow irrelevant to a desire that drives for ultimate solutions.

II

Religion does not presuppose a definite belief in God or in a number of gods or spirits, though in practice such beliefs are generally the rationalized background for religious behavior.

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Belief, as a matter of fact, is not a properly religious concept at all, but a scientific one. The sum total of one's beliefs may be said to constitute one's science. Some of these beliefs can be sustained by an appeal to direct personal experience, others rest for their warrant on the authority of society or on the authority of such individuals as are known or believed to hold in their hands the keys of final demonstration. So far as the normal individual is concerned, a belief in the reality of molecules or atoms is of exactly the same nature as a belief in God or immortality. The true division here is not between science and religious belief, but between personally verifiable and personally unverifiable belief. A philosophy of life is not religion if the phrase connotes merely a cluster of rationalized beliefs. Only when one's philosophy of life is vitalized by emotion does it take on the character of religion.

Some writers have spoken of a specifically religious emotion, but it seems quite unnecessary to appeal to any such hypothetical concept. One may rest content to see in religious emotion nothing more nor less than a cluster of such typical emotional experiences as fear, awe, hope, love, the pleading attitude, and any others that may be experienced, in so far as these psychological experiences occur in a context of ultimate values. Fear as such, no matter how poignant or ecstatic, is not religion. A calm belief in a God who creates and rewards and punishes does not constitute religion if the believer fails to recognize the necessity of the application of this belief to his personal problems. Only when the emotion of fear and the belief in a God are somehow integrated into a value can either the emotion or the belief be said to be of a religious nature. This standpoint allows for no specific religious emotions nor does it recognize any specific forms of belief as necessary for religion. All that is asked is that intensity of feeling join with a philosophy of ultimate things into an unanalyzed conviction of the possibility of security in a world of values.

One can distinguish, in theory if not in practice, between individual religious experience and socialized religious behavior. Some writers on religion put the emphasis on the reality and intensity of the individual experience, others prefer to see in religion a purely social pattern, an institution on which the individual must draw in order to have religious experience at all. The contrast between these two points of view is probably more apparent than real. The suggestions for religious behavior will always be found to be of social origin; it is the validation of this behavior in individual or in social terms that may be thought to vary. This is equivalent to saying that some societies tend to seek the most intense expression of religious experience in individual behavior (including introspection under that term), while others tend toward a collective orthodoxy, reaching an equivalent intensity of life in forms of behavior in which the individual is subordinated to a collective symbol. Religions that conform to the first tendency may be called evangelistic, and those of the second type ritualistic.

The contrast invites criticism, as everyone who has handled religious data knows. One may object that it is precisely under the stimulation of collective activity, as in the sun dance of the Plains Indians or in the Roman Catholic mass, that the most intense forms of individual experience are created. Again, one may see in the most lonely and self-centered of religious practices, say the mystic ecstasies of a saint or the private prayer of one lost to society, little more than the religious behavior of society itself, disconnected, for the moment, from the visible church. A theorist like Durkheim sees the church implicit in every prayer or act of ascetic piety. It is doubtful if the mere observation of religious behavior quite justifies the distinction that I have made. A finer psychological analysis would probably show that the distinction is none the less valid—that societies differ or tend to differ according

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to whether they find the last court of appeal in matters religious in the social act or in the private emotional experience.

Let one example do for many. The religion of the Plains Indians is different in many of its details from that of the Pueblo Indians of the Southwest. Nevertheless there are many external resemblances between them, such as the use of shrines with fetishistic objects gathered in them, the color symbolism of cardinal points, and the religious efficacy of communal dancing. It is not these and a host of other resemblances, however, that impress the student of native American religion; it is rather their profound psychological difference. The Plains Indians' religion is full of collective symbols; indeed, a typical ethnological account of the religion of a Plains tribe seems to be little more than a list of social stereotypes—dances and regalia and taboos and conventional religious tokens. The sun dance is an exceedingly elaborate ritual which lasts many days and in which each song and each step in the progress of the ceremonies is a social expression. For all that, the final validation of the sun dance, as of every other form of Plains religion, seems to rest with the individual in his introspective loneliness. The nuclear idea is the "blessing" or "manitou" experience, in which the individual puts himself in a relation of extreme intimacy with the world of supernatural power or "medicine."

Completely socialized rituals are not the primary fact in the structure of Plains religion; they are rather an extended form of the nuclear individual experience. The recipient of a blessing may and does invite others to participate in the private ritual which has grown up around the vision in which power and security have been vouchsafed to him; he may even transfer his interest in the vision to another individual; in the course of time the original ritual, complicated by many accretions, may become a communal form in which the whole tribe has the most lively and anxious interest, as is the case with the beaver bundle or medicine pipe ceremonies of the Blackfoot Indians. A non-religious individual may see little but show and outward circumstance in all this business of vision and bundle and ritual, but the religious consciousness of the Plains Indians never seems to lose sight of the inherently individual warrant of the vision and of all rituals which may eventually flow from it. It is highly significant that even in the sun dance, which is probably the least individualized kind of religious conduct among these Indians, the high-water mark of religious intensity is felt to reside, not in any collective ecstasy, but in the individual emotions of those who gaze at the center pole of the sun dance lodge and, still more, of the resolute few who are willing to experience the unspeakably painful ecstasy of self-torture.

The Pueblo religion seems to offer very much of a contrast to the religion of the Plains. The Pueblo religion is ritualized to an incredible degree. Ceremony follows relentlessly on ceremony, clan and religious fraternity go through their stately symbolism of dance and prayer and shrine construction with the regularity of the seasons. All is anxious care for the norm and detail of ritual. But it is not the mere bulk of this ritualism which truly characterizes the religion of the Hopi or Zuñi. It is the depersonalized, almost cosmic, quality of the rituals, which have all the air of pre-ordained things of nature which the individual is helpless either to assist or to thwart, and whose mystic intention he can only comprehend by resigning himself to the traditions of his tribe and clan and fraternity. No private intensity of religious experience will help the ritual. Whether the dancer is aroused to a strange ecstasy or remains as cold as an automaton is a matter of perfect indifference to the Pueblo consciousness. All taint of the orgiastic is repudiated by the Pueblo Indian, who is content with the calm constraint and power of things ordained, seeing in himself no discoverer of religious virtue, but only a correct and

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measured transmitter of things perfect in themselves. One might teach Protestant revivalism to a Blackfoot or a Sioux; a Zuñi would smile uncomprehendingly.

III

Though religion cannot be defined in terms of belief, it is none the less true that the religions of primitive peoples tend to cluster around a number of typical beliefs or classes of belief. It will be quite impossible to give even a superficial account of the many types of religious belief that have been reported for primitive man, and I shall therefore be content with a brief mention of three of them: belief in spirits (animism), belief in gods and belief in cosmic power (mana).

That primitive peoples are animistic—in other words, that they believe in the existence in the world and in themselves of a vast number of immaterial and potent essences—is a commonplace of anthropology. Tylor attempted to derive all forms of religious behavior from animistic beliefs, and while we can no longer attach as great an importance to animism as did Tylor and others of the classical anthropologists, it is still correct to say that few primitive religions do not at some point or other connect with the doctrine of spirits. Most peoples believe in a soul which animates the human body; some believe in a variety of souls (as when the principle or life is distinguished from what the psychologists would call consciousness or the psyche); and most peoples also believe in the survival of the soul after death in the form of a ghost.

The experiences of the soul or souls typically account for such phenomena as dreams, illness, and death. Frequently one or another type of soul is identified with such insubstantial things as the breath, or the shadow cast by a living being, or, more materially, with such parts of the human body as the heart or diaphragm; sometimes, too, the soul is symbolized by an imaginary being, such as a mannikin, who may leave the body and set out in pursuit of another soul. The mobile soul and the ghost tend to be identified, but this is not necessarily the case.

In all this variety of primitive belief we see little more than the dawn of psychology. The religious attitude enters in only when the soul or ghost is somehow connected with the great world of non-human spirits which animates the whole of nature and which is possessed of a power for good or ill which it is the constant aim of human beings to capture for their own purposes. These "spirits," which range all the way from disembodied human souls, through animals, to god-like creatures, are perhaps more often feared than directly worshipped. On the whole, it is perhaps correct to say that spirits touch humanity through the individual rather than through the group and that access is gained to them rather through the private, selfish ritual of magic than through religion. All such generalizations, however, are exceedingly dangerous. Almost any association of beliefs and attitudes is possible.

Tylor believed that the series: soul, ghost, spirit, god, was a necessary genetic chain. "God" would be no more than the individualized totality of all spirits, localized in earth or air or sea and specialized as to function or kind of power. The single "god" of a polytheistic pantheon would be the transition stage between the unindividualized spirit and the Supreme Being of the great historical religions. These simple and plausible connections are no longer lightly taken for granted by the anthropologists. There is a great deal of disturbing evidence which seems to show that the idea of a god or of God is not necessarily to be considered as the result of an evolution of the idea of soul or spirit. It would seem that some of the most primitive peoples we know of have arrived at the notion of an all-powerful being who stands quite outside the world of spirits and who tends to be identified with such cosmic objects as the sun or the sky.

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The Nootka Indians of British Columbia, for instance, believe in the existence of a Supreme Being whom they identify with daylight and who is sharply contrasted both with the horde of mysterious beings ("spirits") from whom they seek power for special ends and with the mythological beings of legend and ritual. Some form of primitive monotheism not infrequently co-exists with animism. Polytheism is not necessarily the forerunner of monotheism, but may, for certain cultures, be looked upon as a complex, systematized product of several regional ideas of God.

The idea of "mana," or diffused, non-individualized power, seems to be exceedingly wide-spread among primitive peoples. The term has been borrowed from Melanesia, but it is as applicable to the Algonkian, Iroquois, Siouan, and numerous other tribes of aboriginal America as to the Melanesians and Polynesians. The whole world is believed to be pervaded by a mysterious potency that may be concentrated in particular objects or, in many cases, possessed by spirits or animals or gods. Man needs to capture some of this power in order to attain his desires. He is ever on the lookout for blessings from the unknown, which may be vouchsafed to him in unusual or uncanny experiences, in visions, and in dreams. The notion of immaterial power often takes curious forms. Thus the Hupa Indians of Northwestern California believe in the presence of radiations which stream to earth from mysterious realms beyond, inhabited by a supernatural and holy folk who once lived upon earth but vanished with the coming of the Indians. These radiations may give the medicine-woman her power or they may inspire one with the spirit of a ritual.

I can hardly do more than mention some of the typical forms of religious behavior, as distinguished from belief, which are of universal distribution. Prayer is common, but it is only in the higher reaches of culture that it attains its typically pure and altruistic form. On lower levels it tends to be limited to the voicing of selfish wants, which may even bring harm to those who are not members of one's own household. It is significant that prayers are frequently addressed to specific beings who may grant power or withhold ill rather than to the Supreme Being, even when such a being is believed to exist.

A second type of religious behavior is the pursuit of power or "medicine." The forms which this pursuit take are exceedingly varied. The individual "medicine" experience is perhaps illustrated in its greatest purity among the American aborigines, but it is of course plentifully illustrated in other parts of the world. Among some tribes the receipt of power, which generally takes place in the form of a dream or vision, establishes a very personal relation between the giver of the blessing and the suppliant.

This relation is frequently known as individual totemism. The term totemism, indeed, is derived from the Ojibwa Indians, among whom there is a tendency for the individual to be "blessed" by the same supernatural beings as have already blessed his paternal ancestors. Such an example as this shows how the purely individual relation may gradually become socialized into the institution typically known as totemism, which may be defined as a specific relation, manifested in a great variety of ways, which exists between a clan or other social group and a supernatural being, generally, but by no means exclusively, identified with an animal. In spite of the somewhat shadowy borderland which connects individual totemism with group totemism, it is inadvisable to think of the one institution as necessarily derived from the other, though the possibility of such a development need not be denied outright.

Closely connected with the pursuit of power is the handling of magical objects or assemblages of such objects which contain or symbolize the power that has been bestowed. Among some of the North American Indian tribes, as we have seen, the "medicine bundle," with its associated

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ritual and taboos, owes its potency entirely to the supernatural experience which lies back of it. Classical fetishism, however, as we find it in West Africa, seems not to be necessarily based on an individual vision. A fetish is an object which possesses power in its own right and which may be used to affect desired ends by appropriate handling, prayer, or other means. In many cases a supernatural being is believed to be actually resident in the fetish, though this conception, which most nearly corresponds to the popular notion of "idol," is probably not as common as might be expected. The main religious significance of medicine bundles, fetishes and other tokens of the supernatural is the reassuring power exerted on the primitive mind by a concrete symbol which is felt to be closely connected with the mysterious unknown and its limitless power. It is of course the persistence of the suggestibility of visual symbols which makes even the highest forms of religion tend to cluster about such objects as temples, churches, shrines, crucifixes, and the like.

The fourth and perhaps the most important of the forms of religious behavior is the carrying out of rituals. Rituals are typically symbolic actions which belong to the whole community, but among primitive peoples there is a tendency for many of them to be looked upon as the special function of a limited group within the whole tribe. Sometimes this group is a clan or gens or other division not based on religious concepts; at other times the group is a religious fraternity, a brotherhood of priests, which exists for the sole purpose of seeing to the correct performance of rituals which are believed to be of the utmost consequence for the safety of the tribe as a whole. It is difficult to generalize about primitive ritual, so varied are the forms which it assumes. Nearly everywhere the communal ritual whips the whole tribe into a state of great emotional tension, which is interpreted by the folk as a visitation from the supernatural world. The most powerful means known to bring about this feeling is the dance, which is nearly always accompanied by singing.

Some ethnologists have seen in primitive ritual little more than the counterpart of our own dramatic and pantomimic performances. Historically there is undoubtedly much truth in this, but it would be very misleading to make of a psychology of primitive ritual a mere chapter in the psychology of æsthetic experience. The exaltation of the Sioux sun dancer or of a Northwest Coast Indian who impersonates the Cannibal Spirit is a very different thing from the excitement of the performing artist. It seems very much more akin to the intense revery of the mystic or ascetic. Externally, the rituals may be described as a sacred drama; subjectively, it may bring the participant to a realization of mystery and power for which the fetish or other religious object is but an external token. The psychological interpretation of ritual naturally differs with the temperament of the individual.

IV

The sharp distinction between religious and other modes of conduct to which we are accustomed in modern life is by no means possible on more primitive levels. Religion is neither ethics nor science nor art, but it tends to be inextricably bound up with all three. It also manifests itself in the social organization of the tribe, in ideas of higher or lower status, in the very form and technique of government itself. It is sometimes said that it is impossible to disentangle religious behavior among primitive peoples from the setting in which it is found. For many primitives, however, it seems almost more correct to say that religion is the one structural reality in the whole of their culture and that what we call art and ethics and science and social organization are hardly more than the application of the religious point of view to the functions of daily life.

In concluding, attention may be called

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to the wide distribution of certain sentiments or feelings which are of a peculiarly religious nature and which tend to persist even among the most sophisticated individuals, long after they have ceased to believe in the rationalized justification for these sentiments and feelings. They are by no means to be identified with simple emotions, though they obviously feed on the soil of all emotions. A religious sentiment is typically unconscious, intense, and bound up with a compulsive sense of values. It is possible that modern psychology may analyze them all away as socialized compulsion neuroses, but it is exceedingly doubtful if a healthy social life or a significant individual life is possible without these very sentiments. The first and most important of them is a "feeling of community with a necessary universe of values." In psychological terms, this feeling seems to be a blend of complete humility and a no less complete security. It is only when the fundamental serenity is as intense as fear and as necessary as any of the simpler sentiments that its possessor can be properly termed a mystic.

A second sentiment, which often grows out of the first, is a feeling for sacredness or holiness or divinity. That certain experiences or ideas or objects or personalities must be set apart as symbols of ultimate value is an idea which is repellent to the critical modern mind. It is none the less a necessary sentiment to many, perhaps to most, human beings. The consciously justified infraction of sentiments of holiness, which cannot be recognized by the thinking mind, leads frequently to an inexplicable personal unhappiness.

The taboos of primitive peoples strike us as very bizarre and it is a commonplace of psychoanalysis that many of them have a strange kinship with the apparently self-imposed taboos of neurotics. It is doubtful if many psychologists or students of culture realize the psychological significance of taboo, which seems nothing more nor less than an unconscious striving for the strength that comes from any form of sacrifice or deferment of immediate fulfillments. Certainly all religions have insisted on the importance of both taboo, in its narrower sense of specific interdiction, and sacrifice. It may be that the feeling of the necessity of sacrifice is no more than a translation into action of the sentiment of the holy.

Perhaps the most difficult of the religious sentiments to understand is that of sin, which is almost amusingly abhorrent to the modern mind. Every constellation of sentiments holds within itself its own opposites. The more intense a sentiment, the more certain is the potential presence of a feeling which results from the flouting or thwarting of it. The price for the reality and intensity of the positive sentiments that I have mentioned, any or all of which must of necessity be frequently violated in the course of daily life, is the sentiment of sin, which is a necessary shadow cast by all sincerely religious feeling.

It is, of course, no accident that religion in its most authentic moments has always been prepared to cancel a factual shortcoming in conduct if only it could assure itself that this shortcoming was accompanied by a lively sense of sin. Good works are not the equivalent of the sentiment of ultimate value which religion insists upon. The shadow cast by this sentiment, which is a sense of sin, may be intuitively felt as of more reassuring value than a benevolence which proceeds from mere social habit or from personal indifference. Religion has always been the enemy of self-satisfaction.

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MULBERRY STREET

BY F. GREGORY HARTSWICK

MY FRIEND the undertaker grew reminiscent over his second glass of Barbera.

"Charley Bacigalupo, he used to run every time there was an election. He run against Foley, he run against Ahearn, he run against Big Tim Sullivan. No, he never got elected to anything. But it didn't make him mad.

"When he was the biggest undertaker here in Mulberry street he run for the Assembly. All he had to run against was Big Tim. I was helping him in the undertaking business then. He wanted me to get his posters stuck up around, but I couldn't get hold of any bill-posters, so I got all our hearse-drivers. The only place they could stick up the posters was in the cemeteries. Every time they had a funeral they'd stick up some more posters. All the cemeteries had 'For Assembly—Charles Bacigalupo' stuck all over them.

"Charley used to like to make speeches. One time during this election they rushed him over to address a big Jewish mass-meeting. He made a grand speech, but at the end he wound up, 'Now tomorrow I want all you people to get up early in the morning like good Christians, and vote for me!'

"When it come election day, Charley says to me, 'Victor, you take a friend and go uptown and go around to the polling-places. You see how I'm coming along and come back and tell me.' So I asked him for some money for expenses. He gave me fifty dollars.

"I took the fifty and I got one of my friends and we went uptown and went into a vaudeville show. We stood up there all afternoon. We never went near a polling-place. What was the use?

"After the show was out I went back to Charley. He asked me how things were going. I had to tell him something, so I said, 'The whole East Side's going for you. It looks like you are in.'

"Charley, he didn't say anything for awhile, and then he jumped up.

"'Get me a carriage!' he says. 'With four horses!'

"So I got him the carriage, and he starts out to make a round of the East Side. Whenever he came to a saloon he'd stop the carriage and go in and say to the boys, 'You're with me, and I know it—what'll you have? Order up!' So all the boys would have free drinks. And then he'd go on to the next saloon, and they'd pat him on the back and say, 'Sure we're voting for you! You're a great guy!' And then Charley'd buy another round.

"Of course not a one of them had voted for him and next morning he found he'd been swamped. He never had a chance, anyway. But it didn't make him mad.

"When they enlarged Mulberry Bend Park they had to tear down a lot of tenements. The people in Baxter street were strong for the park, but the people in Mulberry street didn't want it. You see, all the home plates was on the Baxter street side, so whenever one of the kids hit a home run a Mulberry street window got broke. So they circulated two petitions, one for the park and one against it. When they came to Charley he thought awhile. He had a house in the neighborhood, and had been offered a good price for it. But if the city condemned it, he'd get a good

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price for it too. So he thought it over and signed both petitions. A little while later Ahearn, who was a friend of his, got up in the Aldermen's meeting and said, 'I would like to hear from Charles Bacigalupo, the man who is both for and against the Mulberry Bend project.' You oughta heard them laugh!"

"Wasn't Bacigalup' sore?"

"Him? Naw. He didn't get mad a bit."

II

The inspector, two captains of police, and three other guests were dining under the kindly eye of the *padrone*. The dinner had been a masterpiece: *antipasto vegetale*, frog soup, a *risotto* made in Heaven, quail *en casserole*, a beautifully tender green salad, *zabaione all'ossa di morto*, and *caffe diavolo*, with the proper wines and liqueurs. Conversation was in order—gusty talk, full of Irish and Italian wit that dealt in personalities like rifle-butts. No heads were spared. He who opened his mouth to speak was likely to find himself crushed under a barrage of unkind cuts, to which it was his privilege to reply only in kind.

"I was coming across the park," said the inspector, "and I saw five or six cops shooting crap. So I came up to them—"

"How much did you lose, Inspector?" inquired someone.

"I'll bet they ran away," said another.

"Sure, Inspector—they probably thought you were a robber."

"No, they didn't run," insisted the inspector.

One of the captains took a hand.

"They couldn't of been cops if they didn't run," he said. "They musta been firemen. Who iver heard of a fireman runnin'?"

III

She was not particularly pretty—in fact, she was almost homely—but it appeared from her conversation that she had appeared with Mack Sennett's Bathing Beauties, which made her, according to her own account, a movie queen. She was, moreover, abysmally stupid and a trifle edged. Her companion for the evening was an aviator, one of the group from Mitchel Field that make the restaurant their New York rendezvous. Now, an aviator is very thrilling to a movie queen; but this particular movie queen reasoned that she must also be very thrilling to an aviator, which does not necessarily follow. She was embarked on a campaign to impress the gallant airman with her charm and intelligence.

Her intelligence, it appeared from her narrative, was expressed in authorship. Some months ago, she said, she had been on a party with a famous editor. This was perfectly true, as her auditors happened to know. Famous editors sometimes go to parties. On this occasion she had produced from somewhere a part of a manuscript, which she had offered to the editor with the expressed desire that he print it in his magazine. The editor, schooled in his craft, glanced at its pages and said:

"You send along the rest of this. If it's good I'll take it."

One recognizes the common or garden variety of stall to prevent the ruining of an otherwise pleasant evening. But the movie queen missed it completely.

"—so he took the story along with him," she concluded.

"How long ago was that?" asked her escort.

"Six months."

"Didn't you send him the rest of the story?"

The movie queen took another drink and drew herself up.

"Nossir! I'll let him come to *me*. I know my value. And another thing: if they print that I'll be catalogued. I'm already catalogued as a beauty. I'll be catalogued again in another class. They'll call me a young Fannie Hurst. That's what my stories will do—they'll make them call me another Fannie Hurst. And I don't want to be catalogued any more. I won't do it. I'm no Fannie Hurst!"

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IV

The musical-comedy producer and his friend were entertaining two young women at a table in the basement. The ladies hoped to land jobs in the chorus of the producer's forthcoming show, so they were being extra nice. At another table sat a quartette of men of the high-pressure salesman type; they were making obvious efforts to attract the girls. A salesman trying to get a chorus-girl away from a producer is an amusing enough sight in itself, but the producer decided to turn the incident to his own and his friend's advantage.

"Listen, kids," he said to the girls. "See those guys over there? You go over to their table as if they'd made you; dance with 'em and talk to 'em and make 'em buy drinks for *us*. Go ahead, now."

Obediently the girls left for the other table. Wine was ordered; the automatic piano was started; the salesmen grew gallant. The producer and his friend looked thirstily at the group, but no waiter came to take their orders. For half an hour the two girls chattered with their impromptu hosts, danced with them, drank with them. Still no drinks came for the two deserted ones. The girls were making efforts, obvious even at that distance, to bring about the desired result, but without success.

At last the producer grew disgusted. It was all very well for the salesmen to buy wine for his cuties, but he felt that he should be included in the ceremonies. With an imperial gesture he summoned the girls from their newly-found swains. In spite of all the efforts of the salesmen to detain them, they returned instantly to their original party and sat down. The producer proceeded to jump on them with both feet.

"What a fine pair of glorified American girls you turned out to be!" he snorted. "Make four guys like them and couldn't get 'em to buy wine for your daddies! How do you expect to get along on the stage if you can't pull a simple one like that? You'll never make good in the chorus!"

V

The Italian doctor was telling of his early experiences.

"One day," he said, "I got a hurry call down in this neighborhood. I was just a kid then, and it was an obstetrical case, of course. I grabbed all my nice new shiny instruments and beat it down as quick as I could. When I got to the place, the room where the woman lay was full of relatives and friends, and they were all Sicilians—square-built guys with curly moustaches, and husky-looking women. They didn't look friendly at all. I knew they had no faith in such a young doctor—in their eyes, a mere student—but apparently I was the only one they could get.

"Well, I laid out my beautiful instruments where everybody could see them and listen to them clink. They shone like silver, for most of them had never been used. I was very professional, oh, very! I made those Sicilians step around and bring me things—towels, hot water; I used all the patter and all the manner. They were impressed, I could see that.

"Well, pretty soon the baby was about ready to be delivered, and I had to get busy. I was scared, I tell you. If anything went wrong, things would happen to me. And if it died—well, I didn't like to think about that. I tell you, my hand was shaking.

"When the baby was born it was alive, all right, but my forceps must have slipped, or something, for it had a broken leg. None of the Sicilians knew it yet, of course, but they would find it out soon if I didn't do some fast thinking. I went into the other room and grabbed the father, the biggest Sicilian of them all. I got him in a corner and I looked him square in the eye.

"'It's a boy,' I said. Then, before he could break loose to go and see it, I spoke in as stern a voice as I could.

"'Did you frighten your wife at any time during the last four months?' I growled at him.

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"He was bewildered.

"'Huh?' was all he could say.

"'You scared your wife badly not so long ago!' I said, trying the direct accusation.

"He looked puzzled; then he burst out suddenly.

"'Ah! My Annunziata! Yes! She made me so angry—I shouted at her—I called her names—'

"I interrupted him. It was a pretty good bet that he had done something recently that would scare a woman, but I hadn't hoped for such a prompt piece of luck.

"'Come here!' I ordered, and brought him to see the baby. 'Look! See that poor little leg. That is because you frightened your wife. Now I will have to set it.'

"Well, you never saw a man so sorry. He cried; he howled; he did what I told him, like a dog. I set the leg and put it in beautiful splints and fine white bandages, and when I went away they all cheered me. It was a safe bet that a Sicilian had scared his wife!"

VI

The *padrone* has a neat taste in neckwear, running somewhat to the violent in color-schemes. Before he acquired his little restaurant in Mulberry street he had been a waiter in various places uptown. At one of these he worked under a most tyrannical captain, a martinet of discipline, a person greatly impressed with the importance and responsibilities of his position. Eventually, with the saving of a small amount of money and the assistance of a brother-in-law, the *padrone* took command of his tiny eating-place and became an independent citizen.

One evening his former captain telephoned, reserving a table for a party of twelve and ordering special food and drinks. He had lost none of his domineering air. The *padrone*, inwardly sizzling, took the order and made all the arrangements. In due time the captain arrived with his party. The food was excellent, the wines good; the service could not be complained of. When the dinner was over the captain approached the counter to pay the check.

The *padrone* was waiting for him. Master of his own establishment, he stood behind the counter. Under his double chin flamed a more than usually terrific necktie. The captain approached, took out a well-filled wallet, and tendered some large bills. While waiting for his change he spoke to his former employé.

"Nice little place you have here," he said patronizingly.

The *padrone* swelled. He ran his fingers over his resplendent tie, and let his eye rest on the neat black bow that completed the captain's faultless evening dress.

"Yes, I have a nice place," he boomed. "And it is my own, and I wear what color I please around my neck. And I notice that you are still wearing the black tie!"

VII

Some time ago a group of sixteen Genoese came to Mulberry street and settled there. Almost all the inhabitants of the street were Sicilians and Neapolitans—nearly as alien to the Genoese as Chinamen to Greeks. The sixteen sons of the birthplace of Christopher Columbus were naturally thrown into an even closer community of friendship.

In order to cement the common bonds forever they made an agreement that whenever one of them should die the rest would attend the funeral in a body, and then get drunk for a week afterward.

Most of them prospered, as one might expect a group of natural traders to prosper, and as time went on and individuals of the crowd answered the last dread summons the others faithfully attended the funerals and just as faithfully got drunk for a week after the sad rites.

This custom continued until there were only three of the original sixteen left. Two of these had grown rich; the third, while moderately successful, had by no means

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acquired a fortune. One day one of the wealthy pair died, and was laid to rest a day or so later with all the pomp of a first-class Italian funeral. Among the relatives and friends at the grave-side stood and sorrowed only one of the two remaining Genoese—the impecunious one. And for a week afterward this lorn soul religiously drowned his sorrows—but in solitude. The other survivor had grown so rich and so stingy that he grudged the money necessary to get drunk and stay that way for a week.

VIII

The *padrone* is a prodigious fellow, a man of parts. His particular boast is that he plays all games well, and indeed he has a good combination of luck and skill that makes it difficult to take him to any extent in the frequent poker games that enliven the atmosphere after business hours.

At the persuasion of several of his best non-paying customers—unlimited credit is one of the great assets of his establishment—he has installed chess and backgammon in the restaurant. Backgammon he learned without much trouble, but chess was different.

One noon, after a highly successful evening with the cards, during which he decreased the bankrolls of several of us by no inconsiderable amounts, the *padrone* came over to our table. A game of chess was in progress, to the accompaniment of a running fire of kibitzing from several interested watchers.

"Well!" said the *padrone*, rubbing his hands. "I suppose you teach me to play poker, eh? You know any other games? You can't beat me—I am too good for you."

One of the chess-players moved, calling check.

"What you play—chess?" asked the *padrone*, looking over the players' shoulders.

"Sure—chess," said a spectator. "You play chess?"

"No." Moustachios a-bristle, hands clasped on episcopal paunch, the *padrone* towered patronizingly. "But I tell you what I do, Mr. Macdonald. Show me the moves and in a week I beat you!"

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THE LABOR DAILIES

BY EARL W. SHIMMONS

No more colorful, varied and picturesque group of newspapers has ever appeared in the field of American journalism than the labor dailies. The *Leader*, established by the United Labor Party in 1886, was the first of them in English. It was followed by the *Daily People* in 1900. Six years afterward came the Chicago *Daily Socialist*, which later became the *World*, and as such was the first to gain a really large circulation. In 1908 the New York *Call* was launched and three years later the Milwaukee *Leader*. During the war appeared the Oklahoma *Leader*, the Butte *Bulletin* and the Seattle *Union Record*. With the reconstruction period came the Minnesota *Daily Star*, and last, in 1924, the Chicago *Daily Worker*, now the *Daily Worker* of New York. Like the good, labor dailies die young. Their life cycle in America averages seven years.

When Henry George ran for Mayor of New York on the United Labor Party ticket in 1886, the *Leader* was started to spread his doctrine of the Single Tax, with the late Louis F. Post as editor. A year later the Socialist Labor Party, which had been in alliance with the United Labor Party, withdrew, and the latter collapsed, followed by the *Leader*. The Socialist Labor Party had started as a reform organization in the '70's, but after the '80's adopted a revolutionary programme. In 1890 it set up a weekly organ of its own, called the *People* and in 1891 Daniel DeLeon became the editor thereof. DeLeon was born during a Venezuelan revolution, of old fighting Spanish stock. In the German universities he became familiar with ten languages and studied history, philosophy and mathematics. He later graduated from the Columbia Law School and became a lecturer on international law. When his Columbia colleagues ridiculed his sympathy for strikers, he wrote to Henry George, offering his services.

Pure Marxism was the brand of Socialism expounded by DeLeon. An iron discipline, equalled only by that of the Bolsheviks under Lenin, was imposed on the S. L. P. Compromisers and Utopians were driven out, and what remained was a Spartan band of educated fighters for the Socialist Republic. After firing a few parting shots at the retreating Knights of Labor, DeLeon reset his sights and bombarded the ranks of the newly organized and anti-revolutionary American Federation of Labor. Gompers and his staff were branded as labor fakers and lieutenants of capitalism. But the German-American trade unions supporting the *People* were affiliated with the A. F. of L., and in 1899 they revolted from the dictatorship of DeLeon, and with certain Western insurgents under Debs and Berger formed the Socialist Party.

Under stress of this split the S. L. P., in 1900, launched the *Daily People*, and for the next five years DeLeon thundered alike against the "pure and simple" political action of the Socialists and the "pure and simple" non-partisanism of the Federation of Labor. He gradually developed his idea of a New Unionism, which resulted, in 1905, in the formation of the revolutionary Industrial Workers of the World. Three years later the syndicalists and anarchists put over a *coup d'état* on the DeLeonites, and the I. W. W. repudiated all political action.

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DeLeon then returned to his *sanctum sanctorum*, and devoted himself as a Socialist savant to clarifying the thinking of the revolutionary movement. He forged weapons for all the revolutionists of the world, and Lenin studied his theories in framing the system of the Soviets. The *Daily People* became a terror to corrupt politicians and visionary leaders in the American labor movement. Its circulation never went much above 10,000, but it was read by the brains of the Socialist movement.

DeLeon died in 1914 and with him was buried the *Daily People*. Today the *Weekly People*, edited by Olive M. Johnson, carries on his teachings. In size and circulation it is smaller than the *People* of 1890, but it compares well with the national weeklies of the Socialist Party and the I. W. W. The battle-scarred Old Guard of the S. L. P., under its arm-and-hammer banner, is still advancing against the hosts of capitalism and hoping for reinforcements from its former right and left wings. But the American Federation of Labor remains untouched.

II

The Socialists of Chicago started the *Daily Socialist* as a campaign daily two weeks before the election of 1906, and its success encouraged keeping it in the field. It made steady progress until the inevitable split between the right and left wings, when it nearly went on the rocks. Then came the big printing trades strike, which put the capitalistic press out of commission for months. The *Daily Socialist* profited greatly, its name was changed to the *Morning* and *Evening World*, and its circulation climbed to 300,000 a day. The management, thinking that the Socialistic millennium had arrived, ordered new presses and hired $5,000 and $10,000 executives from the other papers. But when the capitalistic press got started again, the *World* could not meet its mountain of bills. It went bankrupt in 1912.

Like the *Daily People*, the New York *Call* got much of its early support from the Germans, but later it also enlisted the Jews and became known as the baby brother of the *Jewish Daily Forward*. From its start in 1908 it led a precarious existence until the beginning of the war. In 1914 its circulation began to climb to 30,000, and with more readers came more advertising. The *Call* was opposed to all nationalist wars and regarded the European powers as mere robbers battling for places at a thieves' supper. When the revolution knocked out Russia, the *Call* and its readers cheered for similar revolts in Germany, France and the other warring countries. When the United States began to edge into the war the *Call* made terrific attacks on Wall Street, and gave its support to all the peace organizations. Its circulation jumped to 60,000 and people in all parts of the country began giving it financial support. A warning editorial addressed to its revolutionary followers was published on March 22, 1917:

> DON'T FORGET—THIS IS NOT RUSSIA
>
> We cannot all go to Russia, that land of liberty where the red flag floats gloriously free, the symbol of a newly freed people. . . . We have to stay here and continue the battle for democracy.

On March 31, the *Call* published an anti-war edition. Page cartoons were a feature of it, and one of them was entitled "Europe's War Crazy House" and showed Uncle Sam getting ready to become an inmate. The *Call* sold like hot cakes in those days at the enormous anti-war mass meetings held in Madison Square Garden.

The Socialist Party held a special convention in St. Louis at the same time the War Congress was in session. President Wilson appeared before Congress April 3 and announced that a state of war existed with Germany. The *Call* ran a banner head on the story, and under it a smaller head on the St. Louis convention story: "Socialists to Keep up Fight Against War. Conflict Called Battle for Protection of Loans to Allies and Blow at Democracy." War was declared on April 7. On April 12 the *Call* ran a head on its St. Louis story reading, "Socialists Brand War with Germany

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as Crime Against People and Nation." On April 15 its headline was "Socialists to Fight Conscription—Party is Pledged to Resist all Militarism."

The adoption of the majority report of the Socialist Party's resolutions committee caused a split in the party, and many important leaders, including the Socialist presidential nominee in 1916, repudiated the anti-war platform and joined the Wilson Democrats in the crusade for democracy. The managing editor of the *Call*, Chester M. Wright, had resigned some time before, when the Central Federated Union refused to endorse the paper because it opened its columns to unions not affiliated with the American Federation of Labor. Charles W. Ervin took command and steered into the storm. On April 29 the *Call* ran a half-page editorial under a big black head:

> BETRAYED
>
> The Congress of the United States has betrayed the people of the United States by passing a Conscription Act which gives the lie to every democratic principle set forth in the Declaration of Independence. . . .
>
> The press of the United States, with a few notable exceptions, has betrayed the people of the United States by lulling them to sleep with lying statements as to the true character of this act.

This editorial ended by urging the repeal of the Conscription Act. Later it fought a cool-headed but ineffective battle against the press censorship and for the maintenance of civil liberties. Boardman Robinson, the cartoonist, left the *Tribune* and joined Ryan Walker on its staff, and some of the best reporters in New York left better-paying positions on other papers to work for it.

The Espionage Act was passed in June and the national office of the Socialist party was raided in September. Soon the *Call* lost its second-class mailing privilege, but nevertheless it managed to keep on. After the Armistice it obtained access to the Department of Justice's index of "pro-German suspects," containing the names of many patriotic Liberals, and published lengthy extracts from it.

Red scares furnished daily headlines for the other papers, and on May Day, 1919, a mob of ex-service men raided the *Call's* office. It had always supported any union on strike, but the split in the ranks of the New York unions on the question of the A. F. of L. affiliation weakened it. Then the paper was drawn into the Socialist-Communist battle for control of the needle trades, and its circulation dropped below 10,000.

The Workmen's Coöperative Publishing Association, which owned it, was then persuaded to merge with an organization which promised larger support. The *Call* was an "and" paper, being purchased usually with the *World* or *Times*. With the help of six unions representing 300,000 members, and a $40,000 donation from the Garland Fund, $92,000 was raised and the *Call* was taken over by the Labor Press Association, Inc., on August 13, 1923. October 1 it appeared as the *Leader*.

Norman Thomas, now the Socialist candidate for President, was editor-in-chief, and Heber Blankenhorn managing editor. A competent staff worked night and day getting out a first-rate afternoon newspaper. Once, for a week, the other papers were tied up by a pressman's strike and it had a clear field. Blankenhorn spent money lavishly, and the circulation mounted to 35,000. But at the end of six weeks the business manager announced that there was no more money, so the *Leader* suspended. It reappeared early in 1924 as the weekly *New Leader*, which now has a circulation of 25,000.

III

The Milwaukee *Leader*, which has lived longer than any American labor daily published in English and is still healthy, has become an institution in its home town. About $600,000 has been invested in the paper; it is owned by 12,000 individuals, mainly members of Socialist and union organizations. The *Leader* is published in its own home, Brisbane Hall, named after

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the father of Arthur Brisbane. The founder, editor and general director of the paper is Congressman Victor L. Berger.

Although now sailing in calm waters and rapidly paying off its earlier losses, the *Leader* has had stormy days, particularly during the war. In October, 1917, its second-class mailing privileges were revoked, cutting off one-third of its subscribers. Merchants were influenced to withdraw their advertising. In August, 1918, its incoming mail was held up. Twice it was raided by the Department of Justice. Twice its editor, elected to Congress, was refused his seat. With other officials of the National Socialist Party, he was convicted under the Espionage Act and sentenced to twenty years in prison. He carried his fight to the Supreme Court and won. Congress then granted him his seat, and ever since that time his constituency, which had supported the *Leader* throughout the war, has kept him in office as the lone Socialist Congressman.

In addition to the usual newspaper features the *Leader* reprints leading articles from European labor papers and educational treatises on economics, politics and other serious subjects. The editorial page is in charge of John M. Work. When Congressman Berger is in Washington the paper is run by Miss Elizabeth M. Thomas, "the *Leader's* Guardian Angel." Several times in the early days she saved it out of her small private income.

Nearly all of its 50,000 circulation is delivered to the homes of its readers by carriers, and the advertisers of Milwaukee give it a good share of their trade. Its local service is good and it boasts of being the cleanest paper in the city. It is largely a reflection of its editor's ideals, policies and character. Berger was born in Austria-Hungary and on his arrival in Milwaukee became a school-teacher. In addition to their Socialist Congressman, the Milwaukee Socialists have a mayor, a number of city councilmen and ten members in the Wisconsin Legislature.

The Oklahoma *Leader* sprang out of the brain of Oscar Ameringer, the dean of labor journalism and a friend of Berger. The Milwaukee *Leader* helped finance its namesake and came to its rescue frequently until all hope was abandoned in 1922. The paper's war-time circulation was around 10,000. A strong Socialist sentiment developed in those days among the tenant farmers, miners and oil-workers of Oklahoma. But factional fights weakened the party, and the *Leader* management cast around for new alignments with other progressive groups. One of these was the Farm-Labor Union of America, composed of both white and colored farmers and farm laborers, which had a membership in 1920 of 400,000.

As the organ of the Farmer-Labor Reconstruction League the *Leader* joined forces with the miners and railroad brotherhoods and helped nominate J. C. Walton, labor's mayor of Oklahoma City, for Governor on the Democratic ticket. Walton had been a railroad conductor and was regarded as a friend of the under dog. A platform was borrowed from the Non-Partisan League and the miners and railroad unions raised a campaign fund of $25,000. Walton made a red-fire and brass-band campaign throughout the State, promising $3 wheat and 5-cent bread. Every newspaper in the State except the *Leader* was against him.

Shortly after his election Walton moved from his modest two-family house to a $48,000 mansion and hired a butler. It was charged that he had received a $50,000 bribe from a big oil operator to sell out his labor supporters. Under pressure from these supporters he appointed George Young, a member of the *Leader* staff and formerly an instructor in the State Agricultural College, president of that school. Young announced that he would make it into a great university. A week later Walton revoked the appointment at the instigation of the American Legion, charging that Young was a red. Young said, "What's the use?" and went upstairs in the *Leader* building and shot himself through the head.

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Deserted by his labor allies, Walton sought new prestige by attacking the Ku Klux Klan, which was very active in Oklahoma. He declared martial law and sent troops to Oklahoma City and Tulsa. The betrayed Socialist and labor forces then joined with the Klan, and after a long and bitter battle Walton was impeached and removed from office. By this time the citizens of Oklahoma were sick of both Walton and the Klan. The poverty-stricken farmers lost faith in the *Leader* as well as in its Governor and cancelled their subscriptions. The local merchants then withdrew their advertising and the *Leader* was no more.

Among the journalists of ability on its staff were Dan Hogan, now editor of the weekly *Leader;* his daughter, Freda Hogan; Harry Salpeter, now of the New York *World;* McAlister Coleman, of the *New Leader;* Edward Chamberlain, and Carl Leathwaite. The spirit of the paper was embodied in Freda Hogan. She is one of the few war-time radicals who still retain their faith in the labor movement.

The Minnesota *Daily Star* was conceived by A. C. Townley, father of the Non-Partisan League. He thought the paper would be able to silence the hostile press of the Twin Cities and afford a mouthpiece for the League. It was to be a complete newspaper, so that the farmers of the Northwest would not need to take any other. It described itself as "an independent daily newspaper, devoted to the freedom of the press and liberty of public opinion, with no interests to serve but the public good."

Thomas Van Lear was then business agent of the Machinists' Union in Minneapolis, and in 1917–18 had been mayor of the town. Townley headed the Non-Partisan League organizers in a stock drive among the farmers, while Van Lear sold stock to the unions. The campaign lasted from February, 1919, to August, 1920, and $680,000 was raised, all but $70,000 of which came from the farmers. The *Star* had about 6,500 individual stockholders and ten times as many indirect share-owners.

A modern newspaper plant was built, and equipped with machinery to handle all of the Non-Partisan League's publications. Also in the five-story building was to be located the League's headquarters. The *Star* started publishing August 19, 1920, and at once found itself in deep water. The capital had practically all been sunk in the building and equipment. The local merchants, alarmed by the propaganda of the rival papers, withheld their advertising and the *Star* lost $1,000 a day during its first two months. The post-war deflation was on and the farmers were going bankrupt while the union treasuries were nearly empty. But the *Star's* circulation rose to 35,000 at the end of the first year and crossed the 60,000 line in 1923.

Control of its policy shifted between three men, Van Lear, H. E. Gaston and Townley. The first year, Gaston, who had built up a string of Non-Partisan League papers in North Dakota, was the editor. He was a good newspaper man, and the *Star* became an excellent paper. Its editorials were often brilliant and its special articles were widely quoted. Van Lear was the business manager, but at that time was still in politics. When Gaston endeavored to reach middle-class readers through a clean-up-the-town campaign, Van Lear's henchmen began to get hit. They ran to Van Lear and demanded that he call off Gaston. Gaston insisted on his rights as editor and the matter was taken to the directors. Van Lear won, Gaston resigned, and Van Lear became editor-manager.

Propaganda was then excluded and the paper's editorials became brief comments on the day's news. The red *Star* in the Northwest turned pink and then white. It became simply a Liberal newspaper carrying labor news, uncolored. Its rivals ceased calling it Bolshevik. Van Lear's wide acquaintanceship maintained a general confidence in its integrity. Through several small banker friends he was able to obtain loans when all other sources failed. The *Star* became the official paper of Minneapolis and of Hennepin county.

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During the second year Townley took exception to some articles on League affairs and rounded up proxies enough to name his own board. But he turned control back to Van Lear when faced with the task of carrying the financial burden himself. The Communists, who became strong in some of the unions and in the Farmer-Labor Party, demanded special privileges for their propaganda. In the resulting proxy battle for control the Communists were overwhelmingly defeated by the League farmers.

The *Star* was a tower of strength in the Farmer-Labor Party campaign of 1922, when Senator Henrik Shipstead defeated Secretary of State Kellogg. In Minneapolis the paper helped the labor groups place fourteen candidates in the City Council. But it went bankrupt and was sold to a private company in June, 1924. Its reactionary ghost is now popularly supposed to be controlled by the Great Northern Railroad interests.

IV

Butte, Montana, has always been a hotbed of labor strife. The hard-rock miners of the vicinity are the toughest group of workers in the country. During the war the veterans of the labor wars of three decades flocked to the town and it became "the largest mining camp in the world." There were sixteen men to one woman and the place was as wide open as in the days of the old West. Fighting the "company" was one of the main recreations. The Anaconda Copper Company's private army of gunmen, spies, strike-breakers and detectives was met by the One Big Union, the I. W. W., and what was left of the old Western Federation.

Against the flood of propaganda poured forth by the copper press stood the miners' own daily, the Butte *Bulletin*. Everybody read it to get the miner's side of the local war news. It was published in an abandoned church and over its windows were iron bars. A rack of rifles resided in the front office and there was a small arsenal upstairs. The plant was protected by a Red Guard and its editors were always armed. A gun battle raged one night around the *Bulletin* office between the Red Guard and the company gunmen. Miners with Winchesters guarded the presses while extras were run off bearing screaming headlines and raving editorials challenging the hirelings of the company to do their worst. Every few days a small standing-in-type item without a head would reappear on the front page:

> Another company gunman was found dead last night in the alley back of the Blank saloon.

Although he had been convicted under the State Sedition Act for editorial attacks on the Montana State Council of Defense, William F. Dunne, editor of the *Bulletin*, ran for mayor of Butte in 1919, on the Democratic ticket. The opposing candidate was Captain William Cutts, a former Army officer, running on a platform of Americanism. Dunne won by a majority of fourteen votes, but was later counted out in the courts.

After the Armistice the copper mines of Butte closed down. The thriftless miners were soon broke and the soap-box orators of the *Bulletin* staff could no longer harangue a crowd of them and get a hatful of bills to release a carload of paper held on a sidetrack. Business men who dared to advertise in the *Bulletin* were few. When the money ran out its friends rode out of town on freight trains and the *Bulletin* went west.

The Seattle *Union Record*, but lately defunct, began as a weekly. When the Seattle Central Labor Council, representing an organized labor army of 65,000 in 1918, decided to educate its members in class consciousness, the paper was changed into a daily. Advance subscriptions were sold at one dollar each, and with $20,000 collected payments were made on an old press and other mechanical equipment, which was housed in a small store building near the Labor Temple. On April 24, 1918 the *Union Record* appeared as the first metropolitan

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daily owned by American Federation of Labor unions.

From the start Editor-Manager E. B. Ault's time was taken up by bill collecting to meet the payroll. B. J. McMahon, an old timer, was managing editor: it was his knowledge of the libel laws that kept the paper out of the courts. The staff was composed of a handful of newspaper men who got out the paper, and a group of multicolored radicals who wrote reams of propaganda against the capitalistic system by day and campaigned among the unions by night.

The editorial page was in charge of Anna Louise Strong. Miss Strong was the daughter of a preacher, a leader of the parlor intelligentsia, a poet, and a believer in the Russian Utopia. She was the only one of the Seattle saviors of Russia who actually went there and took a hand in the hard and dangerous work of pioneering a new social order. Her editorials attracted attention among Liberals and her column of ragged verse voicing the aspirations of the disinherited was much praised.

The *Union Record* supported the Liberty Loan and Red Cross drives and observed a voluntary censorship on war news, but it did not blink at the current violations of civil liberties. The circulation dropped to 15,000 by the end of the first two months, but then climbed to the press capacity of 45,000. The Seattle merchants gave it a fair share of their advertising from the start and it was able to meet expenses.

In February, 1919, came the shipyard strike, followed by a general strike which tied up Seattle's industrial life for three days. The *Union Record* was hurled into the breach to silence the other papers, which resumed publication with headlines denouncing the Bolshevik revolution. The president of the Chamber of Commerce took command of the Associated Industries, and started out on a campaign to crush the unions and substitute the open shop. An advertising boycott was placed on the *Union Record*.

The Central Labor Council sent forward its shock troops, the class-war radicals, while the veteran leaders of the older unions rallied their ranks. The *Union Record's* advertising crews lined up the little business men against the big ones in the A. I., and with their small ads defeated the boycott. Day after day the *Union Record* published inside information on what the Associated Industries planned to do next. Everything that went wrong in post-war Seattle, including the closing down of the shipyards, was blamed on the Chamber of Commerce. The reactionary Seattle *Times* was made to eat crow quite regularly and its circulation suffered.

Following the Armistice Day riot at Centralia the *Union Record* ran an editorial headed "Don't Shoot in the Dark," and counseling a suspension of judgment until it could obtain the facts. The *Times* waved the flag and intimated that patriots silencing this friend of the I. W. W. revolutionists need have little fear of prosecution. The *Union Record* plant was guarded by an ex-private's organization. The next day the editor of the *Times* captured the aged district attorney and took him to Tacoma, where he was persuaded to sign an order for a Department of Justice raid on the paper. The *Union Record* presses were stopped and Editor E. B. Ault, Anna Louise Strong and the president and treasurer of the publishing company were arrested, charged with violation of the Espionage Act. Within a week, however, the *Union Record* was again on the streets, and the grand jury's indictments were subsequently quashed.

But this raid scared away the few remaining large space advertisers and the union treasuries were again called upon for aid. The small ad campaign was carried to nearby cities and special editions were published for Tacoma, Bremerton and Everett. The Communists then received orders from Moscow to capture the *Union Record* at all hazards and a bitter fight for control raged in the Labor Council for months. The State Federation of Labor endeavored to induce outside unions to buy

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control and make the *Union Record* a State labor organ, but the other unions did not want to buy a share of Seattle's white elephant.

When the war shifted to the political field the *Union Record* almost put Jimmy Duncan, secretary of the Central Labor Council, in the mayor's chair left vacant by Ole Hanson. The Farmer-Labor Party and Triple Alliance were given strong backing in a campaign to capture the State government, but a Republican landslide halted it.

The Associated Industries soon had the *Union Record* groggy, but it kept on fighting gamely. One day it announced that the truth needed to be told about the condition of some of the Seattle banks. Shortly before press time an alarmed committee from the Clearing House Association rushed into the office of President Frank Rust, of the Trades Union Savings and Loan Association, and asked him, as treasurer of the Union Record Publishing Company, to suppress the revelations promised. The story was suppressed, but in its place appeared an announcement that the union-smashing campaign of the Associated Industries had been halted and that industrial peace would return to Seattle. Some of the paper's friends thought it had sold out. As a matter of fact, an understanding had been reached whereby the bankers agreed to call off the Associated Industries' open shop campaign in return for the *Union Record's* abandoning its flank attack on the banks.

On its third birthday the *Union Record* moved to a modern home of its own. It gradually changed with the times from a class-war organ into a sober labor paper and then into a Liberal one containing labor news. Banks and department-stores once more advertised in it, and its editor served on committees of the Chamber of Commerce as well as of the Central Labor Council. The I. W. W. and other radical readers lost faith in it, and returned to the pseudo-radical *Star*. When the Labor Council could no longer meet its operating deficits the *Union Record* was taken over by a private company controlled by its editors. Its proud banner of "Published for Principle and Not for Profit" was furled and in its place appeared "A Newspaper for Thinking People." It became known as the *Record*. It struggled along, waterlogged with debt, into the new economic depression and sank last February. In his farewell editorial, Editor Ault said the paper's history proved that labor unions were incapable of operating daily newspapers.

V

The Communist or Workers' Party started the Chicago *Daily Worker* in January, 1924. The paper has had three editors owing to the revolutionary storms which sweep the party of the revolutionary working class. The book of tactics calls for a "resolute minority to seize power" and there are as many little Lenins among the Communists as there are generals in the Mexican army.

Party rows furnished much of the reading matter in the paper, particularly the Foster-Ruthenberg feud, which went up to the supreme court in Moscow. Its news was full of propaganda against the American Federation of Labor, and its rivals of the Socialist Party. Its circulation was small and two years ago a better field was sought in New York. Some improvement was then made, but the news in the paper is still colored a bright red. It has been housed in an East Side garret but is to move to a Workers' Center in Union Square, which it has renamed Red Square.

Robert Minor, who led the fight to free Tom Mooney, is now the editor. William F. Dunne, who won his epaulettes on the Butte *Bulletin*, is his assistant. Dunne is usually serving as a war correspondent on the coal strike front, gathering "Save the Union" news, side-stepping the organizers of Czar Lewis, and dodging the company police. Scott Nearing, the labor economist, has recently started a Brisbane column to expose the latest sins of capitalism. A wartime atmosphere still hangs around the office of the *Daily Worker*. The stranger is

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regarded as a detective or spy. Telephone inquiries elicit only vague information. If the paper is getting a subsidy from Moscow it must be small, for the average issue is but six pages.

The rise of the labor dailies created the desire for a labor news service. This developed into the Federated Press, which started in 1920. The high mortality among the war-time labor dailies soon caused its wire service to be abandoned, but a daily mail service has been maintained. The FP now serves some seventy A. F. of L., Socialist, Communist, Farmer-Labor, foreign language and independent publications, including fifteen dailies.

Most of the members of its executive board are members of the A. F. of L. but no labor organization has dominance. The managing editor is Carl Haessler. The Chicago headquarters office and the Washington and New York news bureau are in charge of competent newspaper men. Special correspondents are sent to strike districts, labor conventions and big labor trials. Writers travelling abroad send in special articles. The FP colors its news in the interest of labor, but it does not favor any faction.

From all this it appears that the American labor movement has not made much progress in the field of daily journalism. Only two dailies are still afloat, and neither the Milwaukee *Leader* nor the *Daily Worker* can be considered of national influence in comparison with the *Daily Herald* of the British labor movement. Daniel DeLeon was the only editor of an American labor daily who ranked with the great editors of the European labor press. With few exceptions the American editors have been first-rate fighters, but they have lacked the cultural breadth necessary for a clear perspective on national and international problems.

The two surviving labor dailies have about as much respect for each other as they have for the *Saturday Evening Post*. They represent the right and left wings of the movement. The average American working man is not class conscious enough to support a labor press. The New York *Daily News* and the Chicago *Herald-Examiner* contain what he likes to read. If he wants Socialist campaign news he can tune in on WEVD, New York, and get it red hot. If he wants labor news there is a labor-owned broadcasting station in Chicago.

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THE SOVIET OF LADY PATRIOTS

BY MARGARET COBB

LAST April, just as the weather was growing warm, the Daughters of the American Revolution staged their annual uproar at the national capital. The scoundrels who operate newspapers always look forward with high expectations to these shows, and the Daughters seldom fail them. This year, as everyone will recall, the celebrated Blacklist held the center of the stage, and headline honors were divided equally between Mrs. Alfred Brosseau, the august President-General of the organization, and Mrs. Helen Tufts Bailie, a wicked insurgent from New England.

It is quite possible, and very probable, that this is Mrs. Bailie's last season with the Daughters. One likes to believe that eventually she and her foes will kiss and make up, but the prospect of such a reconciliation grows steadily more remote. Mrs. Bailie might conceivably have been forgiven for "maliciously revealing to the world private State matters" when she blabbed the sacred Blacklist and attracted a blaze of publicity thereby; she might even have been forgiven for accusing her superior officer, Mrs. Brosseau, of being "hypnotized" by professional patriots. But how will she get around her next and most heinous offense? How will she explain her presence at the dinner sponsored by that radical sheet, the *Nation*, and attended by the very individuals proscribed by the Daughters? Right in the midst of the enemy! Oh, the horror and the shame of it!

Fortunately, at the time Mrs. Bailie was thus betraying her responsibilities as a 100% American, her colleagues had their attention drawn elsewhere, so that the horror of her conduct did not fall as heavily upon them as it might have. While the terrible Blacklist dinner was going on Mrs. Brosseau, trailing a train and waving a plume aloft, was bending her 100% American knee to their gracious majesties, King George and Queen Mary, at Buckingham Palace. What were home troubles compared to that gorgeous event? Glorying in their President-General's affable reception before the British throne, the D. A. R. ladies quite forgot the Bailie fuss, and instead feasted on the cable reports describing the grand obeisance. With pride they read:

> "It was all a very delightful experience for an American, very delightful . . . I went in early," said Mrs. Brosseau, with a slight touch of triumph, "and I was in the Throne Room from the very beginning of the ceremony. It was the first time I had ever been inside the palace. All I can say in describing it is that it was very ceremonious; in fact, I would call it dignified and wonderful."

But meanwhile Mrs. Brosseau herself had not lost sight of the fact that more mundane matters than royal presentations demanded her decision. Upon her return to the United States she was quick to denounce the action of eleven New England Daughters, including Mrs. William Lyon Phelps and Mrs. Joseph A. Whitney, who resigned soon after the Spring battle-royal in Washington. Concerning these ladies, who protested against the Blacklist and were undoubtedly in cahoots with the impertinent Mrs. Bailie, the President-General succinctly told the newspapermen: "Let them get out if they want to."

But it looks as if Mrs. Bailie, the boon

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companion of Clarence Darrow, Mary E. Woolley, Senator Borah, Heywood Broun, Roscoe Pound and other horrendous Reds, does not comprehend that she, too, must get out. Last June the D. A. R. National Board of Management discharged her from the society, but she threatens to appeal to the next convention and announces that she means to remain on board. "I will fight to the end." That, in short, is her ultimatum. And that, in short, demonstrates that she is still, for all her waywardness, a D. A. R. of the old tradition —full of the fighting spirit and always ready for a scrap.

Once upon a time, if the story told be true, the Sons of the American Revolution and the Daughters pursued their patriotic activities in one and the same organization. For fifteen years the partnership existed, and, we have ample reason to believe, in peace and tranquillity. Indeed, the ladies were apparently perfectly happy working side by side with the Sons, despite the fact that they were not entitled to full membership. Then without the slightest warning, the male patrioteers did something unpardonable. They kicked the Daughters out. This was in April, 1890. At the annual meeting, held in Louisville, Ky., a "vote was cast excluding women" from the society. The ladies were exceedingly shocked. Nay, they were furious. As one recorder puts it, "American women were filled with great indignation." But their protests, which they supported with tales of brave Revolutionary heroines, were of no avail. The Sons wanted to go stag.

Instead of languishing beneath the smart, the patriotic sisters exhibited a militant spirit. Before the year 1890 was over the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution was founded. By 1906 its members "numbered more than any force the Continental Army could put in the field." And by 1911, the Daughters shouted triumphantly that they outnumbered the Sons 80,000 to 18,000. Thus they turned the other cheek.

II

How did the society start? Who deserves credit for starting it? Numerous conflicting answers are heard, each purporting to give "the true story of the founding of the D. A. R." The chief among the early claimants, it seems, was a Mrs. Flora Adams Darling (God rest her soul!), a lady whose name today is anathema to the society. Boasting of descent from the celebrated Adams family, Mrs. Darling swore by all the saints that she was the original organizer of the Daughters. Said she: "When it was decided that neither the Sons of the Revolution nor the Sons of the American Revolution would admit daughters of Revolutionary patriots I conceived the idea and carried out the plan to organize an independent society."

"But you didn't," fired back a Miss Mary Desha, another claimant to the foundership. "It was this way," she replied, in a paper familiar as the Desha Pamphlet. "On July 13, Mrs. Mary S. Lockwood, roused by the action of the Sons at Louisville, published in the Washington *Post* a reproduction of the history of Hannah Arnett, the Revolutionary heroine, and asked in conclusion, 'Where will the Sons place Hannah Arnett?' Mr. William O. McDowell, a great-great grandson of Hannah and a member of the Sons, saw the article, and published in the *Post* an article offering to assist in forming a society and concluding with a formal call for organization. This was the first proposal."

"Miss Desha is a pronounced woman suffragist," retorted Mrs. Darling, "and Mr. McDowell is a trouble-maker. When Mr. McDowell offered his services at the initial meeting I invited him to preside: he did so. Our acquaintance began and ended with this service, for which he sent me a bill for $75." Whether she paid the bill, Mrs. Darling did not state. She did say, however, that she had "incurred his enmity" on another score. "I declined to accept his paper applying for membership

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in the Daughters. I was willing to have him the Pope, but I drew the line at admitting him to sisterhood."

Certain other stories deny that Mrs. Darling possessed the authority, as she implies, either to make a Son Pope of the new organization or to withhold his membership. Nevertheless, they agree that not only Mr. McDowell but many other Sons assisted in launching the new society. And most generously, too. The once detestable S. A. R.'s gladly served in the capacity of advisory committee and even turned over copies of their constitution, by-laws, and membership blanks to be used, said one of the ladies, "as a basis for our work." A gentleman named Dr. George Brown Goode to this day receives credit for designing the official D. A. R. insignia—a spinning wheel and distaff. With all this help one may imagine that the work of drawing up their constitution was a simple procedure for the Daughters. And so it was. In practically no time they were able to state the object of their society:

> To perpetuate the memory and the spirit of the men and women who achieved American Independence by the acquisition and protection of historical spots and the erection of monuments, by the encouragement of historical research in relation to the Revolution and the publication of its results; by the preservation of documents and relics, and of the records of the individual services of Revolutionary soldiers and patriots, and by the promotion of celebrations of all patriotic anniversaries.

Almost verbatim the language is that previously used by the S. A. R.'s. Everything looked rosy and fine for the organizers until they struck a snag.

Should the members be lineal or collateral descendants of Revolutionary patriots? Or both? Energetic Miss Desha, opposing any rule that should put limits on the membership, proposed what she considered the best solution of the whole problem. "Put in a clause that members must be descendants of *mothers* of patriots."

"No, no, no!" exclaimed Mrs. Darling, horror-stricken. "Don't you see what will happen? Why, a clause like that will permit descendants of Tories to become eligible! A mother might have had one son a Patriot, and nine others Tories. We must never risk taking in descendants of Tories."

But her reasonings fell on deaf ears, and the offending clause was inserted. Much later, when the D. A. R. was well established, Mrs. Darling's alarming prophecy came true.

"An unforeseen condition arose from the Mother-of-a-Patriot clause," record Mrs. Mary S. Lockwood and Miss Emily Lee Sherwood, co-authors of another of the various D. A. R. histories. "It developed in Virginia that application for membership had come from a descendant of a mother of a patriot, who was also a mother of Tories. One son *was* a patriot, others Tories, and it was the descendant of a Tory that applied for membership."

So the clause was removed, and thereafter the D. A. R. constitution provided that only lineal descendants could apply for membership. When the change was made, Mrs. Darling, who had advocated lineal descent from the start, had long since been excommunicated. But that is another tale. Loyal Daughters of that trying period declared at the time that the Society breathed much easier when La Darling got out. She was such a heckler! One day she would be fighting about leaders of the society "being social climbers." The next, she accused them of "blackballing inferiors." She criticized the society for harboring a "committee of safety to keep out plain people," asserted that the five dollars initiation fee was exorbitant—"Many in the South will object to it,"—and on top of all, organized a D. A. R. chapter in Harlem, New York, which, she boasted, was intended "to give room to undesired patriots." This was the last straw. On July 30, 1891, the newspaper headlines read: "Mrs. Darling Deposed by National Board of D. A. R. Not Eligible to Her Own Society." The lady herself claims that she resigned on June 18, 1891. By August she had inaugurated a rival society, the Daughters of the Revolution—a title differing

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only slightly from that of the original Daughters. The new group took an oath "to stand by the founder . . . independent of Mr. McDowell's influence." It still flourishes. And so do the Daughters of 1812, also founded by the indefatigable Mrs. Darling.

From the very beginning, Mrs. Lockwood's book reveals, the villains of the newspapers spotted D. A. R. meetings as occasions for humorous digs. This was even true of the initial conclave. "But," the author explains, "the reporters forgot to take into consideration that many of the delegates were for the first time taking part in a meeting larger than a Ladies' Aid in a church parlor." She herself appreciated the humor of these meetings. "Many delegates wanted the floor at the same time. And to wait for recognition from the chair was almost an affront," she wrote. "They simply ignored parliamentary usage because they knew nothing about such rules. They would step out into the aisle, like an excited member of the United States Congress, and advance to the front to attract attention, while the presiding officer, equally inexperienced, had to be prompted, constantly, by the man at her elbow." Describing the convention of 1892, she told how bedlam broke loose over an invitation to the World's Columbian Exposition—then in preparation. "From all parts of the house rose objections, if not downright opposition," the D. A. R. historian went on to say. "One feared it would commit the Society to the suffrage movement!" From that day to this the Daughters' talents for producing lively news have not diminished one whit.

But for all its turbulence the society has expanded on a scale marvelous to behold. The ladies themselves speak of their progress as a "superb and colossal movement of patriotism." What feminine *Verein*, save the W. C. T. U. perhaps, can boast a membership of close to 200,000? Or 2,000 chapters? Or representation in forty-eight States and every American possession, beside auxiliary chapters in England, France and China? When one notes how many, many Daughters are spread through this wonderful land, nay, through the whole world, how insignificant becomes the observation that the roster reveals but few names of real Revolutionary heroes! Not that the Daughters are lax about admitting ladies whose pedigrees are questionable. They demand not only that every application be signed by a notary, but that the applicant be endorsed by at least one member of the society. If, in spite of these precautions, a non-blooded sister slips in now and then, who is to blame? Sometimes the slipping sister herself is unaware of any fraud. In a case called to my attention, a relative in charge of the family archives, eager to accommodate his aunt with the proper references, admitted that he doctored her certificate.

The sixty-seven charter members, we are assured, were "descendants of Washington (*sic*), Adams, Jefferson, Franklin, Ethan Allen, Pickens, Randolph, Lee, Rust, Chase, Green, Morris and Perry." A Miss Eugenia Washington was the "descendant of Washington" referred to—a mistake, of course. Miss Washington really claimed descent from a brother of the immortal George. In order to admit her a special resolution was passed:

> Since the Father of his country . . . left no lineal descendants an exception is made. *Resolved*, That the kinswomen of Washington who may desire to become members of the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution set forth their claims and submit applications, to be acted upon by the Board of Management in equitable manner, that they may secure full recognition in the Society in memory of Washington.

Apparently the Daughters were unaware that Washington's brothers were also reputed to have been Revolutionary heroes. The Adams member was Mrs. Darling, of course; upon her ejection, however, rumor got about that her ancestor was not the great John Adams at all, but merely a fifth cousin. But the Daughters do not contend they are all the progeny of illustrious persons, and in this respect they show a greater modesty than that rival

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patriotic order, the National Society of Colonial Dames. A number of years ago the D. A. R.'s honored an aged woman whom they found living in poverty in an isolated mountain district of North Carolina. The daughter of a buck-private who fought in the Battle of Cowpens, so they say, she was surprised but pleased at the age of ninety-four to receive a gold spoon, engraved with the D. A. R. insignia and the words, "A Real Daughter." Even the chaplain officiating at the First Congress is fondly remembered by the Society. In 1902 a Miss Elizabeth Chew Williams, of Baltimore, who traced her ancestry back to the reverend gentleman, was boosted for high office. "As great-great-grand-daughter of Bishop Claggett, who as chaplain opened with prayer the first Congress . . . the nomination of Miss Williams should be of historical interest," said a convention report in the Baltimore *Sun*.

"Some of the brainiest women the country affords have represented our chapters," confidently writes an enthusiastic member. Here the editors of Who's Who have clearly been guilty of oversight. A research in this hand-book of all worthwhile living Americans fails to disclose most of the D. A. R. leaders. Mrs. Brosseau, for instance. The book doesn't mention any Brosseau—either Grace, or her husband, Alfred! Yet we have the statement that the D. A. R. leaders are brainy. It is inconceivable that the lady making it had in mind the black sheep, Mrs. Darling, who, according to the Congressional Library catalogue, was the author of several novels: "A Winning Wayward Woman." "A Social Diplomat" and "Chapters in the Heart History of Amelie Warden." Perhaps she was thinking of Mrs. Daniel Lothrop, familiar to the public as Margaret Sidney, and author of the widely-read juvenile series, "The Five Little Peppers." Or Mrs. Ernest Thompson Seton, wife of the popular naturalist, and once president of the celebrated League of American Pen Women. Again she may have referred to the various D. A. R.'s whose husbands at one time or another figured in public life: Mrs. Benjamin Harrison, wife of the President (She was a member in name only. "When the assurance was given that some one would be elected to relieve her of arduous duties she consented to let her name be used," wrote Mrs. Lockwood, the historian); Mrs. Curtis D. Wilbur, wife of the eminent Secretary of the Navy; Mrs. A. V. Donahey, wife of Ohio's Governor; Mrs. Robert Lansing, or Princess Cantacuzene, grand-daughter of General Ulysses S. Grant, and wife of a Russian—royalist, not Bolshevik.

Cantankerous critics persist in disparaging the work carried on by the lady patrioteers. Have they no regard for patriotic services? Connecticut at one time had no State flag. Who pestered the Nutmeg Legislature to authorize one? The D. A. R.'s. Who dedicated a tablet to Francis Scott Key at Fort McHenry? The Daughters did of course. Next to chasing Bolsheviks marking historic spots is one of their major activities. In 1901 they took an oath:

> So long as there remains one spot to mark . . . one site on which patriots contended for human right, human liberty . . . there will ever remain work for the Daughters of the American Revolution.

Moreover, isn't the fact that the Fifty-fourth Congress authorized the ladies to deposit their "collections, manuscripts, books, pamphlets, and other material for history" in the Smithsonian Institution, sufficient recognition of their worth? Why, then, must they be harassed? In 1912, the President-General cried what a calamity it was that "our organization is looked upon as a species of mutual admiration society, for the promotion of pink teas and ancestor worship. . . . To the critics our patriotic principles and efforts are merely a cloak to hide our real purpose, namely, the furthering of the paltry, tawdry, ambitions of the alert among us to gain admission to the social citadels of the élite."

But such criticism was mild compared to the jibes thrust at the D. A. R.'s in recent years.

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III

Last year they distributed an amazing pamphlet. It was called "The Common Enemy." Directed alike against Communism, Bolshevism, Socialism, Liberalism and Pacifism, the document warned the country of a "world revolutionary movement which proposes to destroy civilization and Christianity." The Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, of which Miss Jane Addams is president, was among the organizations denounced, and there were several other women in the alleged conspiracy, including Miss Florence Kelley, secretary of the Consumer's League, and Mrs. Rose Schneidermann (the D. A. R.'s call her "Red Rose of Anarchy"), president of the Women's Trade Union League of New York.

For this eminently patriotic service what did the Daughters get? Nothing but slaps. With tears in eye one reads a scathing diatribe by the illustrious Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, published in the July, 1927, *Women's Citizen:*

> The D. A. R.'s tear to shreds the ideals of their Revolutionary fathers, slander innocent organizations and individuals, create a wave of anti-Red hysteria throughout the country, and incidentally give psychologists a queer object-lesson in heredity. [How could she!] In libraries and laboratories among the psychologists and experts on inheritance the D. A. R. is now listed as an interesting case. These men of science say that qualities which led the fathers to live and die for certain ideas, new in their time, have become atrophied in their daughters. The campaign, directed and financed by parties unknown, that your leaders are assisting, professes to aim at the destruction of an alleged Bolshevik plot to overturn this government. . . . It has not unearthed a single Bolshevik nor discovered any evidence of a plot. . . . Instead it has made slanderous, mendacious and brutal attacks upon thousands of Americans who never saw a Bolshevik in their lives.

Upon first consideration President-General Brosseau, as befitted her station, treated the Catt letter with lofty dignity. "The D. A. R. needs no defense from me or any one else," she said. Two weeks later, however, she went on: "Mrs. Catt is either strangely misinformed or wilfully unobserving if she fails to recognize the evidences of Communism in America. She has not in the slightest degree impressed us with our guilt, nor will she deter us in our efforts along any lines of endeavor we may have chosen. We have the approval of too many leaders of thought in the United States, including President Coolidge and Secretary Kellogg." That last shot resembles a brave remark uttered by Mrs. Brosseau's predecessor in 1905: "When there is some reason to be in want of an American Eagle, Congress and the White House may send to the Daughters of the American Revolution. We have a nest full."

But many staunch admirers of the Daughters who loyally applaud their zealous endeavors to "counteract Communistic and other radical activities" have been somewhat troubled lately. Very puzzling remarks have they heard. "The D. A. R.'s have been duped." Or, "The D. A. R.'s are the victims of professional patriots." Look what the gabby Editor William Allen White wrote about them during the recent Blacklist row:

> The Daughters of the American Revolution have been lured into Red-baiting by the tea gladiators of Washington. . . . They are all right; just foolish leadership and a taste for idle, apoplectic old gentlemen in red flannels. . . . The retired army officers in Washington hypnotize the nice old girls.

What did he mean, army officers? Surely, his reference was not to those dear, accommodating officers of the American Legion who annually address the D. A. R. convention. Even worse are the reiterated accusations that the Hon. Fred R. Marvin, director and owner of the Key Men of America, has the beloved Daughters in tow.

Mrs. Bailie, it will be remembered, was among the first to accuse Mrs. Brosseau of being under domination of Mr. Marvin. Now, according to a certain seditious booklet entitled "The Blue Menace," he is credited with being grandpa to the whole blacklist business. "The Blue Menace," be it explained, is a pamphlet which the D. A. R.'s classify as a "subversive in-

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fluence." Published by the Springfield *Republican*, it says perfectly horrid things about the D. A. R., the Key Men, the Scabbard and Blade Society, the Industrial Defense Association, and other numerous groups dedicated to combating such Reds as Dean Pound, W. E. B. Dubois, Norman Thomas, David Starr Jordan, Dudley Field Malone, and Felix Frankfurter. Dr. Marvin, who single-handed has unearthed (on paper) more Reds than could be deported aboard the *Leviathan*, is maligned for making patriotism a business. Because he once defended the martyrs, Messrs. Fall and Sinclair as "loyal citizens" "The Blue Menace" regrets that the Daughters associate with him.

But Mrs. Brosseau doesn't believe he is such a terrible ogre. In fact, in her reply to Mrs. Bailie's attack she calls him "a man well known for his long and sturdy fight against radicalism." And she is in a position to know, for the advisory council of the Key Men lists her as one of its members.

The Daughters frequently consider it a duty to endorse Red-stalking periodicals. A favorite is the *National Republic*, printed in Washington. It exhibits a touching friendliness toward the D. A. R.'s. So friendly is it that its subscription rates were reduced last Spring from $2 to $1.50 as a special offer to the Falls Church (Va.) Chapter.

Gaudy circulars advertising this wonderful bargain were distributed at the Washington convention. "The D. A. R. on the firing line! Place your subscription to the *National Republic* now through the Falls Church Chapter! Help swell the Treasury Funds of Falls Church Chapter." The *National Republic* is a paper "for Fundamental Americanism," and "against all Subversive Movements Inimical to American Ideals." Its contents are worth study: "The Fatal Double Decade," which explains why twenty and not thirteen is an unlucky number for Presidents; "How Our Congress Functions," by the celebrated William Tyler Page; "Taking the Air with Lindy," by Mrs. Gladyce W. Simmons, wife of the Representative from Nebraska; not to mention editorials on "Sniping at the D. A. R." and "Dreiser and Communism." But it is the advertising pages that lend real tone to the paper. Under a general heading, "Leading Institutions of Higher Education," appears this:

> Become a doctor of Bio-Psychology and Expert Bio-Psycho-Analyst. Dr. Taylor will personally help you master his new science of life and mind.

In another column the Moody Bible Institute correspondence school curries your favor with:

> Bible Test Free—Find out how much you really know about this profound Book of Books. The Better you know it the happier you will be.

And a full page advertisement discusses the "misunderstood subject of rejuvenation":

> Are you blaming these troubles on approaching age? Prostate trouble is also the frequent cause of debility, weakness, pains in the back, feet and legs, chronic fatigue, and a general lack of ambition, a feeling of age, depression and irritability.

The Daughters swear by the *National Republic*. "I think the *National Republic* is a most excellent periodical," says a signed testimonial from Mrs. Julius Y. Talmadge, Vice-President General, "and entirely in keeping with the ideals and principles of the D. A. R."

Of late years the lady patriots have again demonstrated their Americanism by appointing themselves hostesses to the immigrant. I say of late years. There was a time when mere mention of the immigrant question threw them into a panic. Back in 1893 the D. A. R. magazine wailed bitterly:

> There is danger ahead! Our country is being denationalized by Hungarians, Poles, and Italians!

Today they still regard foreigners with caution, it is true, but more calmly than before. With a spirit of helpfulness, too. Since 1921 the national organization has issued a manual "for the information of immigrants and foreigners" which is distributed to the inmates herded at Ellis

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and Angel Islands. Translated into eighteen languages, the booklet includes the Constitution of the United States, instructions on becoming a citizen, a brief history of this country, rules "governing the use of the American flag," and general information that is undoubtedly of use to literate persons coming to our shores. That the beneficiaries of this pamphlet may not escape knowing who the donors are, the book is opened with a compact description of the D. A. R. and its aims. The ladies compiling the manual were careful to say that the word Revolution in their title was not "the kind of revolution which destroys and overturns. . . . The American Revolution did none of these things." They also included certain unmistakable warnings:

> We ask you to remember that liberty does not mean lawlessness.
>
> If you do not wish to be true to her [America] do not ask to be made an American citizen. You cannot have two countries.
>
> Immigration laws provide for the deportation of Anarchists, or persons who believe in or advocate the overthrow by force or violence of the Government.

From a statement of Mrs. Brosseau, one gathers that Uncle Sam has turned the whole immigrant-welcoming business over to her guild. "Upon us, the D. A. R.'s, has been bestowed the God-given privilege of lending a helping hand," she reported when chairman of the D. A. R. Ellis Island Committee.

This responsibility, naturally, costs a great deal of money. During 1927, according to the treasurer's report, the large sum of $1400 was spent in hospitality at Angel and Ellis Islands.

Lest the impression be given that the Daughters, in showing solicitude for foreigners, have deserted their Nordic ideals, I repeat the following familiar D. A. R. proclamation:

> We stand for the purity of our Caucasian blood and the gradual elevation of the white man's standard of living, which on this continent and under the Old Flag has attained the highest level so far attained by any nation in the history of the world.

IV

"Hisses from various parts of the hall greeted the name of this society." These words appeared in a newspaper account of the D. A. R.'s thirty-seventh Continental Congress (*i.e.* annual convention). The society mentioned was the International League for Peace and Freedom, "called by some delegates," says the report, "a Red society." The hisses were directed at a Daughter confessing that she was national secretary of the League. While such loud reproval may have seemed all but inelegant, coming from a group of elderly ladies, it was warranted. Indeed, war whoops would have been justified. All these years the lady patriots have been hot on the trail of pacifist organizations. For a member to belong to one! Might not the public get the notion the Daughters were turning slackers?

Reassuring, then, is the news that the society still clamors for a strong Army and Navy. Mrs. William Sherman Walker, chairman of the National Defense Committee, gave an illuminating interpretation of the Society's stand when she appeared recently before the Naval Affairs Committee of the House of Representatives:

> Away with pretense, cloaked pacifism, citizenship shams, defense masks, religious false faces! The National Defense Committee Chairman of the National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution, desires to affirm personally and to record in behalf of her society that the women who claim descent from patriots lend their sanction to the pending Naval Program.

It is true that the Bailie insurgents protested that Mrs. Walker did not express the views of the entire society, and formulated a resolution to this effect. But Mrs. Brosseau neatly quashed the resolution upon its submission at the convention. So we may comfortably assume that Mrs. Walker was right. Certainly Mrs. Brosseau takes sides with her colleague; she even goes a little further. "Do not be deceived by the smoke screen that National Defense is politics, with which this organization should have no concern," she told the

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Daughters in her convention speech. "If defense of your country does become enmeshed with political issues, then your job is politics."

Should some carper pipe up that politics is far removed from the Daughters' original patriotic objectives, or insinuate that boosting bigger Navies, uprooting Liberals, and proscribing opponents of war do not sound like patriotic activities, he is—well, he is sour; that's all. Probably he would advise the Daughters to sit back and twiddle their thumbs. Thirty-seven years in patriotic service is a long time. Isn't it reasonable to suppose that the duties the ladies first assumed—such as marking Revolutionary graves, placing tablets over historic spots, dedicating drinking fountains, collecting historical data and compiling genealogies—must have worn out, especially since dozens of other patriotic orders are dedicated to them? No, the Daughters refuse to twiddle their thumbs.

"The Finest Patriotic Society in the World." Thus they designate themselves. To support their boast they point to their $1,700,000 endowment fund. They are housed in Memorial Continental Hall, one of the capitol's handsomest buildings. They are a godsend to genealogical publishers and experts in heraldry. Their treasurer's report indicates that it took more than $340,000 to run the national organization during the first three months of this year. Of this $36,308 was the outlay for "patriotic education and Americanization," $8,473 went toward the "preservation of historic spots," and $3,801 was devoted to "student loan funds."

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THE FIRST SMITH OF CALIFORNIA

BY HELEN DWIGHT FISHER

IN 1826 California lay quietly behind her guardian mountains which no American had crossed. The United States moved slowly westward, but between her frontier and Mexico's guarded territory there still lay miles of Indian lands, of unexplored peaks, valleys, rivers and deserts. President Monroe had objected to the advent of Russian colonists on the Pacific, but even so that coast was not yet urgently alluring to the United States. It was too far away. John Ledyard, after his voyage with Captain Cook in 1776, had described its marvels to Jefferson, Paul Jones and Robert Morris; Lewis and Clark and the Astorians had made their Oregonian journeys; and there were a few Americans in California now, seamen from the ships which had persisted in haunting the coast, trading in defiance of Spanish and Mexican law, ever since that day in 1788 when Governor Fages warned Arguello that two ships said to belong to General Washington were off the Farallones.

But St. Louis was still the frontier city. The Santa Fé trade had barely begun, and wandering fur-trappers had only recently discovered the South Pass over the Rockies which emigrants were to use in two decades, and the wonders of Great Salt Lake, which Brigham Young was to covet. Seventeen years elapsed before the trappers had brought the coast near enough for Frémont to be sent to explore it. After all, Mexico, though nervous in her precarious grip on a narrow slice of coastal ranches and missions inherited from Spain, had little to fear just now from overland invasion, while further north the British seemed equally secure. The Astor adventure had failed, and Dr. McLaughlin of the Hudson Bay Company at Fort Vancouver could still congratulate himself that the Americans might as well try to fly to the moon as to reach his post. The wilderness, stretching from Missouri to the Pacific, seemed a sufficient barrier to interlopers.

And then one day in November, 1826, a twenty-eight-year-old Methodist New Englander, with a company of ragged men, walked calmly out of the Mohave Desert into California and eventually north to Dr. McLaughlin's safe haven. The American overland invasion had begun, and a Boston sea-captain in the port of San Diego, William Cunningham of the ship *Courier*, was so moved that he wrote back East:

> There has arrived at this place Capt. Jedidiah Smith with a company of hunters from St. Louis, on the Missouri. These hardy adventurers have been thirteen months travelling their route, and have suffered numerous hardships. They have often had death staring them in the face, sometimes owing to want of sustenance; at others to the numerous savages which they have been obliged to contend with. Out of fifty horses which they started with, they brought only eighteen in with them; the others having died on the road for lack of food and water. Does it not seem incredible that a party of fourteen men, depending entirely on their rifles and traps for subsistence, will explore this vast continent, and call themselves happy when they can obtain the tail of a beaver to dine upon?

The captain's figures were slightly wrong, there were sixteen men, counting Jedidiah, and they had been a little over three months on the way from a fur-trappers' base near Great Salt Lake—, but in the main he was right. Therefore, you may now read in any history of the West the somewhat barren statement that Jedidiah Strong Smith was

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the first American to enter California overland and the first to cross the Sierra Nevada.

On that statement Jed's scant fame has hung, but he has been much neglected. We have usually preferred our heroes cut to pattern, and Jed was hardly the accepted type of Western adventurer. He was "a very mild man and a Christian," who carried a New England sense of sin up and down an incredible number of miles from Montana to Arizona and from the Mississippi to the Pacific, outwitted Indians, grizzlies, the Hudson Bay Company and the Governor of California with equal zest, sent $200,000 worth of furs and pages of priceless geographical information back to St. Louis in four years, and then sat down in the Wind river valley to consider, not his achievements, but the higher education of his brothers and the state of his soul. "Oh, the perverseness of my wicked heart! I entangle myself too much in the things of time."

II

He packed his exploits into six short years before he was thirty, and died at thirty-three without having written the memoirs by which his contemporaries advertised themselves. His friends eulogized him as "ever a stranger to fear and one of the most undaunted spirits that had ever traversed the Rockies"; Albert Gallatin and the Rev. Samuel Parker acknowledged the use of his notes in their maps, in the years 1836 and 1838, of the still unknown regions west of Great Salt Lake; and history, as stated, has given him due place. But there, for the most part, he has stayed. His chief biographers, Neihardt and Dale, have done well by him, Neihardt with romance and Dale with scholarly notes, yet few seem to have realized this odd forerunner of Kit Carson, General Frémont, and the Gold Rush crew.

He was born in the Mohawk valley, New York, in 1798, but his family had come there from New Hampshire, and Jedidiah carried New England's unmistakable imprint all his life,—in a trade and setting made famous by Southerners. Somehow in a frontier childhood he picked up a little education—he knew even some Latin—, which was to mark him as a superior person in the Rockies, and for it he was actively grateful, even at thirty, to his teacher, a certain Dr. Simons, who must be provided for when Jed had made his pile. In the same childhood he picked up the Methodism which also marked him out. Even the potent religions of the 1820's scarcely penetrated the fur-men's haunts, and there were few trappers beside Jed who could at twenty-five make such a powerful prayer on a sudden death out in the wilderness that all hearers were greatly moved, and "persuaded John died in peace."

One legend, never authenticated, credits him with missionary work among the Flatheads in the course of trapping, but a companion legend of exactly the same year deals with his ability to outbid the Hudson Bay Company and extract large stocks of profitable beaver from their Indian trappers. Certainly he was a canny business man from the time he became a clerk on a Great Lakes freight boat, aged thirteen, to the day in 1831 when he left the fur business for a more profitable Santa Fé trade. It is said that once when he met some Hudson Bay Indians lost and starving, he offered to guide them to their post, but on discovering that they had furs worth $5000 in St. Louis, took the skins as advance payment for his service in guiding them to a place where he had never been, but where he could gather valuable information on the resources of his British rivals.

Alexander Ross of the Hudson Bay Company mourned in 1824 that Jed's company offered so much higher prices to trappers than he could, and in 1828 Peter Skene Ogden, also a Hudson Bay Company leader, noted jealously that Jed and his partners had made $20,000 in one year, a colossal sum in the Rockies of that decade. "Finding themselves alone, they sold their goods one-third dearer than Ashley did [whom they had bought out], but have held out a

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promise of a reduction in prices this year. What a contrast between these young men and myself! They have been only six years in the country and without a doubt in as many more will be independent men."

But this is far ahead of the story. The Smith family kept moving, first to Erie, Penna., and then to Ashtabula, O., and the momentum of this westward drift finally deposited Jed in that adventurer's paradise, the St. Louis of the 1820's, with its reminders of French and Spanish régimes and its growing horde of American trappers, traders, soldiers and politicians. It is said that he reached there as early as 1818, and that Santa Fé and Taos knew this solemn youth of twenty before he took to the Rockies. But the Santa Fé trade was hardly started before 1822 and by that time Jed had joined General William Ashley's fur company, where before long the General was introducing him as "Mr. Jedidiah Smith, a very intelligent and confidential young man."

Ashley, a Virginian who possessed $100,000 worth of debts as his reward for adventures in education, lead mining, Indian wars and politics, and his partner, Major Andrew Henry, had large plans for their future in the fur trade and advertised in the *Missouri Republican* "To Enterprising Young Men" that they needed one hundred such men to ascend the Missouri to its source, "there to be employed for one, two or three years." Jed was enterprising, and with the others went far beyond the distant source of the Missouri. The Ashley company trapped the Yellowstone, the Big Horn, the Platte and Green rivers; opened the way over the Rockies by the South Pass; established a rendezvous site near Great Salt Lake; and pushed northwest to the upper Columbia and the Hudson Bay Company's supposed monopoly in Northern beaver, exploring rivers which neither Lewis and Clark, the Astorians, nor any other Americans had yet seen.

Jed Smith's history in these years is of endless travel up and down the waterways and passes of an ever larger West. As an incident to fur-trapping he fought Indians, of course, acquiring the title of captain in a company under Leavenworth in the Arikara War of 1823, and he was attacked by a grizzly, and, like Hugh Glass, was left in the mountains to recover. But the important thing about the intelligent and confidential young man was that he rapidly became not only a clever trader in furs and a tireless leader of rough men in search of them, but an astute trail blazer and one of the best explorers and geographers of his time.

It was in 1824 that he went down the Snake river, met the Hudson Bay Company Indians, and either followed or took them to the British post, Flathead House, in far Montana. Of this episode Alexander Ross wrote:

> With these vagabonds [the Indians] arrived seven American trappers from the Big Horn river, but whom I rather take to be spies than trappers. . . . The men accompanied us to the Flatheads. There is a leading person with them. They intend following us to the fort.

The leading person was, of course, Jed Smith, now twenty-six, and whether he was a spy or not, he soon made a careful report on the Hudson Bay Company and territory in the Northwest, which no Americans had penetrated. It was the habit of the Ashley company, indeed of all the leading trappers, to keep geographic notes, notes on Indians, game and other matters of interest and to send them East to the gentlemen whose imaginations sometimes roamed these unknown lands. Exploration was a by-product of the fur trade, and any trapper who knew enough to write intelligent geography was two or three times valued. Ashley himself was one of the best explorers of his period, and Jed was by temperament and education clearly fitted to succeed him.

While he was on this visit to the Hudson Bay Company, Jed probably heard of trapping possibilities toward the Pacific. At any rate, soon after he was planning to push further west. He became Ashley's partner in 1824 when Andrew Henry re-

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tired, went back to St. Louis, possibly in search of capital, and by the Summer of 1826 with David Jackson and William Sublette was ready to buy out Ashley, who was now forty-eight and too old for the mountains, but not too old to be Senator from Missouri five years later. Ashley did not immediately leave the mountains, as the phrase goes, but remained as agent for the company, bringing them supplies beyond the Rockies, taking back their furs, and, according to the watchful Peter Skene Ogden, making $80,000 in two years. It was an excellent scheme for the new partners as well as for Ashley. They were spared the long, wasteful journey back over the Rockies to trade and from their Far-Western base had a wider radius for operations than any trappers, American or British, who were tied to a central post.

III

Even so, things were hardly satisfactory to a man of Jed's ambition. Along the Missouri and its tributaries, where he had started, there were now too many other trappers, and in the Northwest there was always the Hudson Bay Company. His own company's favorite haunts on the Snake and Green rivers were good enough, but they could not produce furs eternally, and meantime south of Great Salt Lake to the Colorado, west to the Pacific and northwest to the mouth of the Columbia lay a Great Unknown. There must be fur there, Indians to trade with, and possibly that mythical river long supposed to flow from somewhere beyond the Rockies straight to the Western ocean. It was a region, as Jed put it, "veiled in obscurity to citizens of the United States," but he would explore it, even though neither he nor anyone else knew what it contained. The Spaniards, having found the way from Mexico and Santa Fé into California, had there stuck close to the ocean. They had made sporadic explorations in the San Joaquin and Sacramento valleys, but apparently never tried to cross the Sierra eastward, and north, toward Oregon, San Rafael and San Francisco Solano were their outposts, founded very recently to checkmate the Russians at Fort Ross.

The Unknown, therefore, included most of Utah, all of Nevada, most of California except the inhabited coastal strip, and the southern part of Oregon. It included miles of desert, the tall barrier of the Sierra Nevada, and the appalling maze of mountains, streams and forests which then separated Mexican California from British Fort Vancouver. But Jed Smith hopefully believed that he was going to explore all this in one little year, returning to Southern Idaho for the usual rendezvous in the Summer of 1827.

He left Jackson and Sublette to trap the old haunts and started from Great Salt Lake in August, 1826, with fifteen men, fifty horses, provisions, and a large stock of red ribbon, bells, knives, razors, awls, buttons, looking-glasses, combs, tin kettles, tobacco, and other articles with which to charm the Indians. One of the men, Harrison G. Rogers, second in command, kept a diary to which we are indebted for many curious details of this journey. They toiled southwest toward the Colorado over a thankless land. Smith noted the course of streams, the desert nature of the country, the Indians,—Utahs, Sanpets and Piutes—and the sad dearth of fur, food and water. He even noted a kind of "prickly pear plant," saying it had the substance of a turnip. But neither men nor horses could live on cacti, and six weeks out from Great Salt Lake most of their horses were dead, and probably eaten.

Then they found the green Mohave valley and spent fifteen days horse-trading with the Indians. The Mohaves had seven months earlier attacked another party of trappers, coming from the southeast, perhaps less well-supplied with diplomacy and knick-knacks, and killed, spitted and roasted three white men. But they were amiable for the moment, advised Smith that the only way north was west, and guided him over the yucca-studded desert

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to Cajon Pass, the gate to the Pacific. Before the end of November he was camping wearily near San Gabriel Mission, California, and Harrison Rogers was noting the "very handsome situation" and the hospitality of the Spanish priests.

Father José Sanchez, of San Gabriel, might be surprised by the arrival of such visitors, but he was never less than a perfect host. Rogers wrote on November 28:

> I was introduced to the priests over a good glass of whiskey and found them to be very joval, friendly gentlemen, the supper consisted of different dishes, served different from any table I was ever at, before the cloth was removed, sigars was introduced.

The next day,

> They all appear friendly and treat us well, although they are Catholicks by profession, they allow us the liberty of conscience, and treat us as they do their own countrymen, or brethren. . . . We were invited into the office and invited to take a glass of gin and water and eat some bread and cheese; directly after we were seated at dinner, and everything went on in style, both the priests being pretty merry, the clerk and one other gentleman, who speaks some English.

Smith and Rogers drew maps for the *padre* of their improbable travels, and later there was a wedding with music, firing, drums and

> an ellegant dinner, consisting of a number of dishes, boiled and roast meat and fowl, wine and brandy or ogadent, grapes brought on as dessert after dinner. Mr. S. and myself acted quite independent, knot knowing there language, nor they ours; we endeavored to appologise, being very dirty and not in a situation to shift our clothing, but no excuse would be taken, we must be present, as we have been served at there table ever since we arrived at this place; they treat us as gentlemen in every sense of the word. . . . I could see a great deal of satisfaction here if I could talk there language, but, as it is, I feel great diffidence in being among them, knot knowing the topic of there conversation, still every attention is paid to me by all that is present, especially the old priest.

Rogers was also diffident about wearing stained rags beside the ruffles, silks and broadcloths that graced the *padre's* table.

Smith had other things to worry about. He must explain to a suspicious Governor at San Diego why sixteen uninvited American trappers should wander through his territory contrary to law. The Governor, Don José Maria de Echeandia, has been described as "a tall, thin, juiceless man, . . . much concerned about the effect of the California climate on his not too robust health." As Governor he managed to annoy the Northern Californians by living in San Diego instead of Monterey, the missions by trying to secularize them, the soldiers by having no money to pay them, and was now visibly annoyed himself by the advent of a too dignified American trapper who wanted, of all things, to go where no one went—to the Columbia.

IV

Like Alexander Ross, he believed Jed Smith to be a spy and probably a soldier of the United States. He might have arrested him and sent him to Mexico, but the man was very plausible, brought furs to San Diego as gifts for officials, and had all the American sea captains in the port pleading his cause. Six of these, from the *Courier*, the *Waverley* and the *Olive Branch*, all well-known traders, signed a document stating that Jed was exactly what he claimed, a trapper, who had entered California only for lack of water and provisions and because of the dangers of any other route north.

None of them, of course, had ever seen or heard of Jed before, but all of them, including William Cunningham, were impressed, and so was Echeandia. He said he could take no responsibility himself, but must send Jed's papers to Mexico. Finally, after the thing had dragged through December and into January, while Jed hung about San Diego and San Pedro, chafing, he handed down a compromise decision. Jed could not go up the coast, but was not to be arrested: he might return by the route he had come.

Meanwhile, at San Gabriel, Harrison Rogers continued his observations on mission life. He noted everything,—the climate, the Indians, their games and habits, the mission's orange-groves, distillery, grist mill and soap factory, its 30,000 head

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of cattle, its trade in hides and tallow, and especially the fact that if properly managed it would equal a gold mine in value,—the eternal cry of Americans who looked upon lazy California and found it good. But the Indians were kept like slaves, and Rogers solemnly recorded each time that they received "thirty or forty lashes on their bare posteriors."

The women, he said, were very unchaste, and he was worried by the local religion. "I went in their church today for the first time and saw their molten images; they have our Saviour on the cross, his mother and Mary, the mother of James, and four of the Apostles, all as large as life." When Father Sanchez inquired as to his own religion, Rogers said firmly that he was brought up in the Calvinist doctrine and did not believe in confession. On New Year's Day he gave the reverend father a long essay on religion, life and missionaries.

Yet he and the *padre* got on very well. They exchanged presents and somehow conversed, and Rogers had his men do odd jobs for the mission—partly to keep them from getting too drunk on the local brandy. He had the run of the place, picked oranges, hunted and talked to the *padre's* cosmopolitan guests. There was Francisco Martinez, a Spaniard; an Italian, named Bonifacio; a German trader, Henry Edwards; David Phillips, an English cooper; "the priest from san Whan . . . upward of six feet high and well made in proportion"; and a remarkable Yankee handyman, lately baptized José Juan Chapman. Chapman had reached California by sea in 1818, and simply stayed there. He now had a vineyard near the little pueblo of Los Angeles, but spent most of his time doing odd jobs for the missions, since he was equally successful as a blacksmith, carpenter, mason, or even surgeon, and was a famous driver of Indian labor although he spoke no language except his own mixture of Spanish and Bostonian.

With such company under the eye of a kindly *padre*, Harrison Rogers enjoyed life, and when Smith returned from San Diego in the middle of January, bought new horses and prepared to leave, Rogers found the parting difficult. One of the men found it so difficult that he stayed behind to be a good Californian until he was murdered in the Salinas valley in 1841. "The old priest" gave the others parting gifts, blankets for both Smith and Rogers, and "a cheese and a gourd filled with ogadent" for Rogers especially. Whereupon Rogers mourned, "Old Father Sanchus has been the greatest friend that I ever met with in all my travels. . . . I shall ever hold him as a man of God, taking us in when in distress, feeding and clothing us, and may God prosper him and all such men. . . . This country is in many respects the most desirable part of the world I ever was in, the climate so regular and beautiful."

But the pleasant interlude was over, and they pushed on, east again with unbroken horses that kept running away, but once over Cajon Pass turned northwest over Tehachapi into the San Joaquin valley. Jed may not have known that he was still in Mexican territory. He wrote that he "went Eastward of the Spanish settlements on the route I had come in," and "then steered my course N. W. keeping from 150 miles to 200 miles from the seacoast." In the state of geographic knowledge at the time, until Jed himself improved it, anything was possible. He was much nearer the coast than he believed, and could identify the Sierra Nevada only as "a very high range of mountains . . . on the East." But he was headed for the Columbia river, regardless of Mexican Governors, and all through California's early Spring tramped the untouched regions beside the mountains, which the Spaniards had left largely to the Indians and the bears. He found beaver at Tulare Lake and curious Indians, "mostly naked and destitute of arms," who bobbed their hair and lived lazily on fish, roots, acorns and grass.

By April he had gone only three hundred miles, his provisions were low, and the very high mountains, heavy with snow,

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still lay between him and new supplies at the Summer rendezvous. He could not reach the Columbia that season. He tried crossing the mountains but the snow was too deep, and five of his horses starved to death. He had found a good camping place on what is now the Stanislaus river, known to Sierra tourists, where there were deer, elk, antelope, beaver and friendly Mariposan Indians, and there he settled down to wait for the snow to melt, when he could leave most of his men in camp, cross the mountains himself, and return to California after the rendezvous with the much needed supplies.

V

Rumors of his camp reached jealous Californian ears. Down at Mission San José, Father Narciso Duran was told that some Americans were back in the San Joaquin valley trading with the Indians, and he feared that this alien influence explained the disappearance of some of his neophytes. He employed about two thousand Indians to produce grain for the Russian colony up north and to tend his prolific gardens and olive groves, and had no intention of letting anyone meddle with his source of labor. So he complained to the authorities, and on May 18 it was ordered that the trappers should be detained and brought in to the settlements.

Jed must have been warned by his Indian friends, for the very next day he wrote Father Duran a letter, signed, "your strange but real friend and Christian, J. S. Smith." It said that he was going to the Columbia and had a passport from the Governor "to pass on to that place," told of his struggle to cross the Sierra, and ended with the statement that he was "a long ways from home and anxious to get there as soon as the nature of the case will admit. Our situation is quite unpleasant, being destitute of clothing and most necessaries of life, wild meat being our principal subsistance."

This was all very plausible, but it did not placate Father Duran. He sent the document to Echeandia, who immediately ordered Smith's arrest. It was a futile gesture, for the day after writing his letter, the reverend father's strange but real friend and Christian had again attempted the mountains, and this time he got over.

He took two men, seven horses, and two mules to carry hay and food. The snow was four to eight feet deep, and it took eight days to cross the range, but they lost only two horses and one mule. East of the Sierra they struck a country that seemed to Smith about the worst he had ever known, "completely barren and desolate of game."

> We frequently traveled without water, sometimes for two days over sandy deserts where there was no sign of vegetation, and when we found water in some of the rocky hills we most generally found some Indians who appeared the most miserable of the human race, having nothing to subsist on (nor any clothing) except grass seed, grasshoppers, etc. When we arrived at the Salt Lake, we had but one horse and one mule remaining, which were so feeble and poor that they could scarcely carry the little camp equipage which I had along; the balance of my horses I was compelled to eat as they gave out.

But by June 17 they reached the Bear Lake rendezvous, where Smith collected his supplies, wrote a long report of his wanderings for the Superintendent of Indian Affairs, and on July 13 was off again to California. He had nineteen men with him this time, more horses, and two Indian women, as he hurried over his old route to the Mohave Desert. There the Mohaves traded peaceably for three days and then attacked the party, killing ten men and capturing the women. Later in Monterey Jed was told that Echeandia had ordered the Mohaves to allow no more Americans to enter California, and this was their way of stopping him. However that may be, he had to abandon all the supplies for which he had traveled the weary miles over the Sierra, and rush with the other survivors to the haven of San Gabriel.

Father Sanchez cannot have been glad to see him, but did the best he could, giving him a little equipment with which to go up the San Joaquin to his waiting party. Two

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of the men now with Jed wanted to be left behind. One, Thomas Virgin, who had been wounded in the Mohave battle, could go no further, and the other, Isaac Galbraith, an enormous Kentuckian blacksmith, decided to become a Californian. As soon as Jed started north Virgin was slapped into jail in San Diego, and Galbraith had to appeal to the Governor for permission to live in this paradise.

Jed, meantime, reached his men by the Stanislaus and found them even worse off than he had feared. It was now over a year since they had left Great Salt Lake and seven months since the joys of San Gabriel. All that Smith had hoped to bring them was lost to the Mohaves, and there was nothing to do but appeal to the Californians for help if he was to lead the hungry men to the Columbia or even across the Sierra. He remembered the kindness of Father Sanchez and went hopefully to Mission San José. But Father Duran was not a Sanchez. A later traveler described him as generous, kind and benevolent, a venerable old man whom "many a transient traveler blessed," but he greeted Jed by putting him in the mission lock-up. Jed complained, appealed to higher-ups, almost starved, and after ten days in a dirty adobe shed was taken under guard to Monterey.

None other than Echeandia was there on a visit to the northern metropolis, which then boasted about one thousand inhabitants. He was in no hurry to see the troublesome American, but when he did, Jed, as usual, made out such a good case that he was removed from jail and allowed to board with his own compatriot, Captain John Rogers Cooper, while the Governor decided what to do with him. Smith managed to get another well-known person for his interpreter, an Englishman, William E. P. Hartnell, who had come to California in 1822 as agent of the John Begg Company of Lima to push their hide and tallow trade.

When the parleys on the case started, however, "the Governor would sometimes say, 'Mr. Smith must go to Mexico,' at other times, 'Mr. Smith and party must be sent off by water,' and again he would say, 'Send fetch in this party here,' and continued in this equivocating manner for several days." Finally the American masters of ships in port solemnly appointed Cooper agent of the United States to sponsor Jed, and Cooper signed his bond for $30,000 to leave California within two months without approaching the coast below the forty-second parallel. The Governor on his part was to help Jed find provisions and horses.

VI

This was on November 15, 1827, but Jed characteristically stayed in Mexican territory until the following Spring. His men were brought to San Francisco, where he bought his own provisions from a German trader, Henry Virmond, without waiting for the Governor's help, for "Mr. Smith, being experienced and well acquainted with Spanish generosity, was unwilling to resign himself and property longer than the limited time for fear of further trouble." Where he got the money for these transactions is not stated, but he probably had plenty of negotiable fur, and appears to have had enough to lay in more knick-knacks for Indians, since he was later trading beads and razors on his way through the Northern forests. He also found time during the Monterey and San Francisco visits to get Thomas Virgin released from jail and to recruit more men for his company. But the authorities would let no new men join him, and so he went North with a company of twenty-one, of whom only two were to see the Columbia.

He went up the Sacramento, but found it too wide to cross and spent the Winter on the American river, which was so named because of his stay, and those of the later trappers who soon made use of his discovery that it was a profitable field. The Sierra again balked him. He tried several times to cross east, went further and further north looking for a pass, and in April,

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1828, gave it up, turning northwest toward the sea. It was all very trying, but he was collecting fur the whole time, and learned a good deal. For instance, he learned the nature of the Sierra Nevada and that the Buenaventura river (Sacramento) came from the north, not the east through the mountains, as had been supposed, and this was valuable information for puzzled map-makers.

Pushing north, things grew worse and worse. Even today much of that country is a tangle of mountains, streams and canyons, and certainly there was no Redwood Highway in 1828. Sometimes the horses fell down fifty-foot precipices and were killed or lost their packs, and often they bolted into the underbrush. Days were spent looking for stray horses or scouting for a way through or around what looked like impassable country. Sometimes the ocean was within a hundred yards and yet no one could possibly get down to it. Harrison Rogers wrote wildly on May 22, "Oh, do not forsake us Lord, but be with us and direct us through!"

As the days slipped by Jed found that out here in the middle of nowhere he must renew contracts with his men, since the time of the Summer rendezvous had come and gone. He hired most of them at one dollar a day, but one he gave a flat rate of $200 and another was to have no pay at all until he was well enough for duty.

The Indians, meantime, seemed friendly. They offered the white men eels, which Rogers could not eat, the largest berries he had ever seen, and camass roots, which they seemed to prize, beside furs now and then to swell the company's coffers. Smith was diplomatic with them and once severely punished a Negro who shot off his gun and complained that an Indian had tried to steal his blanket. Yet little by little disquieting things happened. They were all nervous and jumpy. Thomas Virgin killed an Indian one day; an ax and knife were stolen and later found buried; and a kitten was stolen which one of the men had been carefully nursing through this wilderness. They began to come on Indian villages from which everyone fled at their arrival, and near one of these found a small Indian boy whom they named Marion and took along. Soon after that Indians were shooting at their horses. Then when another ax was stolen and Smith had the culprit tied to a tree until he confessed, the culprit turned out to be the local chief.

On July 14, when they were camping near the Umpqua river in Oregon, Smith went out before breakfast to scout the way, and on his return met a disheveled, horrified John Turner, who said the camp had been attacked and every single person killed except himself. They stopped for nothing now, but broke their way alone through the forests, avoiding Indians, until at last, in August, they reached the Columbia and the safety of Fort Vancouver. There, to their great surprise, was Arthur Black, another of their party, who had also escaped. All the others, it appeared, were dead.

Dr. McLaughlin was shocked at Smith's story and informed the Umpqua Indians that the white man's belongings must be restored. He sent men to collect the loot who brought back all of Smith's furs, some of his equipment, and even poor Harrison Rogers' diary. Jed was delighted and sold the furs to McLaughlin for $20,000, but as an expression of gratitude promised the doctor that he would never again trap the Hudson Bay Company's territory. He must also have told McLaughlin a good deal about Northern California, for that year and thereafter Hudson Bay parties were working south, and Smith's own man, John Turner, went with them to become famous later in California in the rescue of the Donner party.

As for Jed, he spent the hard Winter of 1828 at Fort Vancouver and started east with Arthur Black in March, 1829. His partners had about given him up, but the next Summer in the Tetons there he was with McLaughlin's $20,000 in his pocket and a great deal to say about the intricate mountains along the Pacific.

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VII

The rest was anti-climax. After all, Jed was over thirty and had spent seven years at fur trapping, of which Peter Skene Ogden once said, "This life makes a young man sixty in a few years. . . . A convict at Botany Bay is a gentleman at ease compared to my trappers." Until now Jed had always been getting ahead, making his pile, opening new lands, but he knew now the hopelessness of the regions south of Great Salt Lake, and by promising McLaughlin to keep east of the Great Divide in the north had greatly limited his sphere. The Winter of 1828 had been a series of blizzards in which the company lost both men and furs, and that of 1829 was equally disastrous. Near the Yellowstone where they tried to trap, the Blackfeet made operations almost impossible. And so at thirty-one Jed began to think like a man whose career is closing. At Christmas time, 1829, he wrote a long letter home:

> In the first place, my brother, our parents must receive of our benefaction, and if Dr. Simons is in want, I wish him to be helped. . . . I wish to consult Dr. Simons on the method of educating our brothers, as it is my wish to carry them into some of the higher branches of education. . . . As respects my spiritual welfare, I hardly durst speak. I find myself one of the most ungrateful, unthankful creatures imaginable. Oh, when shall I be under the care of a Christian church? I have need of your prayers. I wish our Society to bear me up before a Throne of Grace. I must tell you for my part, that I am much behind hand.

In 1830 a young man from Connecticut, named J. J. Warner, came west in search of health, and in St. Louis called on the famous Captain Jedidiah Smith who had just come in from the Yellowstone and might help a youth to find work in the fur trade. He wrote:

> Instead of finding a leatherstocking, I met a well-bred, intelligent, and Christian gentleman who repressed my youthful ardor . . . by informing me that if I went into the Rocky Mountains, the chances were much greater in favor of meeting death than of finding restoration to health, and that if I escaped the former and secured the latter, the probabilities were that I would be ruined for anything else in life than such things as would be agreeable to the passions of a semi-savage. He said that he had spent about eight years in the mountains and should not return to them.

He never did return to them. He sold out that year to Frapp, Bridger, Fitzpatrick and Sublette, and decided to go into the Santa Fé trade as a way to start two younger brothers, who had come west, in a profitable business. The Santa Fé trade was valued in 1831 at about $250,000, and was decidedly worth trying. Young J. J. Warner was taken along, as well as Jed's brothers and some of his mountain men who were following him on a new trail. They left Independence, Kansas, the end of May, 1831, with twenty-three wagons and eighty-five men, but either they were careless or they did not understand the technique of travel on these plains and deserts.

Before they crossed the Arkansas, the Pawnees had killed one man, and between the Arkansas and the Cimarron they ran completely out of water. They passed at least one recognized water-hole because they did not know it was there, and near the Cimarron, after two days of thirst in a burning south wind, Jed rode out from the train to look for water. He never came back. They could not stop to look for him; they were dying of thirst. But in Santa Fé, which they finally reached the Fourth of July, they found Mexican traders selling Jed's silver-mounted pistols in the market, and eventually learned the story. Jed had found a little water in the almost-dry bed of the Cimarron, but was too thirsty to be careful. So it was easy enough for lurking Comanches to shoot him, and then take his belongings to sell wherever they could.

Other trappers had now found the way to California by Cajon Pass, and very soon Joseph Walker was to climb the High Sierra westward. In eleven years John Frémont would be on the road, and in fifteen years John Sutter would predict from the Sacramento valley that one thousand souls would cross the mountains in the next year, while the New York *Sun* shouted something about one hundred thousand emigrants. But the intelligent Christian gentleman who first bucked the Sierra snows was dead at thirty-three, out by the Cimarron river.

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TO HER OWN GIRLHOOD

BY EDA LOU WALTON

STRANGE that those tiny breasts
Knew mountains for their pain;
Imaged within that brain
Some harsh peak tore its way
Loose from the dark earth's core.
Even while earth more green
Each luminous Spring, more lean
Each traversed Winter grew,
Seasons but piled up mountains
And you knew their weight.
And you could sleep with mountains,
Nor debate
How body was more spirit or more death
With every taken breath.
And you could hold aloft your little hand
Uncrushed beneath the burden of a land
Thousands of feet uplifted from your palm,
Your dark eyes then so calm
Though each eye held a mountain in a pool.

How could you stray from this most cool,
Most delicate remoteness? Was a kiss
Earthquake which cast all height
Into a sea?
O rounded breasts that could not keep the light,
O hands so fragile now, O empty eye
Imageless now of wonder!
Loveliness lost forever
That the winged heart may hover ever
Low to the sea-like lover
Nor assay the heavenly way,
Now is your burden greater than the weight
Of all the mountains circling the sun,
For she who slept with mountains is not one
To find her rest
Breast to a lover's breast.

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CLINICAL NOTES

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Newspaper Training.—The tradition, fondly cherished in certain quarters, that newspaper training is one of the greatest and most valuable boons that a human being can enjoy, remains with us. Propagated largely by old reporters who have never succeeded in getting out of the business and who, at fifty-five or so, are still covering the exploits of Ida von Claussen and the bigger and better fires, the legend has served not only as a philosophical anodyne for themselves but as something with which to impress cubs just out of college and with enough money to set them up at the speakeasy nearest the shop or older fellows lodged by fate in trades theoretically less romantic. The successes in newspaperdom, the important editors, departmental heads and special writers, are seldom heard to exude the bosh, save on such occasions as they are invited to speak at banquets and wish to indulge themselves in a bogus superiority complex by way of lording it momentarily over the adjacent bankers, automobile manufacturers and other such more opulent and hence condescending fellows. For they know all too well that what goes by the name of newspaper training may be all right in the way that a preparatory school education is all right, and a good thing for men who are willing to be underlings all their lives, but that they themselves would never have got anywhere if they had not had the capability, sense and gumption to bring and add to it a dissociated skill variously acquired from other sources.

Star reporters very seldom mount to the big newspaper jobs. Newspaper training may be excellent for a man if he doesn't waste his time at it too long. It teaches him certain things that are undeniably useful. But, if he sticks to it in active practice, unless he happens to be one man in a thousand, it will deaden his higher faculties almost completely and inevitably turn him into a humdrum slave who pathetically deludes himself that because he knows a measure of the inside of the world's affairs he himself is a figure in those affairs.

It is said that newspaper training teaches a man how to write. It does nothing of the kind. Try to think of any of the conspicuously talented and successful writers in America today who actually learned anything about their craft in a newspaper office. It is said that it teaches a man speed. It does. But of what avail, outside of newspaper reportorial work, is this speed? It is said that it makes a man apt at quick character analysis, that it teaches him how to appraise his fellow men and their pretensions. Does it? Where will you find men more goatlike in their susceptibility to frauds than nine-tenths of the newspaper men? It is said to impart a valuable cynicism based upon experience. Yet its very graduates who are most often pointed to by newspaper men themselves, from Richard Harding Davis to Sam Blythe, have succeeded on the score of a mellow and pervasive optimism. It is said that it teaches accuracy. In such elementary things as reporting exactly the number of persons killed in a railroad accident or the amount of money collected toward a statue of Otto Kahn, it may be said to do so. But if there is more inaccuracy in any other field of human endeavor than one regularly finds in the general newspaper appraisals of human, ethical, philosophical, sociological or political phenomena, I should be happy to have it brought to my attention

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Newspaper training, in short, is valuable as any other form of elementary education and instruction is valuable. Four years of it is more than ample. If a man has talent of any kind, he may use it as a stepping-stone, but he had better jump off before it is too late. Newspaper work long indulged in gives birth, with few exceptions, simply to a lot of impoverished ancients, with a gold-headed cane apiece, who know some amusing reminiscential anecdotes and who can familiarly call a few conspicuous local muckamucks by their first names.

The Young Intellectuals.—This month, I am informed, marks the tenth anniversary of the appearance in our midst of that particular group of boys and girls whom one thinks of when the label, "the young intellectuals," is mentioned. In the group there are approximately a dozen young men and two or three young women, some of the latter not so very vernal at that. Let us celebrate the great occasion by considering what they have represented and what they have accomplished.

Two—it will be unnecessary to name names, since all of them are only too readily identified—have written verse without capital letters, punctuation and rhyme. Four have written plays that essayed to break down dramatic and theatrical traditions and that have been found to be stabs at an ill-assimilated Expressionism, signifying nothing but their authors' complete incomprehension of dramaturgy. One has confected verse that consists of one or two word lines and of endless word repetitions. One has written a book proclaiming Charlie Chaplin, Irving Berlin, George Gershwin, Paul Whiteman and several music show clowns great geniuses. Another has written a book declaring that the only true artists in America are Gertrude Stein, Marianne Moore and E. E. Cummings. One has written a series of essays on the relation of metaphysics to skyscrapers, the Ford automobile, the hot-dog and other such great American wonders. One has written a novel in jazz-band form, and another a novel whose claim to fame rests in the printing of a word hitherto more intimately associated with latrines than with literature. One has composed a symphony in which wash-boilers, vacuum cleaners, hand-pumps and airplane propellers figure. One has written a novel about the younger generation in which one of the girls loudly declares her eager intention of being deflowered, and another a novel in which there are six goddams to a page and at least three Jesuses. One has written two good short stories.

Foreign Travel.—It is generally argued that the value of money is best borne in upon one when one is ill, that at such times, when every aid and comfort are desirable and necessary, it does its job as nothing else can do it. That there surely is truth in the contention, no one will deny. But there is another occasion when the value of money is just as forcibly impressed upon its fortunate owner and that is when one travels abroad. Travel at its best and most luxurious, as anyone who has had experience of it knows, is anything but a comfortable and voluptuous business. With all the improvements that have been contrived in European railroads, hotels and what not, it is still replete with inconveniences, discomforts, irritations and, often, downright physical gripes. That even the best is none too good for Reilly states Reilly's case altogether too mildly. Such highly modernized and relatively satisfactory means of conveyance as the *de luxe* Continental railway expresses, while certainly a great improvement over their antecedents, are still far from being what the amateur voyageur claims for them. There isn't such a *de luxe* express today that, in any strict definition of the word, may be called entirely and sufficingly comfortable, and to travel on one that does not come under the so-called *de luxe* heading involves physical dolours of a considerable acuteness.

As if appreciating all this, the manage-

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ments of the locomotion agencies, and of the hotels no less, indulge in all sorts of little devices to divert the traveler's conscious mind from his discomfort and to hocus-pocus him into a temporary forgetfulness of his mental and physical disquiet. Thus, on the Hamburg-Berlin Express a high to-do is made over the en route telephone service presumably installed to take the passenger's mind temporarily off the fine dust that seeps through the windows and gradually causes him to take on the look of a swell mulatto. Thus, on the Golden Arrow Express, shooting between London and Paris and one of the de luxiest trains in the world, a Martini cocktail is available to the passenger by way of taking his mind off the chill dampness that, for all the heating facilities, persists in penetrating into his compartment. Thus, in such hotels as the London Savoy and Berlin Adlon the guest's towels are elaborately warmed by a patent heating dingus by way of making him momentarily oblivious of discomforts unavoidable in even the best of hotels.

Money at least reduces the inevitable discomposures incidental to travel and makes it partly tolerable. Without the means at one's command to minimize the inconveniences once one leaves home, travel is doomed to be fraught with a hundred and one doubled afflictions and hardships, and fit only, in the direction of so-called pleasure, for hoboes, Iowans and professional sightseers. Without a lot of wampum in his pockets, Reilly is better off in his American flat.

Social Life in the South.—The gradual rise of the Negro in the social scale south of the Mason-Dixon line begins to impress itself upon those who follow his activities in that section of the Republic. Discontented with his long submergence, the Negro has set about elevating himself in no unmistakable manner and with results that, if not yet entirely satisfactory to him, promise in the perhaps not distant future a more or less rosy elegance. All over the South the colored man is taking steps to make a social figure, however yet humble, of himself and to give himself an opportunity to enjoy some of the Caucasian usufructs. In Louisville, Ky., there is a Negro club whose stock of ingredients for the composition of juleps is the envy and despair of the white colonels, and whose dances, evening dress obligatory, are conducted on a scale not less high-toned than many of those held by the lesser Kentucky palefaces. At Juliette, Ga., according to a recent issue of the Macon *News*, the colored ladies of the community have formally adopted and put into general use among themselves French instead of the more commonplace English titles and address one another as Mlle. or Mme. At classical Athens, in the same State, the *Red and Black*, the University of Georgia's campus newspaper, announces the formation of a new Greek letter fraternity composed of the Negro butlers of the white Greek letter fraternities at the college. "In order to be pledged to this fraternity," the college organ says, "a man must be a butler at a Greek letter chapter house that rates (that is, that is regarded as of good social standing); he must attend all college football games; and he must wear genuine campus-cut clothes." The brothers attend all the college games in full fraternal regalia, with their diamond fraternity pins conspicuously displayed in their neckties. Dances are to be held three times a year. In New Orleans, there are two tony Negro contract bridge clubs. In Atlanta, Ga., a fashionable Negro golf club is in process of formation and in Richmond, Va., plans have actually been made for a Negro polo team. In Charleston, S.C., there is a Negro banqueting club that meets once a month and that invariably serves Pommery Brut, 1919. The best-dressed gentleman in the city of Nashville is commonly accepted to be Peter Galland, a colored man. The sales statistics for 1927 show that no less than seventy Negroes in the State of Texas own and drive automobiles costing more than three thousand dollars apiece.

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THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Fragmentary Meditations

To DISMISS a theatrical critic as blasé is to be at one with the donkey. The best critics of the theatre have been and are blasé men. The very circumstance of being blasé implies experience and experience, in turn, implies patience only with what is worthy and complete impatience and contempt for what is not. The blasé critic is one whose emotional equipment has been so toughened by concussion with tin-pan drama that, unlike that of the still enthusiastic idiot, it responds alone to the finest form of stimulant. No critic in his first days is blasé. He is tickled by almost everything, and indiscriminately. No critic in his first days is worth a hoot. It is the critic who has a hard time keeping awake at the theatre that is the critic whose opinions are worth reading.

II

Just as even an otherwise taciturn person is seized peculiarly with an impulse to talk the moment a doctor sticks a clinical thermometer into his mouth, so is even the most linguacious critic rendered peculiarly mute when confronted by an indubitably fine piece of work. The latter, once the prefatory hallelujahs are done with, leaves so little for him to say; the artist has said that say so much better than he can say it in his rôle of mere liaison echo. This is why we find critics, even the very best of them, driven to the resort of praising a work in terms of detraction of certain other more or less related work. The counterpoint of detraction gives them the necessary ground to dig their heels into; it vouchsafes them an articulateness that would otherwise be difficult.

III

Although the talking movies seem to me to be the last word in bastardy, one argument currently used against them strikes me as being hollow. It is contended that the talkies are doomed to failure because the quality of the speaking voices of the movie actors is ridiculously defective. It might be argued with equal reason that the drama is doomed to failure because the quality of the voices of its actors is often similarly defective. The stage has presented us with voices, even in the relatively high places, that have been far from ear-massaging, yet the drama has somehow managed to triumph over them. Maude Adams' squeak didn't send "Peter Pan" to limbo any more than Lionel Barrymore's auctioneering roar, now that he has gone Hollywood, is likely to send the worst talking movie.

IV

There has never been an actor, however bad, who didn't succeed in giving a good performance in the rôle of a butler, a policeman, or a Chinaman. Nor has there ever been an actor who didn't seem completely convincing in a telephone scene. If I could figure out the reason, I'd write an essay on the subject.

V

In much the same category as our young so-called radical playwrights who attempt to conceal the fact that they have nothing to say by saying it in a new and alarming manner, fall certain of our recognizable littérateurs who, also having nothing new to say, attempt to conceal the fact by say-

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ing it in that quiet, précieuse, old-fashioned manner that passes in certain quarters for dignity of mind and solidity of judgment.

VI

One of the hardest things that much of modern drama has to contend against is the fashion that imposes short skirts on women. In the days of ankle-length skirts it didn't matter what an actress' legs looked like so long as she had enough acting ability above the knee line. Today, an actress must have passable legs to boot. It is impossible to accept an actress with bow-legs, fat legs or knock-knees as a heroine in anything save peasant drama, be she otherwise as talented as one might desire. If you think that this is trivial or flippant comment, I suggest that you seriously try to persuade yourself to do so.

VII

The popular American drama has contracted the wise-crack plague from the movies. Where the average boob-bumper a few years ago contained half a dozen or a dozen of these wise-cracks, it is today made up of them from head to tail. The wise-crack is that form of humor that hits the vaudeville-mind sharply across the cerebellum with a bladder. Its amusement possibilities are in direct proportion either to its sharp surprise or to the absurdity of its hyperbole. Thus, in the movies, we have such samples as "He was so cross-eyed he spent his life in the Southeast looking for the Northwest Mounted Police"; "You needn't be afraid to drink it; it's pre-Abie's Irish Rose"; "Listen—she can speak French! She must have been in the Army"; "I know you don't like gossip, but your wife has just run away with another guy"; and "I'm in favor of a big Army and Navy; we might be attacked any day by Chicago." And, in the theatre, endless cut-outs from the same pattern. The laugh slowly led up to has been discarded as unprofitable. The American rush and hurry have spread to the business of provoking laughter. To make money at the present time, the entrepreneur of popular amusement must go after his customers' laughs like the sidewalk drag-'em-in salesman that he was in his antecedent incarnation.

VIII

Modern drama is chiefly concerned with feeling the old emotions in a new way.

IX

It is the custom to disparage drama because it deals generally with platitudes. Disparagement might be meted out on the same score, and with equal justice, to most of the world's greatest novels.

X

In the minds of most critics there are two niches wherein linger the memories of two groups of plays: in one, the memories of the undeniably great and, in the other, the memories of the deniably great but nonetheless immensely enchanting. I am not at all sure, indeed, that these less august plays do not often perfume the recollection more pungently than some of the established classics. Who, by way of example, can ever quite forget Fulda's "Friends of Our Youth," or Brieux's "Les Hannetons," or Rostand's "Last Night of Don Juan," or Meyer-Förster's "Old Heidelberg," or Shaw's "Caesar and Cleopatra," or Barrie's "The Legend of Leonora," or de Caillavet's, de Flers' and Aréne's "The King," or Dunsany's "Laughter of the Gods," "The Gods of the Mountain" and "A Good Bargain," or Birmingham's "General John Regan," or Jerome K. Jerome's "The Great Gamble" (at least the beginning and the end), or Henry Arthur Jones' "Joseph Entangled" and "The Case of Rebellious Susan," or Lennox Robinson's "Patriots" and "The

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White-Headed Boy," or Schnitzler's "Christmas Presents," or Chesterton's "Magic," or Molnar's "The Swan" and "The Glass Slipper," or Bahr's "The Master," or Schönherr's "Children's Tragedy," or Hubert Henry Davies' "A Single Man," or a number of other such plays still regarded with some skepticism by the tonier professors?

XI

Symbolism is the child of poetic courage and intellectual cowardice.

XII

Several months ago, in the department of wisdom adjoining this, I ventured a note on the United States naval officer to whom, during the Spanish-American fracas, was attributed the remark, "Don't cheer, fellows, the poor devils are dying," the aforesaid note betraying, I fear, a certain mild cynicism on the part of its composer. Various admirers of the departmental sapience promptly and not without some acerbity hastened to point out that the naval gentleman I specified didn't remark the remark at all but that it was remarked by Captain Jack Phillip of the *Texas*, though various additional admirers with equal promptitude and not less acerbity seemed to cast their votes for Bob Evans. From an officer in the United States Navy whose word on the matter, because of his information and eminence, may be accepted as final, I have received this comment:

"As an amateur of American hero-legends, I have endeavored to verify many such speeches and with this one I have obtained the exact original. I have the following version from Captain Phillip's navigator. Even as you and I, the captain had a frontal sinus which bothered him. Gun-fire and sinus headache are incompatible, to say the least. The *Texas* had a busy afternoon at Santiago and when the *Teresa* finally burst into flames the gun's crews under the wings of the bridge began to cheer. The shrill noise struck the captain's tortured ears and, leaning over the bridge rail, he shouted, 'Belay that goddam racket! This is no lunatic asylum!'"

The transmutation of the estimable Phillip's animadversion into the loftier and suaver legend is simply another indication of the popular wish and demand for romantic heroes in life as in the theatre. The popular hero off the stage must be as noble a fellow as the popular hero on. Appreciating this and catering to the public's fancy, newspaper correspondents either write the lines for him, often to the hero's own esoteric surprise and profound gratification, or shrewdly edit and amend the lines that he actually speaks. The Associated Press has thus glamorously made more theoretical heroes authentically heroic than all the present-day playwrights this side of Tokio. It made Dewey talk like a Hal Reid hero; it served up to Roosevelt choice titbits in the Bronson Howard manner; it gave Whittlesey romantic lines out of Anthony Hope; it published of General Lawton that "he died with the name of God on his lips," when—as his realistic orderly, in later years Sergeant McClure of the Marines, has hinted—what the General actually said consisted of just three words, to wit and simply, "Jesus, I'm shot!"

XIII

A month or so ago, in this place, I commented upon the foolishness of getting excited over censorship, pointing out that, after a little self-pleasuring hullabaloo, it usually either forgets all about itself or peters out into nothing. Let us, by way of observing how true this is, glance at the theatrical censorship alarm of the season before this and then, in turn, at what this censorship amounted to during the season recently concluded. In the season before this, as I have pointed out, the constituted authorities, in a sudden burst of morality, raided three plays, "The Captive," "Sex" and "The Virgin Man," and sent the per-

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sons responsible for two of them to the calabozo. In addition, they passed a bill at Albany announcing that they would henceforth padlock any theatre that showed signs on its stage of immorality, whatever that may be. In addition still, the theatre managers held meetings—at one of which free chow was handed out to the critics and editors—to persuade each other, and to convince those critics and editors who are interested in such nonsense, that they were hot for reform and that thereafter their stages would be as free from suspicion as so many clergymen over eighty, or maybe eighty-five. In addition still, the District Attorney and the city fathers made a loud noise in the newspapers threatening all kinds of calamities in the event that any more "Captives," "Sexes" and "Virgin Mans" were displayed to the tender gaze of pure New Yorkers. And still in addition, the managers and producers, though they could not get together formally, placed their hands severally on their hearts and promised solemnly that never again would they be naughty boys. Such spectacles, of course, are not unfamiliar. And, as usual, we find them again to have been composed of mere gas. The New York stage during the season just ended was twice as dirty—I do not use the word personally, for the only dirty thing to me is the moralist mind—as it was the season before and not only the season before but the season before that and the season, in turn, before that. Yet all that the much-feared censors did about it was to close down a single play, delete two bits from a loud sex melodrama and edit a situation out of a farce that left the farce more suggestive than it had been previously. One play closed, one very faintly tinkered with and one made doubly risqué: such is the record. Not a theatre padlocked, no one arrested, and everyone still carefree, happy and agreeably sinful.

While I have only praise for the District Attorney and the other authorities on their suddenly acquired commonsense and decency to leave morals to the public, where they should be left, I can't resist the impulse to wonder how, when they go to bed at night, they reconcile their present wise course with the idiocy that they were guilty of the season before this. Of course, even in that season they must have had considerable difficulty in reconciling, on their peculiar moral grounds, an hypocrisy which caused them to raid so harmless a piece of balderdash as "The Virgin Man" with an equal hypocrisy which caused them to do nothing about a meritorious comedy like "Saturday's Children," which, for all its high merit, was surely ten times more inimical to public morals—in the eyes of moral Bertillonists—than any dozen "Virgin Mans." But they must all roll around in bed a lot this year worrying over the way in which to explain their later inactivity and over what they are going to say to the poor goats they clapped into jail last year when and if ever they come face to face with them.

The very first play produced this last season, "What the Doctor Ordered," put on almost like a slap in the moralists' faces, shoveled the dirt in a manner that made "Sex" and "The Virgin Man" look like Sunday-school tracts. The phallic allusions in this exhibit made Boccaccio's nightingale take on the aspect of a water-whistle, and one of the scenes, laid in a bedroom, would have brought a blush even to the cheek of French farce writers. The play called "Creoles" was deliberate ditchwater and offered little more than open-and-shut smut. "Jimmie's Women," mere bilge, was worse, from the mudlark point of view, than either "Sex" or "The Virgin Man." Proceed to the season in general. "Tenth Avenue" dealt with two men's fight for the physical favors of a trollop. "Babies à la Carte" relied upon crude and smutty innuendo. Several of the big revues unloaded sketches dirtier than any smoking-car story. "Her First Affaire," though relatively mild stuff, was plainly directed at the dirt-seeking box-office. One of the chief figures in "Footlights" was an androgyne. "Such Is Life" dealt with sex-

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starved females. "Mister Romeo" treated of the libido of a senescent Lothario. "Revelry" had to do with illicit amour and with the peccadillos of a married harlot. "The Trial of Mary Dugan" was about a promiscuous young woman, with the details of her miscellaneous activities set forth from A to Z. "The Letter" was compact of adultery and, at one point by implication, of rape. "The Garden of Eden" relied for its punch upon a scene in which a young woman stripped. "Black Velvet" was about the *crim. con.* of blacks and whites. The central character of "The House of Women" eloquently and sympathetically championed the illegitimacy of her child. "Hidden" told of a girl who frothed at the mouth at the sight of a man in a bathtub. The big scene in "Porgy" showed a Negro seducing a young Negress. "Synthetic Sin" was about the sex trials of a young girl. "The Matrimonial Bed" was adulterous farce and "Love in the Tropics" an anatomical picnic. "The Mulberry Bush" contained lines far dirtier than anything in "Sex" or "The Virgin Man"; "Immoral Isabella" was dirtier still; "Ink" became confidential about certain boudoir proceedings; and "The Fanatics" championed illegal and indiscriminate unions with a flowery eloquence. "Coquette" presented seduction in an agreeable light and "So To Bed" had very little to do with sleeping. "The Marquise" made illegitimate offspring more desirable than the orthodox species; the only female character in "The Racket" was a prostitute twice as calloused as any of her sisters in the suppressed "Maya"; and the language in some of the exhibits at the New Playwrights' Theatre was more than merely explicit.

"Fallen Angels," to continue, dealt with two married women who were assiduous in their search for a banana peel; "Trigger" had to do with a man's unchurchly yen for a cutie; "Spring Song" rehearsed a faded woman's passion for a young boy; "Behold, the Bridegroom" treated of a young woman physically exhausted; "Venus" treated of he-women and she-men; "Restless Women" was vulgar innuendo and eyewinking; "Paris Bound" defended adultery on the part of married men; and harlots were the chief item in "Peripherie." "Diversion" dealt realistically with a woman's sex life; "A Distant Drum," a very good piece of work, with two women's struggle for the physical favors of a gigolo; "So Am I" with the willing surrender of a hitherto icy young woman after she had read a hot book; and the admirable and unimpeachable "Strange Interlude" deals with a woman who takes It where she finds it. "La Gringa" showed a girl married to an old man making up to a younger one; "Our Betters" one woman pathetically pining for her young, hired lover and another keeping an assignation with the same young man in a Summer-house; "Rope" a forcible seduction; "The Bachelor Father" the pleasant results of having illegitimate children; and "Marriage On Approval" a girl living openly with two different men. "Her Unborn Child" was a cheap stab at the smut-curious box-office; "The Great Necker" relied upon lubricious *double entente;* the big scene in "The Scarlet Fox" was laid in a bawdy house; the commendable "Volpone's" big moment showed an old man attempting to deflower an innocent young girl; "Diamond Lil," by the author of "Sex," concerned a woman of the same stripe as the heroine of the latter opus; and "The Breaks" treated of an operation on a man that rendered him sterile. "Him" brought with it the dirty "Frankie and Johnny" song, sufficiently elaborated, and some choice morsels of smut. In "The Golden Age," a young girl, discovering that she had come into womanhood, took off her clothes and pursued a man. "The Happy Husband" was compounded of adultery; in "Anna" a man almost had a paroxysm looking at a nude woman; and "Get Me in the Movies" was plain filth.

I have not put down the list completely. But what I have put down of it should be sufficient reassurance that censorship, after the first racket, pretty generally tires of its

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own accord and leaves us gratefully in peace. There is never any occasion to get worked up about it. After it has enjoyed its little day, things always get nice and dirty again. Neither the sincere artist nor the money-seeking hack need worry. The plays of the former seldom suffer, and if the plays of the latter do, what are the odds?

XIV

Acting is the easiest of the professions associated with the arts. Consider how many more proficient actors there are than even dancers.

XV

The best type of revue, the kind put on at the Marigny in Paris by Jacques-Charles before the war, is simply a dramatization of destructive criticism embellished with some constructive samples of femininity and a few good tunes.

XVI

The action of the Actors' Equity Association in curtailing the activities of English actors in America indicates once again and clearly that the organization's last consideration is the best interests of the drama. That there is personal justification for the action, no one will deny, as the English had previously curtailed the activities of American actors in England and as the doctrine of *quid pro quo* always has something in its favor. But that, justification or no justification, the decision will sooner or later serve as a boomerang so far as the members of the American actors' union are concerned is certain. The English actor, on the whole, is a better actor than the American and there are many plays to which his presence in the cast is invaluable. Played by American actors, these plays are absurdly botched and duly fail. In time, therefore, with the barring of English actors, we shall have more and more plays of the sort manhandled, more and more plays acted by inappropriate casts, more and more failures, and less and less theatrical prosperity in certain directions. The members of the local actors' union are protecting their jobs only for the moment. In a few years there will be fewer and fewer jobs open to them, English actors or no English actors.

XVII

There is too much supercilious critical talk of plot at the expense of character. The great dramatists have always gone in lavishly for plot.

XVIII

Clear diction in the theatre is all very well, but it may be carried too far. The critics have much to answer for in this regard. They have harped upon perfect enunciation so insistently that they have scared the poor actors to death. The result is often a comical distortion of dramatic values, with actors playing gutter bums reading their lines with the painstaking purity of professors of English and with others playing hayseeds laboriously manœuvering their wads of chewing tobacco out of the way of the King's tongue.

XIX

The theatre will endure so long as there is a single pretty girl left to be shown on its stage.

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THE LIBRARY

BY H. L. MENCKEN

The Curse of Government

THE PARADOXES OF LEGAL SCIENCE, by Benjamin N. Cardozo. $2.50. 7¾ x 5¼; 142 pp. New York: *The Columbia University Press.*

THE INQUIRING MIND, by Zechariah Chafee, Jr. $2.50. 8⅛ x 5⅜; 276 pp. New York: *Harcourt, Brace & Company.*

AMERICAN INQUISITORS, by Walter Lippmann. $1.25. 7⅜ x 5; 120 pp. New York: *The Macmillan Company.*

THE SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES, by Charles Evans Hughes. $2.50. 7¾ x 5⅛; 269 pp. New York: *The Columbia University Press.*

DON'T TREAD ON ME: *A Study of Aggressive Legal Tactics for Labor*, by Clement Wood, McAlister Coleman & Arthur Garfield Hays. 50c. 7 x 4⅜; 135 pp. New York: *The Vanguard Press.*

DRIFTING SANDS OF PARTY POLITICS, by Oscar W. Underwood. $3.50. 7⅞ x 5¼; 422 pp. New York: *The Century Company.*

ALL of these books—and each, in its separate way, has high merits—are concerned with that conflict between the communal will and the individual will which engages and oppresses every civilized society. Law and its instrument, government, are necessary to the peace and safety of all of us, but all of us, unless we live the lives of mud turtles, frequently find them arrayed against us. Worse, we are very apt to discover, facing their sudden inhibition of our desires, that their reputed impersonality and impartiality are myths—that the government whose mandates we almost instinctively try to evade is not the transcendental and passionless thing it pretends to be, but simply a gang of very ordinary men, and that the judge who orders us to obey them is another of the same kind, with all the vain regrets, the prostatic troubles and the fears of Hell that go with his years.

It is a discovery that shakes the fortitude of the best of citizens. In Judge Cardozo's phrase, the victim suddenly becomes aware that "liberty . . . is the negation of law, for law is restraint." So is government. Worse, government is also pillage. There are no really good governments. There are only governments that are transiently bearable. Soon or late they inevitably abandon their virtuous pretensions and come down frankly to the level of the men constituting them. Then, perhaps, they are overhauled or overthrown, and the weary business begins all over again. But the new government, once it is secure, is seldom any better than the old one. Some progress to be sure, has been made in the world, but not much. Have we rights today, acknowledged and unmolested, that the French peasants lacked under the Bourbons or the English peasants under the Tudors? Then don't forget the miners in Colorado and Pennsylvania!

Both Judge Cardozo and Dr. Hughes concern themselves, in their very interesting and instructive books, with the professional difficulties of the judge. He is, under our system of government, an officer of the highest puissance and importance—perhaps the most important of all, for he alone can rescue us quickly and effectively from the oppressions of the others. But he is also a man, and hence crippled by weaknesses and corrupted by follies. How is he to keep his prejudices, of class, of race, of tradition and training, out of his judgments? How is he to walk the narrow line which separates interpreting the law from making the law? And even supposing that he is strong, and can hold himself completely aloof from interest and passion, how is he to solve that damndest problem of them all, lying at the very root of every theory of law or justice—the problem, to wit, as to the wise and seemly limits of the law itself—the eternal problem of liberty in society?

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Dr. Hughes shows how the justices of the Supreme Court have sought to solve it —or, at all events, to evade it—by shackling themselves with self-imposed limits of power. Whenever they can, they simply decide the case before them, and let the principles behind it go hang. Judge Cardozo, more philosophical than most men of his trade, can't take that easy way: he is impelled to look through the particular to the general, and to speculate upon its nature, even at the cost of metaphysics. But his findings surely offer no answer to the riddle.

"Our dominant impression," he says, sadly, "must be one of compromise, of adjustment, of a pragmatic adaptation of means to ends, of the relativity of legal truths."

Relativity? It is undoubtedly a handsome word. But I don't think it offers much consolation to a judge facing a dilemma, or to a litigant flabbergasted by his attempt to resolve it.

Mr. Lippmann, Mr. Chafee, and Messrs. Wood, Coleman and Hays give over their books to the sorrows of just such litigants. The three authors of "Don't Tread On Me" are more optimistic than the other two. They show how American judges, being mainly men of easy means, have a tendency to give the working man the short end of the stick in their courts, but they believe he might be delivered from that injustice if he employed better lawyers and was himself more daring. There is plenty of law to protect him. He has his inalienable rights, just as Fall and Sinclair have. I believe that the authors are right—that even the miners of Pennsylvania would have a better time of it if they were plaintiffs and prosecutors as often as they are defendants, for in law, as in war, all the advantages are on the side of the offensive. But the concrete advice of Messrs. Wood, Coleman and Hays still leaves the fundamental crudity and inadequacy of the law to haunt the judicious. What they propose, in brief, is that men who have been harassed unjustly turn upon and harass their persecutors. As I have hinted, I believe the scheme would work, but certainly it would be absurd to say that executing it would be flattering to either law or government. Government presumes to protect both sides from harassment, but all it actually does is to provide ways and means for each side to harass the other. The typical law-suit is just such a combat of malice and malice. So, in many American jurisdictions, is the typical criminal prosecution, at any rate when there is a good gallery. The law, as it is used by lawyers, is little more than a device to prevent the truth being determined and justice done.

Mr. Chafee, in his book, confines himself largely to citing cases in point. They make a truly ludicrous record of cruelty and imbecility. The judges are not only daunted by the dilemmas that Judge Cardozo describes; they are also stumped by problems that ought to be easy to any bright boy of fourteen. It seems to be impossible for them, in the face of plain oppression, to devise means to relieve it. The impotence of the Supreme Court in the face of the Whitney case, taken up from the preposterous courts of California, must give pause to every professed believer in a government of laws. If it had been left to the learned justices Miss Whitney would be in jail now: it was the executive power that actually saved her. As Mr. Chafee shows, it is usually the executive power that performs that office: the courts reveal a chronic hostility to the Bill of Rights, born of the fact, I daresay, that judges are also lawyers, and hence trained in the doctrine that "law is restraint." Even the executive power cannot be relied upon when it is exercised by a lawyer, as was brilliantly shown in the case of the late Dr. Wilson, whose frantic animosity to liberty, as to common decency, Mr. Chafee deplores without attempting to explain.

Mr. Underwood and Mr. Lippmann discuss government rather than law, though each is largely concerned with specific statutes. Mr. Underwood, formerly a Senator from Alabama (now represented by

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the grotesque Heflin), denounces the growth of the Federal bureaucracy and the multiplication of sumptuary and tyrannical laws. He believes, like Governor Ritchie, of the Maryland Free State, that the remedy lies in putting the Federal government back in its constitutional cage and restoring the old rights of the States. But what relief would that give to the theoretically free citizen in such States as Tennessee, Mississippi, Pennsylvania, California and Indiana? The Indiana Volstead Act is ten times more oppressive and idiotic than the Federal Volstead Act. Are the Federal courts hostile to labor? Then what of the State courts of California? The remedy, indeed, is not so simple as these venerators of the old Constitution seem to think. Men were jailed for their opinions even before the Supreme Court began its inroads upon the first ten Amendments. The Espionage Act, as Mr. Underwood shows, was surely bad enough, but was it any worse than the Alien and Sedition Laws? Or than the Lusk Laws in New York, a State supposed to be hot for the rights of man? Or than the Anti-Syndicalist Acts passed by moron Legislatures in the West—acts so outrageous that even the Supreme Court bucked at some of them?

Mr. Lippmann, as usual, comes closer to the basic problem. With great good humor he reviews two recent manifestations of the war against free thought and free action—the celebrated Scopes trial in Tennessee, and the school-book uproar of the Hon. Big Bill Thompson in Chicago—and shows that the evil in them was not peculiar to the United States of today, but issued out of a viciousness common to all government. Every government, whatever its pretensions otherwise, is actually a government of men—and no man can be long trusted with power over his fellows. The friends of liberty are thus perpetual Outs. It is their function to resist every encroachment of governmental power, as vigorously when it seems to be benign as when it is palpably harmful. They have, by long centuries of struggle, disposed of absolute kings and unconscionable nobles, but only to be confronted by a far more cruel and dangerous enemy, the mob.

Today, in these grand and imperial United States, we have mob government nearly at its worst—a thundering herd of jackasses led by jackals. That government is the sworn and implacable enemy of every enlightened and well-disposed man, and of every idea above the comprehension of half-wits. It is inordinately impudent, ignorant, grasping and brutal. It is engaged habitually, and as a matter of course, in acts and enterprises that, by any rational system of jurisprudence, must be set down as criminal. Its philosophers are ignoramuses and its favorites and beneficiaries are knaves. Well may Mr. Lippmann say that "to limit the power of majorities, to dispute their moral authority, to deflect their impact, to dissolve their force, is now the most important task of those who care for liberty."

I recommend all of these books to everyone interested seriously in the grave problems which confront the American people today. They not only discuss the subjects they deal with in a well-informed and intelligent manner; they are also gracefully written. Dr. Hughes' account of the Supreme Court is an excellent summary of the facts, though he is naturally discreetly forgetful, as a former member, of some of its most gorgeous feats of nonsense. Judge Cardozo writes clearly and forcefully, and adorns his discourse with the fruits of a very wide reading. Certainly it is refreshing to behold an American judge quoting Latin, Greek, German and French correctly, and citing Locke, Spinoza, Kant, Spencer and William James to support his cases. Mr. Lippmann's skill as a polemist needs no praise, nor does Mr. Chafee's crystal-clear style. The former is one of the most ingenious and persuasive publicists in practice in the United States today, and the latter is one of the most effective friends of freedom. The others are of lesser pretensions, but they write well, too. All six books deserve to be read.

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Black Boy

RAINBOW ROUND MY SHOULDER, by Howard W. Odum. $3. 8 x 5¼; 323 pp. Indianapolis: *The Bobbs-Merrill Company.*

THIS is one of the most charming documents that I have ever encountered. Its author is a distinguished sociologist, and in form it is a contribution to the data of his science, but in reality it is an epic in the grand manner, and one of the most eloquent ever produced in America. Walt Whitman would have wallowed in it, and I suspect that Mark Twain would have been deeply stirred by it too. For the first time the low-down coon of the South—not the gaudy Aframerican intellectual of Harlem and the universities, but the low-down, no-account, dirty and thieving but infinitely rakish and picturesque coon—has found his poet. It is a curious irony that that poet is a white man, a college professor—and a Georgian!

Of Dr. Odum's doings at the University of North Carolina I have more than once discoursed in the past. He is a man of very unusual abilities and attainments. Born in Georgia in 1884, he got his early education in his native State and at the one-horse University of Mississippi, and then proceeded to Clark, where G. Stanley Hall still reigned. He was made Ph.D. there in 1909. Then he went to Columbia and took another Ph.D., and as his thesis published a dissertation on the life-cycle of the Southern Negro which remains the best thing in its field to this day. After that he returned to Georgia, and spent ten years teaching. In 1920, the alert Dr. H. W. Chase, who had been made president of the University of North Carolina the year before, brought him to Chapel Hill, and there he has been ever since as professor of sociology. His work is wide in range and of great importance. He has initiated an elaborate series of sociological investigations, he has set up the excellent journal, *Social Forces*, and he has published a number of capital books. In the whole South there is no man who better embodies the new spirit of the region.

Dr. Odum is especially interested in the Negro, and some of his most useful inquiries have been concerned with various aspects of Negro culture. In "Rainbow Round My Shoulder" he attempts to tell the life-story of a typical black laborer—a loose, careless, happy-go-lucky fellow who, at thirty-two, has worked and loafed in forty States, and is still ceaselessly in motion. He has been everything that such a man can be, from roustabout to house-servant. He has passed unscathed through a dozen jails and chain-gangs, eluded the avenging law as often or oftener, and survived three or four light marriages and a hundred entanglements less formal. The dark ladies like him, and he prefers them as dark as possible: they are more hospitable and generous than the high yallers. His banjo on his back, he is forever on his way, pausing anon to sound his melancholy blues. On some near tomorrow another like him will lay him with razor or pistol, or some smash of steam-shovel or scaffolding will finish him. He came out of a forlorn back-alley and he is headed for oblivion. But while he lives he enjoys every breath of air.

Dr. Odum lets him tell his story in his own words, but with frequent glosses. There are almost innumerable lyrics in the form of blues, and at the head of each canto stands a sort of chorus, summarizing and interpreting the story. That story is of extraordinary fascination. There is gorgeous drama in it, there is bawdy humor, and under it all there is a deep and moving pathos. The thing is managed with the utmost skill. Black Ulysses never gets out of character, but all the same he has been lifted out of the particular and given the stature and dignity of the general. The book is full of fine touches—phrases that are artful without seeming so, flashes of penetrating insight, a robust gusto and fine understanding. I can think of nothing to compare to it, save perhaps Jim Tully's "Circus Parade." It is at once a piece of scientific reporting of the first calibre and a work of art that lives and glows.

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A Gentle Revolutionist

HAVELOCK ELLIS, PHILOSOPHER OF LOVE, by Houston Peterson. $4.50. 8⅝ x 5⅝; 432 pp. Boston: *The Houghton Mifflin Company.*

HAVELOCK ELLIS, as Mr. Peterson here depicts him *con amore*, is the mildest and most gentle of men, without a trace in him of the Huxleyan love of combat. He has taken public part in none of the grand battles of ideas that have gone on in his time, and so far as I can make out he hasn't a single enemy in the world. Nevertheless, he is one of the most diligent revolutionists of the age, and, to what remains of the old order, one of the most dangerous. For it has been his job, almost single-handed in the English-speaking countries, to break down the taboos that so long surrounded the blushful subject of sex, and that he has succeeded must be obvious to anyone who frequents general society. The Victorian reticences have simply vanished, and with them the grotesque ignorance that underlay them. The crassest flapper of today knows more about sex than her mother knew after summoning the *sage-femme* three or four times, or her grandmother after doing it a dozen times, and what she knows is a great deal more accurate. Better still, it is more innocent: there is less muck in it, as there is less shuddering. Who launched that change? The superficial, I daresay, may be inclined to say that Freud is the man, but that is not true. Ellis began his work long before Freud was heard of; he was the first, indeed, to write about the Freudian doctrines in English. The six stately volumes of his "Studies in the Psychology of Sex" (a seventh has now been added) were planned nearly fifty years ago, and the first fruits of the vast studies behind them began to appear in the early 90's. To this day there is no more comprehensive or intelligent treatment of the difficult subject in any language. Ellis's basic ideas have resisted every attack, and it seems likely that their influence will be felt for many years. No man has done more in our time to liberate the human mind from the bondage of fear and dogma.

The curious thing about these "Studies in the Psychology of Sex" is that their publication is still officially forbidden in both England and the United States. The Englishman who wants to read them must read an edition published in Germany, and the American must borrow them from some lawyer or medical man or clergyman, for by a strange quirk of Comstockery only persons of those classes are permitted to buy them. Nevertheless, the ideas in them are almost as widely dispersed as the ideas in the poetry of Edgar A. Guest. One hears them on all sides; they form the substance of a whole literature. What distinguishes them is their revolutionary candor. Ellis approaches sex, not in the spirit of a Methodist sneaking into a peep-show, but in the spirit of a scientist examining a natural phenomenon. He is less interested in its aberrations than in its normal and ordinary manifestations. He was the first to study those normal manifestations with anything resembling an impartial and scientific spirit, and the first to protest against the old habit of viewing them furtively and as if they were somehow pathological and revolting. He has sought to make them decent, and so it is no wonder that his books are suppressed by the Comstocks.

The study of sex has been the main enterprise of his life, but he is by no means a man of one interest. He has written books on heredity, on crime, and on public health. He has traveled widely and reported his observations charmingly. He is a sound critic of letters and a brilliant essayist. His life has been cast on a modest plane, but he has busied himself in a dozen fields, and so he has lived richly. If the marks of a genuinely civilized man are that he is learned, dignified, courageous and serene, then he is one of the most civilized men ever heard of. Mr. Peterson's biography presents him very largely in his own words. There is little that is dramatic in it, for Ellis has shrunk from drama, but it is an engrossing story none the less. At the end of it there is a nearly complete bibliography of Ellis's writings.

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THE AMERICAN MERCURY AUTHORS

RICHMOND BARRETT *was born at Newport, R. I., where he still lives, and is a graduate of Yale. He has contributed short stories to many American magazines, and published two novels, "Rapture" and "The Enemy's Gates."*

MARGARET COBB (MRS. WILLIAM C. COBB) *is a New Yorker and a former newspaper woman. She is a graduate of the University of Maryland.*

HELEN DWIGHT FISHER *was born in Constantinople. She was graduated from Vassar and now lives in Palo Alto, Calif. She is a sister of H. B. Dwight, author of "Stamboul Nights."*

ISAAC GOLDBERG, PH.D. (Harvard), *is the author of numerous books, including studies of Latin-American literature. His latest volume, "The Story of Gilbert and Sullivan," will be published shortly.*

F. GREGORY HARTSWICK *was born at Clearfield, Pa., and educated at the Hill School and at Yale. He was formerly one of the editors of* Judge, *and is now on the staff of the New York* Sunday World.

ELLSWORTH HUNTINGTON, PH.D. (Yale), *is research associate in geography at Yale. He is the author of numerous scientific monographs and books; of the latter, "The Character of Races" has become a standard work.*

MUNA LEE *was born and received the greater part of her education in Mississippi, but now lives in Porto Rico. She is the wife of the well known Porto Rican author and publicist, Luis Muñoz Marín. Mrs. Marín is herself director of the Bureau of International Relations of the University of Porto Rico. She is the translator of General Rafael de Nogales' "Four Years Beneath the Crescent" and of the contents of the Spanish-American anthology number of* Poetry: A Magazine of Verse. *She is also author of a book of lyrics, "Sea-Change," and a frequent contributor to the magazines.*

HERBERT LITTLE *is a Kansan and a newspaper man. He has been connected with the United Press for seven years. Since 1924 he has covered the Supreme Court at Washington and the various oil trials.*

ROBERT H. LOWIE *is one of America's leading anthropologists, and professor of the subject at the University of California. His "Primitive Religion" and "Primitive Society" are standard works.*

JOSEPH MCGOLDRICK *was born in Brooklyn, and educated at Columbia, where he is now professor of government. He has acted as special investigator for various New York State departments in the last few years.*

EDWARD SAPIR, PH.D. (Columbia), *is professor of anthropology and general linguistics at the University of Chicago. He is an authority on the languages and customs of the American Indians. He is the author of "Language, an Introduction to the Study of Speech."*

EARL W. SHIMMONS *was born in Tacoma, Wash., but spent the greater part of his youth in Kansas. For five years he was on the staff of the defunct Seattle* Union Record. *Until recently he was affiliated with the Columbia University Press.*

JIM TULLY'S *latest book, "Shanty Irish," will be published next month. He is also the author of "Beggars of Life," "Emmett Lawler," "Jarnegan" and "Circus Parade."*

EDA LOU WALTON, PH.D. (University of California), *is assistant professor of modern poetry at New York University. She is the author of "Dawn Boy," a book of interpretations of Navajo and Blackfoot songs.*

THE REV. MERRITT WIMBERLY *is pastor of the Community Church at Chassell, Mich. He was born in Nebraska, attended college in Missouri, and has served churches in Colorado and South Dakota.*

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Editorial NOTES

THE AMERICAN MERCURY offers herewith an honorarium of $500 for the best essay on journalism as a trade in America today, written by an active journalist, male or female, and received before October 15. The sole condition is that the author must be employed in the editorial rooms of a daily newspaper, published within the continental United States, at the time the essay is sent in, and that that employment must be his or her principal means of livelihood. Professors of journalism, press agents, advertisement writers and other such former and pseudo-journalists are barred. But the compositions of the youngest reporters will be as welcome as those of the oldest and hoariest managing editors and editorial writers. To each essay sent in the author will be asked to attach a slip showing the name of the paper he works for, the nature of his job, and the duration of his employment. If he has worked for other papers, the fact should be mentioned. No essay shorter than 2,000 words or longer than 6,000 will be considered.

The aim is to find out how journalism in America looks to the actual journalist. There are no conditions as to the treatment of the subject, save that it must be dealt with from the journalist's point of view, not from that of the outsider. It may be that the honorarium will go to an old-timer who believes and argues that, despite its difficulties and discouragements, journalism remains a charming trade, and one well worthy the life-long devotion of a civilized man or woman. On the contrary, it may go to a youngster (or an oldster) who believes that, with chain-store practises corrupting it and the number of

Continued on page xxxvi

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Where the Bell System's profit goes

An Advertisement of the
American Telephone and Telegraph Company

THERE is in effect but one profit paid by the Bell Telephone System. This profit is not large, for it is the policy of the Bell System to furnish a constantly improving telephone service at the least cost to the public.

The treasury of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company receives dividends from the stock of the operating companies. It receives a payment from the operating companies for research, engineering and staff work. It receives dividends from the Western Electric Company—makers of supplies for the Bell System—and income from long distance operations.

Only one profit is taken from this money in the American Telephone and Telegraph Company's treasury. That is the regular dividend to its stockholders—now more than 420,000 in number—which it has never missed paying since its incorporation in 1885.

Money beyond regular dividend requirements and a surplus for financial stability is used to give more and better telephone service to the public. This is fundamental in the policy of the company.

The Bell System accepts its responsibility to provide a nation-wide telephone service as a public trust.

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The charm of LOVELY ARMS AND HANDS this way

Before going to bed bathe your arms and hands with water and a good soap. On your elbows and the ends of your fingers use a nail brush. Scrub these parts gently with the nail brush so as to get them thoroughly clean without irritating them. Now apply a thin coating of Ingram's Milkweed Cream and leave it on all night.

Learn how to use Ingram's Milkweed Cream. With each jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream come full instructions. Women write us daily telling how they improved their skins by following these instructions. So that you, too, may give your skin treatments basically right, go today to your druggist and buy a jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream. 50c the jar—$1 size more economical—Theatrical size $1.75. Frederick F. Ingram Co., Est. 1885, 392 Tenth Street, Detroit, Mich., also Windsor, Ont., Canada.

Let us send you FREE purse-size package of Ingram's new American Blush Rouge and interesting booklet on The Art of Rouging.

Ingram's Milkweed Cream

THERE IS BEAUTY IN EVERY JAR

Editorial NOTES

Continued from page xxxiv

strong and unfettered papers steadily declining, it is now fit only for sycophants and slaves. The preference will be given to that essay which shows the greatest candor, the freshest and most independent attitude of mind, and the most careful presentation of concrete facts. And the best writing. For good writing is the soul of good journalism, and the journalist who is incapable of it is not likely to be worth hearing.

The essay chosen as the best received will be printed in THE AMERICAN MERCURY for December. In case none worth the $500 comes in, the money will be divided between two organizations engaged in defending the ancient liberties of the American people, probably the American Civil Liberties Union and the Association Opposed to the Prohibition Amendment. But it is far more likely that many good ones will be received. In that case, the $500 will be paid for the best, and offers will be made for two or three others, but the contestants will be free to decline such offers. All essays printed will bear their authors' names: no pseudonyms will be permitted. The sole judge of the contest will be the Editor of THE AMERICAN MERCURY. There are no other conditions.

Among the contents of THE AMERICAN MERCURY for October will be the following:

"Health Audits," by Logan Clendening.
"Why Poker Was Invented," by James Stevens.
"Gate Crashers," by John Armstrong.
"Psychology as Fortune-Teller," by Arturo F. Ratti.
"Women as Jurors," by H. H. Sawyer.
"The Holy Rollers," by Duncan Aikman.
"Cousin Am and Cousin George," by William Cobb.
"Peach Harvest," by Charles Sampson.
"Mid-Western Nights' Entertainment," by Marquis W. Childs.
"Italian Funeral," by Giuseppe Cautela.

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YOU CANNOT buy a car at home or abroad that will give as much delight as the newest Cadillacs, La Salles—and Fleetwoods on these chassis.

The Exclusive New Fleetwoods

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The Cadillac Motor Car Company does not hesitate to state that there is nothing elsewhere even remotely approximating the character and calibre of these matchless new creations.

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Not a substitute—but REAL COFFEE—*that lets you sleep*

Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from front advertising section, page xxx

TRANSLATIONS

TA HIO. *The Great Learning.*
Translated by Ezra Pound.
The University of Washington Book Store
65 cents 7¼ x 5; 35 pp. *Seattle*

A translation into the American language of the first four *shu* (or books) of the Confucian classics, a work of which the first chapter is ascribed to Confucius and the remainder to Thseng-tseu, one of his disciples. Among others, it includes chapters on the duty of developing and restoring to its primitive clarity the bright principle of our reason; on the duty of permeating one's soul with probity and directness; on the duty of keeping order in one's family by correcting oneself; and on the duty of maintaining the peace and harmony of the world by good internal government. The book is one of the University of Washington Chapbooks.

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF FRANÇOIS VILLON.
Translated by J. U. Nicolson. *Covici-Friede*
$20 9½ x 6; 2 vols.; 899 pp. *New York*

In this edition of Villon, the best so far in English, the original French text is printed opposite the translation. The two volumes contain all the known work of the poet, and everything that has been, with any plausibility, attributed to him. Mr. Nicolson, in an excellent preface, discusses the problems presented by his obscure life, and analyzes the evidence in the poems themselves. His translations, in the main, are accurate and graceful, but they suffer, naturally, from the fact that they occasionally differ disconcertingly from better-known versions, as in the "Ballade des Dames au Temps Jadis." There are many vigorous full-page illustrations by Alexander King, and the printing has been overseen by Douglas C. McMurtrie. The edition is limited to 960 copies, signed by the translator.

FOLK-LORE

FOLKLORE OF THE TEETH.
By Leo Kanner. *The Macmillan Company*
$4 8½ x 5½; 316 pp. *New York*

Dr. Kanner has here collected a vast amount of material, from every possible source, concerning the teeth. He discusses the superstitions, traditions, folk-songs, proverbs, charms and legends centered upon them; their development, number and position; their diseases; their loss; their use outside the oral cavity—as tools and medical instruments, drugs, amulets, charms, relics, souvenirs and jewelry; and the various

Continued on page xl

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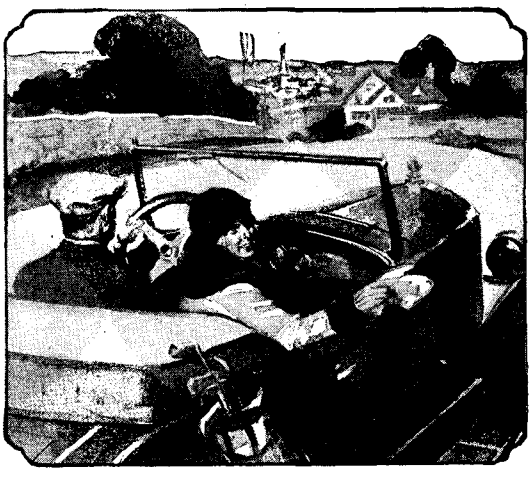
A vacation that lasts the rest of your life

HOW would you like to quit work some day and start out on a vacation for the rest of your life?

How would you like to pack your trunk, cash a good-sized check at the bank, pick up a traveler's map and decide which part of the world you would like to visit *first?*

Or perhaps you would prefer to settle down in a cozy cottage in the mountains or by the sea—a comfortable place where you can spend the rest of your days just doing the things you've always wanted to do "when you had time."

Sounds attractive, doesn't it! No more work. No more worries. Nothing but good times ahead, and of course, with all expenses paid.



The money question

But where is the money coming from? Who is going to pay your expenses?

The answer is simple. All you have to do is to rearrange your present financial life slightly and the money question will take care of itself.

All you have to do is follow a simple but definite plan, and by the time you are ready to retire and take that vacation the money will be waiting for you.

This plan was devised by financial experts. It has been tried out by thousands of men and women. It is backed by a 100 million dollar Life Insurance Company. It is safe as a Government Bond.

The minute you make your first deposit on this plan, its benefits begin. Your most important money worries disappear. You look forward to a comfortable future. You know that you need only follow the plan to be taken care of financially.

And if you should become permanently disabled and unable to make further payments on your investment, there would be no need for worry. Your payments would be *made for you* out of a special fund laid aside for that purpose.

This Free Book explains it

A 24 page, illustrated booklet, called "How to Get the Things You Want," explains the plan in detail. It tells not only how you can retire with an income when you are 65, but how you can leave your home free of debt—how you can send your children to college—how you can create an estate—how you can make sure your income will go on even though you should become totally disabled—how you can leave an income for your family.

The financial plan outlined in this book is so clear and so simple that it can be understood at a glance. It is so sound, so sensible, so logical that the minute you read about it you will realize that it works. Send for your copy of the free book today. There is no obligation.

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Constantinople..Turkish since Mohamed II left the imprint of his hand upon a column in Sancta Sophia . . . today, as of old, the Galata Bridge,—the broad highway—spans the Golden Horn from Pera to Stamboul . . . the Great Forum and Hippodrome face the waves at Seraglio Point . . . up the Bosphorus the north bank is adorned by the sumptuous Dolma Baghtcheh reflecting in the waters sailed upon by Jason in the Argo . . . rich in history and legend is the

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on the specially chartered s. s. HOMERIC —"The Ship of Splendor." Sailing from New York—January 26th, next. A peerless itinerary . . . one of the world's leading, most modern, most luxurious steamers . . . the largest ship sailing to the Mediterranean.

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Chicago St. Louis San Francisco Los Angeles
Portland, Ore. Toronto Montreal Vancouver

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Continued from page xxxviii

forms of their mutilation. An instructive and unusual book. It has an exhaustive bibliography and a glossary; an index, however, is lacking.

UP EEL RIVER.
By Margaret Prescott Montague. The Macmillan Company
$2.50 7½ x 5; 225 pp. *New York*

Tony Beaver is the Paul Bunyan of the West Virginia mountains. He has his log camp "up Eel river" and is equal to such feats as hitching his ox team to the wheels of time and dragging forth a small and frightened tomorrow. The narrator of his exploits is Jerry Dan Doolittle—called the Truth Teller in Tony Beaver's camp. In the dialect of the mountains he tells of Preacher Moses Mutters, the chaplain of Tony's camp; of Miss Betsy Beaver, Tony's sister, who boiled coffee and baked biscuit and fried meat for the crew; of the lady missionary who nearly succumbed to Tony's gargantuan masculine appeal; and of the visit of Paul Bunyan and his competition with the West Virginia champion. An interesting contribution to American folklore, but lacking the humor of the Bunyan tales.

LITERATURE

GONGORISM AND THE GOLDEN AGE.
By Elisha K. Kane.
The University of North Carolina Press
$3.50 8½ x 5⅝; 276 pp. *Chapel Hill, N. C.*

In the Sixteenth Century there spread over Europe a dreadful cultural plague known as Gongorism, after Don Luis de Góngora y Argote, the Cordovan poet, who was its leading apostle. It was not confined to literature but took in all the arts, and its chief characteristic was a love of the bizarre, the obscure and the grotesque. Mr. Kane considers the movement in great detail, dealing not only with its poetry, but also with its music, sculpture, architecture and painting. He is of the opinion that a new Gongorism is upon us now. "The present, with its spasmodic epilepsies of free verse, jazz, cubism, futurism, post impressionism, and various other ultra Gongorisms, would deceive us into believing that Western art was really in its infancy instead of uttering already, and only too plainly, its ugly death rattle." In the appendix are several reproductions of photographs of Gongoristic works of art.

THE STUDY OF LITERATURE.
By Louise Dudley. The Houghton Mifflin Company
$3 7¾ x 5½; 396 pp. *Boston*

Here are some questions for students concerning the Standards of Literature, following the discussion of

Continued on page xlii

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Who Breathes Must Suffer

By A. M. MENCKURY

"Who breathes must suffer." So wrote Matthew Prior in "Solomon on the Vanity of the World." But since the morticians had their way with Matthew in 1721, the Babbitts have had two centuries in which to perform prodigies of respiratory amelioration.

Today, the sable pessimism of Prior seems merely an inartistic libel, so fabulously does it exaggerate the necessity for suffering.

To Rotarians and *intelligentsia,* an avalanche of advertising has been the literature of escape.

The remedy known, all may now exhale *sans peur et sans reproche.* Bridge-table aurae need no longer offend. The bar insidious to romance can be wafted away. Bridesmaids may sooner hear epithalamiums of their own. And those who go to children for the truth, can listen without wincing.

Gentle reader, for a privy and hand-to-nose study of the efficacy of Listerine in banishing even pungent odorousness, you may use the edible bulb of a certain liliacious plant (Allium cepa). Rub the onion on the hand, and when the immediate vicinage becomes no encouragement to romance, wash the hands in Listerine.

The disappearance of the odor *pronto* will suggest why millions use Listerine for halitosis; and breathing, suffer not. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

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This is Piccadilly Circus, in the heart of London—near which is the famous little Piccadilly tobacco shop of Carreras, Ltd.

CAN any man set a price on the joy of the first pipeful of CRAVEN MIXTURE? There are some pleasures which can never be estimated by conventional standards. And among these rare experiences the introductory puffs of CRAVEN MIXTURE must certainly be numbered.

CRAVEN MIXTURE—a truly fine imported tobacco, first blended at the command of the Third Earl of Craven in 1867—can now be had at the better tobacconists in America and Canada, too. For a liberal sample tin, send 10c in stamps to Carreras, Ltd., Dept. 35, 220 Fifth Ave., New York.

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MIXTURE
Imported from London

Whether it is through the assistance offered in perfecting your itinerary—the care given to the little ones while you shop—or by any other of the niceties of service extended—a definite impression of interested attention is created in the mind of a ROOSEVELT guest.

. . . Here the rare personal touch persuades you that your individuality is recognized instead of being lost in a queue of room numbers.

1100 Rooms — Single or En Suite

THE ROOSEVELT
Madison Avenue at 45th St., New York
EDWARD CLINTON FOGG
Managing Director

Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xl

the subject in Chapter I: "1. Name the different ways in which your community attests its love of literature. In how many places do you find books and magazines for sale? 2. Name six magazines devoted primarily to literature. 3. Name several weeklies that exist solely for the purpose of reviewing books. 4. Give examples of technical or professional journals that give stories or poems among their contents. 5. Name six books you have enjoyed reading during the past six months. 6. Make a list of all the books you have read in your life as nearly as you can remember. Do you find that you remember clearly some books you read a long time ago, and that you have forgotten some books you have read recently, and *vice versa*? Why?"

FICTION

HALVES.
By Harriet Henry. *Longmans, Green & Company*
$2 7⅜ x 5; 312 pp. *New York*

Emory Bingham Flagg thinks there are only two types of women: one who is all brain and has no consciousness of her physical existence; the other who is all body, and has no interest in matters of the intellect. Enid, his first love, cannot endure the gross physical quality of his love-making; Margot, in his second adventure, is a seductive tigress of a woman, graceful and passionate, who is no more than slightly bored at the announcement that his novel has been accepted for publication. Then he meets Jill, the sister of his best friend, and she is not only beautiful but appreciative. In her he finds a consummate happiness. An undistinguished book, with its characters so obviously selected for purposes of didactic illustration that they are completely unconvincing; yet, perversely, not altogether dull reading.

WAY OF SACRIFICE.
By Fritz von Unruh. *Alfred A. Knopf*
$2.50 8 x 5; 181 pp. *New York*

Fritz von Unruh is the son of a German general who was Governor of East Prussia and a confidant of Hindenburg from the days of the war with Austria. His own training was rigidly military, and at the age of eighteen, he became adjutant to the third son of the Emperor. His "Way of Sacrifice," written during the second year of the war, was promptly suppressed by the General Staff, but had a secret circulation in manuscript copies until the close of hostilities. It recounts, in an extraordinarily vivid manner, the march of a regiment to the front and the attack on Verdun. There is a deadly tension in the style, as the characters, in the throes of killing, leap to bloody horrors, speaking the disjointed language of madmen. A strange and powerful piece of writing.

Continued on page xliv

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What is the experience
you've never had?

What is the experience
millions are having?

What is 16.3% cooler
than its fellows?

SPUD
MENTHOL COOLED *cigarettes*
16.3% *(cent.)* cooler
20 *for* 20¢ . . . . $1.00 *for tin of* 100
THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO COMPANY, INC., LOUISVILLE, KY.

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When you're traveling, enjoy the homelike comforts of a Statler. Enjoy —

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7,700 Rooms with bath and radio reception.
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★ ★ ★ **radio in every room** ★ ★ ★

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Schools & Colleges

In the July number of *World's Work* Headmaster Swetland of Peddie has said,

"The endowed college preparatory boarding school under Christian influences, officered and taught by college-trained, experienced men, with a carefully selected group of students, all of whom are pursuing the same purpose, provides the best known environment, the strongest stimulus, and the most efficient means yet discovered for the all-around development of leaders for later years of college, business and professional life."

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Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xlii

BROOK EVANS.
By Susan Glaspell. *The Frederick A. Stokes Company*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 312 pp. *New York*

Brook Evans is a love child, the daughter of Naomi Kellogg and Joe Copeland, who is killed in a mowing-machine before she is born. To cover her shame, Naomi marries Caleb Evans, an unattractive fanatical farmer, and Brook Evans grows up in all innocence of her birth. When her mother tells her the story, all her sympathies go out to her step-father, whom she idealizes as a brave and honorable man. In a sudden revulsion of feeling she leaves home and never sees her mother again. In Europe, after a not very happy marriage, her son, Evans Leonard, is born, and years later he goes to America and visits his old grandfather, now a hideous, repulsive old man who spends all his time listening to the radio. After an incredible scene in the cemetery, when Caleb Evans spits upon the grave of Joe Copeland, he comes to hate the old man, and to cherish the memory of his grandmother Naomi, whose charming face looks out at him from an old daguerreotype. In the meantime his mother has married again, and in her new love for the first time comes to understand Naomi. A very uneven piece of work. Brook Evans seems an affected, unconvincing character, and all the love scenes are over-sentimentalized.

DEAD LOVERS ARE FAITHFUL LOVERS.
By Frances Newman. *Boni & Liveright*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 295 pp. *New York*

Evelyn Byrd Page Cunningham exercises her charms upon her husband, Charlton Cunningham, for eleven or twelve years. In the same way, Isabel Ramsay, who makes her appearance at the middle of the book, worships and adores him, and though there is no declaration between them, a dim and yet definite understanding grows up between them. Inevitably something must come of it, and of this Evelyn Byrd Page is as much aware as Isabel. Unfortunately, Charlton dies in the Hotel Plaza while Isabel Ramsay is having tea, but Evelyn Byrd Page arrives in time to be with him. So much for the story. The style is admirably adapted to the theme.

MR. HODGE AND MR. HAZARD.
By Elinor Wylie. *Alfred A. Knopf*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 256 pp. *New York*

The period is the third decade of the Nineteenth Century. Mr. Hazard has dreamed of great things for himself, but accomplished nothing, and gone unnoticed. And, though he is not very old, the power to create has gone from him; only the power to feel remains. Abandoned by society because of his liberal

Continued on page xlvi

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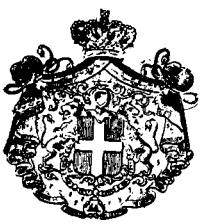

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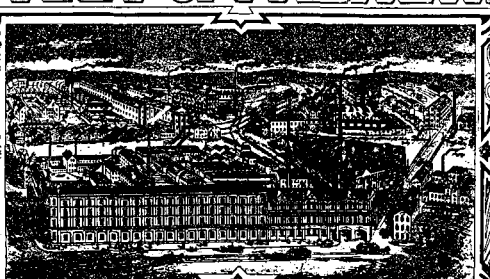

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Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xliv

views, he at last finds solace in a romantic meeting with Allegra, daughter of Lady Clara Hunting; but that ends too, except in the timelessness of his dreams. A poetic story, told in an exquisite prose.

THE GHETTO MESSENGER.
By Abraham Burstein. *The Bloch Publishing Company*
$2 5 x 7½; 302 pp. *New York*

These sixty stories of the East Side are from a series which appeared on the English page of the New York *Jewish Daily News* each Sunday morning for six years. The author, through Abie the Messenger—a seventy-year-old telegraph "boy"—deals feelingly with the religious difficulties of his people, and their struggle to adjust themselves to new conditions. But he usually damages his stories with smart-alec endings.

THE HAPPY MOUNTAIN.
By Maristan Chapman. *The Viking Press*
$2.50 7½ x 5¼; 313 pp. *New York*

The story of a young Tennessee mountaineer who yearns to escape from his native hills and see the world. He makes off one day in Spring, but soon finds himself bewildered and homesick, and before snowfall he is back on Craig Hill, playing his fiddle and preparing to marry his mountain girl. The slip-cover says that the author was "driven to frenzy by the futility of outland interpretations" of the mountain people, and so heard a call to "take up the work of their defense." That defense consists in depicting them as a race of poets speaking a variety of English not unlike that of J. M. Synge's Irish peasants. Thus Waits Lowe makes love to his girl: "Happen a person loves just a little, the least thing gets him strange; and efn he loves deep he hates deep; but happen he loves so deep it perfectly uses up all his heart, hate can't have place—and there's not a thing on earth can harm such love nor make it sorry. That's how deep I love you, Allardene Howard. . . . I feel for you as the dew for the grass, and the blue wood smoke for the still air at night-time." It is not easy to imagine a Tennessee Fundamentalist talking like that.

LIGHT IN THE WINDOW.
By John P. Fort. *Dodd, Mead & Company*
$2 7½ x 5; 201 pp. *New York*

The story of an idealistic Southerner who goes North to Harvard Law School, falls in love with Margaret Schaeffer, an unscrupulous but fascinating wench, and ends it all by leaping gracefully into Boston harbor after she has expressed a preference to love and live with another, Jack Condon.

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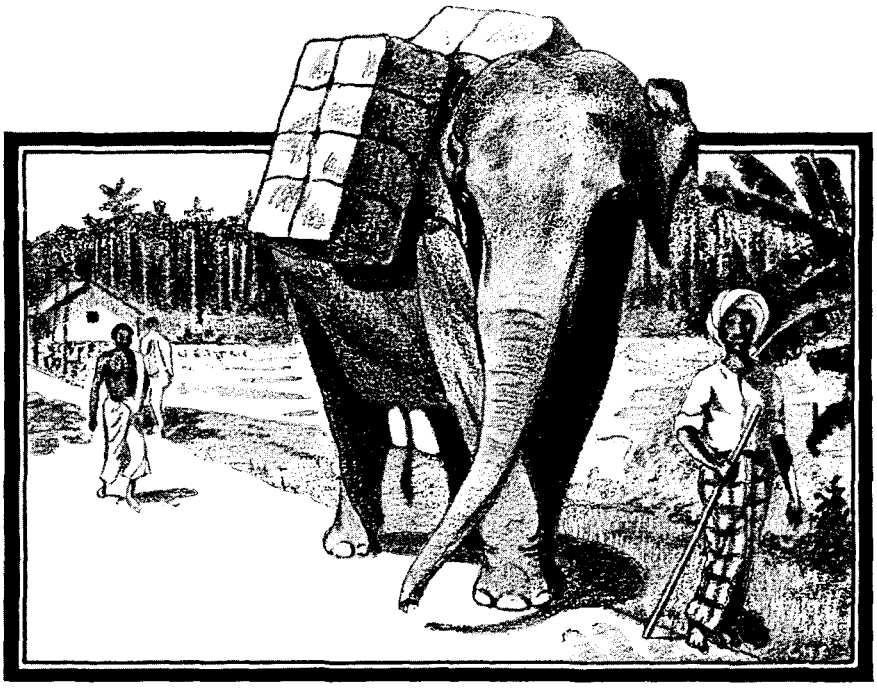

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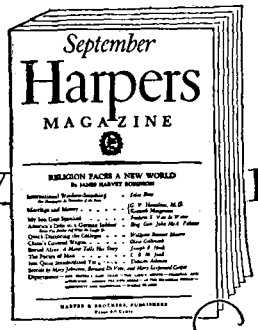

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"Marriage and Money" is not only a valuable contribution to modern thought. Straightforward, courageous, and important, it is typical of the material published in Harpers Magazine.

The September Number

RELIGION FACES A NEW WORLD
By James Harvey Robinson
MARRIAGE AND MONEY
By Dr. G. V. Hamilton and Kenneth Macgowan
INTERNATIONAL WINDOW-SMASHING
By Silas Bent
AMERICA'S DEBT TO A GERMAN SOLDIER
By Brig. Gen. George McA. Palmer
CHINA'S COVERED WAGON
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Translated by
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THE AMERICAN MERCURY

FOR OCTOBER

(Out September 25th)

WHY POKER WAS INVENTED *By James Stevens*

In this uproarious sketch Mr. Stevens returns to Paul Bunyan, the epic hero of the Northwestern lumberman. Confronted by Bolshevism in camp, Bunyan tackles and overcomes it in a masterful manner. One of the best of Mr. Stevens' stories.

THE HOLY ROLLERS *By Duncan Aikman*

A meticulous and loving account of these earnest Christians, whose yells resound from the heights of the Cumberland Range to the open spaces of the Far West. Mr. Aikman sets forth their theological ideas at length, and describes their practises.

GATE-CRASHERS *By John Armstrong*

This is the Mr. Armstrong whose "Serving the Gentry" was printed last month. Here he deals with a swell racket in a great New York hotel, and shows how the gate-crashers bang their way in.

PSYCHOLOGY AS FORTUNE-TELLER *By Arturo F. Ratti*

Mr. Ratti deals with the new art and science of Vocational Guidance, and describes at length the methods of its eminent practitioners, and the great feats they accomplish.

WOMEN AS JURORS *By H. H. Sawyer*

Judge Sawyer, who is on the Iowa bench, describes the behavior of the girls in the jury-box, and shows wherein they are better or worse than male jurors.

MID-WESTERN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENT *By Marquis W. Childs*

The Middle West, once a Holy Land, has taken to sin. Jazz resounds across the prairie, and booze flows everywhere. Mr. Childs pictures this lamentable change in a cold-blooded, scientific manner.

A dozen other amusing and instructive features will make the October issue notable. There will be, of course, the usual departments, and the usual gay Americana.

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Does Your Angel Play Tricks On You?

The progress of theology in America according to an Associated Press dispatch from New York:

> The Rev. Dr. John Roach Straton thinks he has "evidence that there are angels watching over us." He told his congregation at Calvary Baptist Church of an automobile accident in New Mexico in March.
>
> "The door of my automobile," he said, "was snatched open by some unseen power, although it had been fast closed and locked, and the dear wife and faithful child of God who was at the wheel was thrown out that door, which was thus miraculously opened, and so her life was saved." Dr. Straton said he prayed while standing on his head when the car overturned.

In no other magazine in the world will you find the kind of news stories that appear in the "Americana" section of THE AMERICAN MERCURY.

The one above is on page 30 of this issue.

Beware of imitations!

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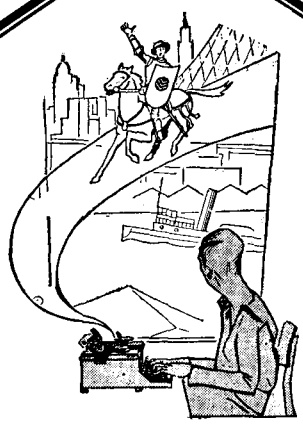

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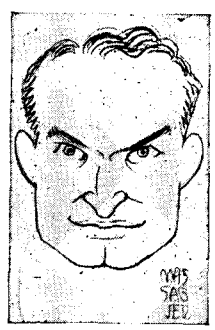
No! This is not the Countess—this is her author

WOOD KAHLER!



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